The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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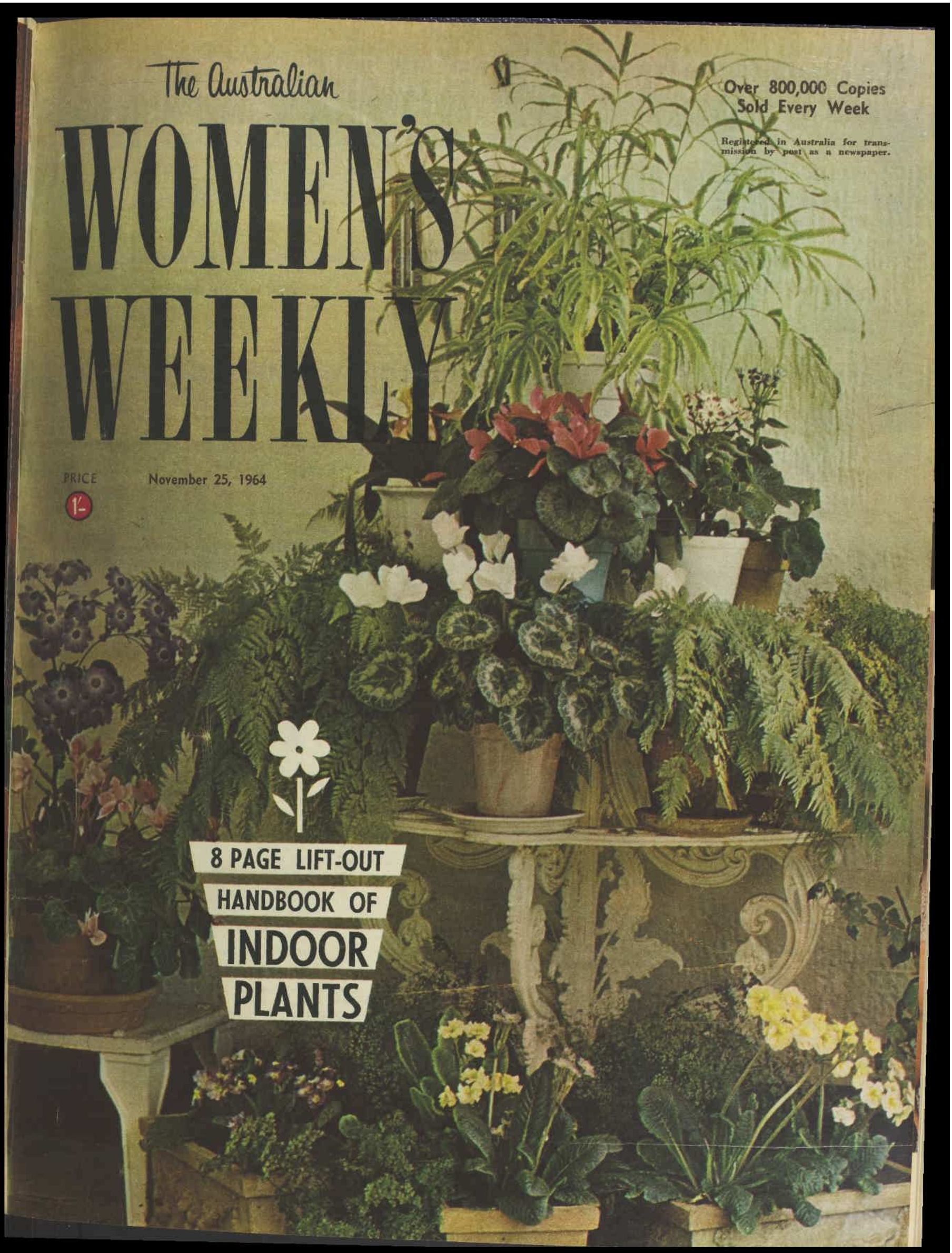

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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WORTH REPORTING

WHEN Lee Holley, young American creator of our new teenage strip, Ponytail (see page 101), visited Australia this year, he enlightened us about a faceless but familiar friend of ours.

His name is Lee Falk, and he's co-author of "Mandrake the Magician," the weekly serial we have featured for many years.

"Lee is a New Yorker in his fifties," Lee Holley told us.

"He's quiet and unassuming — seemingly the most unlikely person to dream up Mandrake's fantastic adventures."

★ ★ ★

SOME exceptionally touching stories are among the thousands of entries in our "My Fair Lady" contest.

Entries are now being sifted for final judging.

One of the oldest entrants is in his late eighties. The youngest, a boy of nine, wrote:

"I think my mum would be My Fair Lady. She is slim, she has black hair, and it looks nice when it is permed. She has a nice dress, which I like very much. She has a nice pair of shoes, too."

The national winner will receive Qantas V-jet return tickets to London for two. State winners will be flown to Melbourne by Ansett-A.N.A. for the gala premiere of "My Fair Lady" on December 9.

★ ★ ★

ADVICE to parents in a B.B.C. talk by an English headmaster:

"Young people always have erected their own artificial barriers between their generation and their elders. You can look over the barrier, but you win no respect by climbing over it.

"There are few more pathetic sights than a square trying to be with it."

OUR COVER

● A stand of pot-plants (they include polyanthus, cyclamen, ferns, cinerarias) which greets guests arriving at "Rosemont," Lady Lloyd Jones' home at Woollahra, N.S.W. Picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

ROD NORTHAM (above) snapped in Tokyo by an unknown Japanese fan. She sent him a batch of pictures, among them the unidentified one (left) of a pretty girl. Rod concludes she's his fan, Setsuko.

Letter from unknown lady

MOST delightful Olympic memento we've heard of is the letter awaiting 21-year-old Rod Northam on his return home.

Rod, son of gold-medallist yachtsman Bill Northam, was a member of Australia's rowing team in Tokyo.

The letter was addressed only "R. NORTHAM, SYDNEY."

"Dear Sir," it began, and went on to explain in slightly muddled English that the writer, Setsuko, had never met Rod but had followed him about Tokyo.

"You were looking so happy always I could not help myself taking these pictures," confessed Setsuko.

After Rod left, Setsuko saw his picture and name in a Tokyo newspaper and decided to send him the cutting and some of her own snapshots "to help with your memory of the Olympics."

Rod's 60-year-old father had his fans, too.

"Everywhere we went," said Rod, "the most charming little Japanese dolls would mill about us, hoping to ask 'Oge-san' (Old One) for his autograph, or stand beside him while friends took turns at snapping and being snapped with him.

"His crew members and I were always lost in the background.

"But after his win Oge-san's popularity grew to alarming proportions, and we found ourselves working overtime as his bodyguards!"

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TEENA GETS A HAIRCUT

BLACK-EYED Teena Balson, 5, let her hair down before it was cut. It reached to her knees. She wanted it cut, but her mother didn't.

HAIRCUT: Teena, her uncle, Dino Gerondis, and her mother, Mrs. R. Balson, of Kempsey, N.S.W.

● She was a modern version of Grimms' fairytale "Rapunzel." Standing 42 inches high, five-year-old Teena Balson had thick black hair which, when measured from the crown of her head, was 30 inches long.

Was it the longest hair in Australia?

WHEN I first met Teena she was sitting in a Sydney hairdressing salon. Dressed in blue — her hair tied neatly in a plait with a big blue ribbon — Teena tried to "keep still" but she couldn't — she was so impatient.

"I'm having all my hair cut off," she told me excitedly.

Teena thought having her hair cut was wonderful. It was the first time she had ever had it cut.

But her mother, Mrs. R. Balson, of Kempsey, N.S.W., was not so sure.

"It's taken me a year to make this decision," Mrs. Balson said.

"I know Teena should have her hair cut short—her hair is so thick and heavy and very hard to manage, especially in summer, when we are all swimming.

"But I love it and—well it's part of Teena."

Teena has always had lustrous, thick hair.

"Her head was already covered in hair when she was born," Mrs. Balson said.

"Most of my side of the family seem to have been born with hair but none of them had as much as Teena."

Teena's uncle, Mr. Dino Gerondis, the Sydney hairdresser who cut Teena's hair, was amazed at its length and quality.

"I've seen many children who have never had their hair cut but none of them had hair as long and lustrous as Teena's," he said.

"For a woman to grow her hair that length (the back of the knees) I think it would take as long as 25 years."

But Teena was not interested in the texture and length of her hair.

She wanted it cut.

All day she had been asking her mother, "When are we going?" "Can't we hurry?" "When am I getting my hair cut?" "Is it time yet?"

Teena had arrived at the salon ten minutes early for her appointment.

She didn't mind at first. She would look at us shyly and then giggle before running off to look at everything—the assistants in blue overalls, the wash-basins, the hair-dryers.

But soon she was asking again: "Isn't it time yet, Mummy?"

Finally Uncle Dino came in.

Teena was led into a cubicle, wrapped in a pink smock, and seated on a special high stool (for clients under four feet), and the haircutting began.

It was quite a procedure.

Uncle Dino brushed the plait out, combed and snipped away.

Mrs. Balson stood nearby watching the long hair fall while an assistant gathered the severed hair and tied it together with pipe-cleaners. "It'll make a wonderful switch," she said.

And Teena—well, she just sat there, mostly staring solemnly in the mirror, but giggling occasionally at her reflection.

For a while she was upset —her hair had become slightly tangled and it hurt a little when it was brushed.

But she soon became absorbed watching her reflection change as the long hair fell and a short clipped style evolved.

"Now I'll be able to do my own hair, Mummy," she said.

She was thrilled with the result, and couldn't wait to return to Kempsey "to show Daddy."

Mrs. Balson likes Teena's new hair-style. "I think it suits her, but I shall have to get used to it," she said.

"I really hated watching.

"And when I helped gather the cut hair so it could be tied at one end it was horrible holding it.

"I kept thinking Teena should be at the other end."

Mrs. Balson is not sure what she will do with the hair. She may keep it after having it made into a switch, or she may sell it. "I haven't really thought about it," she said.

As for Teena — she had already lost interest in her hair, and was tugging at her mother's arm and talking about going to the beach and running along the sand in shorts.

"Can we go now, Mummy?" she asked.

—Jenny Irvine

HOLDING her shorn tresses for all to see, Teena also displays her new, short hairdo.

Pictures by Barry Cullen.

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NEXT WEEK:

CHRISTMAS PARTY COOKBOOK

. . . Eight-page liftout

● 'Tis the season to be merry! And here are almost 100 recipes and lots of other ideas for Christmas (and holiday time, or any other time of the year) when you want to give a party and enjoy it as much as your guests.

★

New looks at . . .

● An eyewitness report on the "hush-hush" Tahiti holiday.

● A handwriting expert "reads" the boys' characters.

● Paul tells of the "old flame" who left him lamenting.

★

In color: An architect's GOLD COAST DREAM HOME

★

Sunny patterns

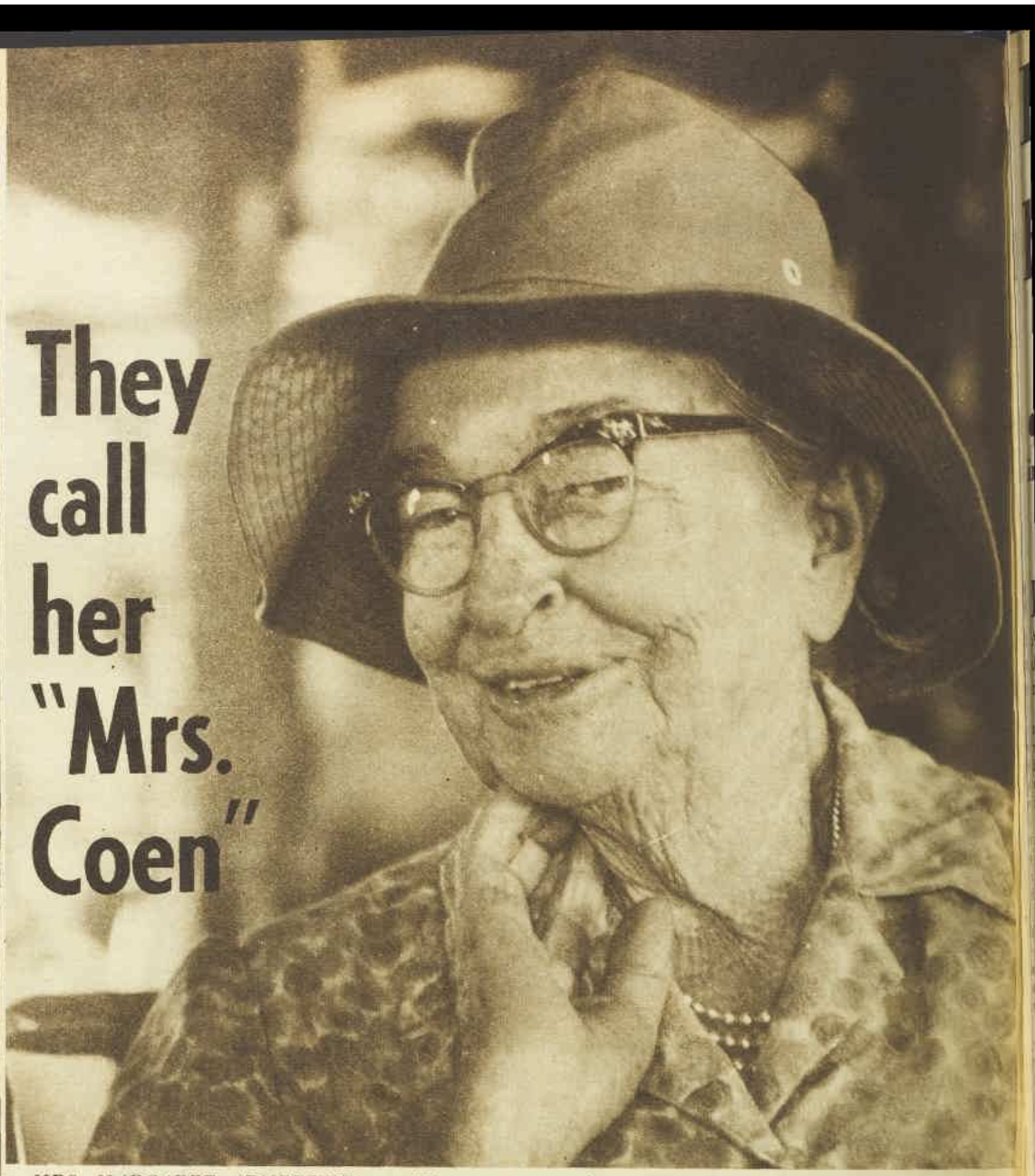
● Two three-in-one patterns to buy — Vogue and Butterick — to be oh, so smart this summer — particularly on the beach.

★

BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

● One of the best — a South Australian bush scene — in this charming series.

They call her "Mrs. Coen"



MRS. MARGARET ARMBRUST, a well-known personality of Coen, Cape York Peninsula.

● Sometimes, when people introduce 73-year-old Mrs. Margaret Armbrust to strangers, they call her "Mrs. Coen." But the mistake is understandable.

THERE are some people in Australia's lonely Cape York Peninsula country who think of Mrs. Armbrust as Mrs. Coen—the name of the tiny township which, most people agree, Mrs. Armbrust "rules."

Mrs. Armbrust and her children run most things in Coen.

They own the store. They run the taxi service from the newly built airstrip outside town. They own a 235-sq.-mile cattle property. They bake the bread, run the post office, the butcher shop, and the killing yard.

Each Monday an Armbrust bullock is slaughtered, providing fresh meat for the Coen township for the week.

At the helm of all these activities is Mrs. Armbrust herself—a vital woman with strong blue eyes and a fondness for sitting quietly and cooling herself with a straw fan.

There is little about anyone or anything in the Cape country that Mrs. Armbrust does not know.

Whenever a point of historical dispute comes up, the cry is nearly always: "Let's ask Mrs. Armbrust!"

Coen, with a population of about 60 whites, is a small collection of iron-roofed houses and tin sheds, an aboriginal camp, and a pub, on the Coen River about 250 air-miles north of Cairns.

Mrs. Armbrust has lived in Coen all her life.

When she was born, the town was just an outpost where her father went to mine gold.

It had a population of almost 1000, but they were mostly floating prospectors.

When the other prospectors left to go on to more fertile mining sites, Mr. Armbrust settled in Coen and his small daughter Margaret was sent to a Cooktown convent until she was 16.

Mrs. Armbrust's first husband, Samuel Thompson, was killed, after a few years of marriage, when he was thrown from a bolting horse while droving.

In her mid-twenties, Mrs. Thompson became Mrs. Archie Armbrust. Her second husband, too, was a Coen original.

His mother — Mrs. Armbrust's mother-in-law—rode on horseback 200 miles to Cooktown to have her children.

After each birth she rode back alone to Coen with the new child.

"They were the women who were the real pioneers," said Mrs. Armbrust, but she still remembers an adolescence when marauding aborigines would come to town and terrorise the population.

By
PATRICIA JOHNSON

Mrs. Armbrust has no problem with aborigines these days—the ones who live in Coen work for her on her cattle property—but she has other problems.

Coen is completely without road transport for six months each year during the wet season, and all stores must either be brought in before the rains or flown in later.

With air freight charges of 9d. per pound, petrol costs 6/6 a gallon, beer 4/6 a can.

As the dry months draw to a close Mrs. Armbrust must invest about £4000 in stock to last her store and cattle property through the next months.

Ordering four tons of flour and sugar, great loads of tinned foods, and rice and kerosene in enormous bulk loads would pose a problem few women would feel happy to handle.

"But," said Mrs. Armbrust, "I am used to doing this. I have been doing it most of my life."

Mrs. Armbrust's second husband died 26 years ago and she has still managed to cope by herself, with the help of her children in Coen, Mrs. Irene Taylor and Mrs. Vicki Sympson.

Grahame Neil, one of Mrs. Armbrust's descendants—she has 17 grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren—helps too, by running the taxi service from aerodrome to town.

Seven days a week, Mrs. Armbrust cooks three meals for more than 20 people.

At six o'clock she begins the breakfast — at nine o'clock at night, after the evening meal, she is more than ready for bed.

She intends to stick to her rigorous routine.

"I can't afford to stop now," she said, "it's the only thing that keeps me young."

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Princess has a busy schedule

From ANNE MATHESON, in London

• Princess Grace is leading a full and busy life in Monaco, where she is awaiting the birth of her third child in February.

DOCTORS told her to "take things quietly" after her indisposition in Athens (she had food poisoning) during the Greek Royal wedding festivities in September.

Princess Grace cancelled her annual visit to Paris to order her new season's wardrobe and choose a layette for the new baby and her visit to London for Christmas shopping, but she is still attending official functions in Monaco.

Unlike the ladies of the British Royal family, who usually cancel all public engagements several months before their babies are born, Princess Grace likes to continue her normal activities as long as possible.

Early in her pregnancy she regularly took Prince Albert, 6, and Princess Caroline, 7, to their early-morning swimming classes at the local Sporting Club. Often she joined them in the water, wearing a new-style maternity bathing-costume.

Now she takes her daily constitutional by walking Princess Caroline to the small private Catholic day school she attends in Monaco. Four o'clock finds her waiting—with other Monegasque mothers—outside the school gates to bring Caroline home.

Daily leg massage has been ordered for the Princess, but apart from this she is following the same routine as before the birth of her other babies.

The only extra precaution—Prince Rainier insists on this—is the private detective and carabiniere who accompany her on her daily walks.

Grace gave a monster Hallowe'en party for Caroline's friends from school and ballet class and has several gala charity functions on her social calendar.

When she could not go to Paris to choose her maternity clothes, she decided that for evening functions she could make do with some Empire-line evening dresses already in her wardrobe. A floor-length opera cloak in pale turquoise heavy satin has become a favorite standby.

Princess Grace has decided not to redecorate the palace nurseries (pale yellow and white, with an amusing animal decor) for the new baby.

Princess Caroline and Prince Albert share both the day and night nurseries, and a large screen divides the room if one of them has a cold or is not well.

The new baby, being so much younger, will have an entirely different schedule, so the Princess is turning one of the connecting nanny's rooms into another nursery. An infant's nurse has been engaged for the first few months, but after that Miss Maureen King, the English nanny who has been at the palace since Caroline was one year old, will take charge.

***PRINCESS GRACE** attended the inauguration of a rose garden at Lyons, France, recently. Pictured with her (above right) is the Begum Aga Khan.*

***MATERNITY** swimsuit (left) which Grace wore for early-morning swims with Princess Caroline. Prince Albert is almost obscured between his mother and nanny Maureen King.*

***PRINCE RAINIER** photographs Caroline during a diving lesson at the Monte Carlo Sporting Club (right). Both Caroline and Albert take part in local swimming races.*

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New diamond-bright Gossamer
the only hair spray that passes the close-up test

Close as a snuggle and nobody knows it's there on your hair . . . this is the new, clear, clean look of diamond-bright Gossamer, the only hair spray that passes the close-up test. New Gossamer accents the subtle highlights in any hairstyle, yet holds so beautifully, there's never a wisp in sight. New Gossamer is so clear, so clean, so right . . . and it brushes right out at night.

HANDY PURSE SIZE 5/11, REGULAR 10/-, LARGE 16/6. **Trust only Gossamer**

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She tosses her husband over her shoulder

● It's an unusual girl who can throw her husband over her shoulder and have him nod approvingly as he picks himself up from the floor, but then Australian Verelle Sugano, who can do this with ease, *is* an unusual girl.

THE SUGANOS (above). Former Sydney hairdresser Verelle Wadling and her husband, Seiichi Sugano, a teacher of Aikido. AT LEFT is 83-year-old Professor M. Uyeshiba, the founder of Aikido. Verelle had had a two-year world trip a few years before going to Japan.

By CYNTHIA ROBINSON

A 31-year-old hairdresser from the outer Sydney suburb of Girraween, Verelle came to Tokyo two and a half years ago for a quick look-see before going to work in Hong Kong.

But a visit to a demonstration of Aikido (a self-defence sport) changed this — and her whole life.

She became so interested in Aikido — which to the uninformed looks like a more rhymthic version of Judo — that she began taking lessons with a group of foreign students, and early this year married her Japanese teacher, Seiichi Sugano.

Australian husbands, beware. In May next year the Suganos plan to settle in Sydney and introduce the gentle art of Aikido there.

"It not only is a good exercise but is also good for your mental approach to life," said Verelle.

"I think all girls should learn Aikido because then they'll never have any worries about being attacked.

"Even the slightest girl, or a woman in her 60s, can master it, because, unlike Judo, it doesn't call for muscle and strength.

"In Aikido, the principle is that when you're being attacked you don't resist, but use the attacker's strength by direction movement to defeat him."

As I spoke to Mrs. Sugano, who was formerly Verelle Wadling, we were kneeling on tatami matting on the floor of the Tokyo "Hombu Dojo" (meaning headquarters of the chief school) watching a demonstration.

It proved Verelle's point that you don't have to be young, burly, and strong to defend yourself.

For there in front of us, a wiry little man with a wispy white beard was tossing a husky American six-footer round the place as though he were the weight of an oyster-shell minus the pearl.

"That," said Verelle, "is 83-year-old Professor Morihei Uyeshiba, the founder of Aikido, and he's so skilled he can beat any attacker.

"We call him Osensei, the 'wise one,' or 'big teacher'."

By this stage I was getting a little tired of squatting, so I started to stand up.

"No, no," whispered Verelle.

"When Osensei is in the room, it is wrong to stand up.

"We must kneel until he leaves, and bow low to the tatami as he goes."

Much bowing

So there I stayed on the tatami while Osensei delivered a long speech in Japanese, and I thought to myself that doing in Tokyo as the locals do can be a bit of a strain when you're not used to kneeling for hours at a time.

When he left, I asked if she found it easy to adjust to this life of bowing and kneeling and displaying a certain subservience almost constantly.

She smiled and said:

"It is my husband's life, and I must fit in with it.

"I do admit, though, it will be good to get back home to Australia."

Verelle then introduced me to her husband, who explained in good English that Aikido was an art which required the use of mind and strength together; that its philosophy was one of trying to teach love and not hate; that it developed a relaxed kind of strength that made it beneficial as a health therapy to people in their 50s and 60s.

Then, after saying that he was "very happy" at the prospect of living in Australia, he made his excuses and went off to give an Aikido lesson to a university class.

Verelle then got out of her Aikido garb, changed into a sweater and stretch slacks, and invited photographer Keith Barlow and myself into her Japanese-style apartment for coffee.

We left the "Dojo" after the exchange of many low bows and collecting our shoes at the door, and headed round several winding streets which were a mixture of the drab grey houses of Tokyo and the rush of color provided by the little shops with their signs.

As we walked along and passed several Japanese couples — the men several paces in front and his wife perhaps cluttering along in her wooden shoes (geta) and kimono, but quietly following — I asked Verelle how she fitted into this life.

"In our home there is a blending of ideas and backgrounds and it works splendidly. I'm very happy here, except I miss my family and friends and the feeling of being able to stretch my arms and breathe fresh air," said Verelle.

"Here in Tokyo it's so terribly crowded you can feel almost suffocated.

"But faults though Japan has, and many faults though Japanese might have, they have a lot of fine points we can learn much from."

By this stage we'd arrived at a tiny, two-storey house which Verelle explained was a four-apartment building, and we climbed the stairs to one of them, her home.

At the door we left our shoes behind and walked into the small passageway of a kitchen. Leading from this was a tiny bathroom with a deep-tub Japanese bath, and the tatami-matted bedroom.

With a tiny balcony at the back, on which all the washing has to dry and the futon bedding has to air, this comprised the whole apartment for which, in this most expensive city in the world, the Suganos pay approximately £7 a week.

"And this is very cheap by standards here," said Verelle.

"We feel lucky to have it, although we had to pay both key-money and other money to get it.

"The key-money, equivalent to a month's rent, is refunded when you leave, but the other money, which in our case was two months' rent, is not refunded, and if we wanted to renew our lease at the end of two years we would have to pay it again.

"This rent covers the roof only. When you rent a Japanese apartment there's not a refrigerator, not a piece of floorcovering, or anything with it.

"You provide the lot, so living becomes very dear."

Verelle has no oven in which to bake a Sunday dinner, and her stove, which has to do all the cooking, is not much more than a double gas-ring.

There is practically no furniture in Japanese homes, and she and her husband sleep on futons (thin cotton-packed mattresses) on the tatami matting.

These futons, after airing each day on the balcony, are stored away in the built-in cupboard with all their clothes and other possessions.

"There is virtually nowhere for storage in Japanese homes, and with my suitcases, etc., this has nearly driven me mad," said Verelle.

"Actually, there's nowhere to hang clothes, either.

"The Japanese keep theirs folded neatly in boxes in the same cupboards as their futons, but I had some hanging space built into ours."

Verelle said she had a fascinating wedding in a Shinto shrine in Tokyo.

"Seiichi hasn't been out of Japan before, but he's delighted by what I've told him of Australia.

"He'll be able to go there, as my husband, and we don't expect to run into any antagonism because it's a mixed marriage or because he's Japanese.

"Seiichi is so charming that everyone will think he's great."

Packed train

The first thing Verelle wants to do in Australia is to go for a long ride on an uncrowded train.

"Sometimes I wonder how I survive peak-hour rides on the Tokyo trains," she said.

"One day I got on and in the crush I couldn't get one foot to the ground.

"I was packed in like a sardine and couldn't budge, so I had to go for the 15-minute trip standing on one leg, with the other stuck at right angles between the crowd."

"Why didn't you try your Aikido?" I asked.

She grinned. "Well, Aikido is the greatest form of self-defence there is, but it would take more than that to help you out of a Tokyo train.

"To use Aikido, you need to have a little room to work.

"Do you wonder that I'm dreaming about those wide open spaces of Australia?"

No, Mrs. Sugano, quite frankly, I don't.

VERELLE at her Japanese apartment. The futon (mattress) is being aired over the railing of the balcony.

HOLD-ALL cupboard in Verelle's apartment has to take in everything that needs storing. Here she opens it.

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Londoners rush to see musical on the

THE AUSTRALIANS OF WIMPOLE STREET

By BETTY BEST, of our London staff

● It is the happiest, the prettiest, the most musical, and the best - produced show to come to the stage in years. It is also the most Australian, in spite of the fact that it is set in Wimpole Street, London.

WITH HER MAID and her faithful dog Flush, the lovely and talented invalid Elizabeth Barrett (June Bronhill) takes her first breath of air for years in the garden of the family home. She has just met the poet Browning.

"ROBERT and Elizabeth," composed by Australia's Ron Grainer, has June Bronhill and Keith Michell in the title roles and no fewer than eight other Australians in the cast.

Based on Rudolph Besier's play "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," the book and lyrics by Ronald Millar suggest the drama and romance of the famous love story of the poets Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett, while Grainer's music sets the entire theme in a perfect framework for today's — and tomorrow's — audiences.

For there is no doubt "Robert and Elizabeth" will have a record run. Four big New York managements are bidding for it already. The Australian rights have been secured by the Garnet Carroll organisation and film rights are being discussed.

But when these plans for the future will be realised is anybody's guess. Bookings for the London season are so heavy that even the first matinee was booked out well ahead.

The cast, settling in for a long run, is more like a group of mates who have been working together for years.

Keith and June are old friends. Wendy Toye, the director, had produced June in "Orpheus in the Underworld" in the Sadler's Wells production, and it was she who first cabled June, when she was playing in "The Merry Widow" in Newcastle, N.S.W., to ask her to star in "Robert and Elizabeth."

In the same "Widow" company was the Australian Gordon Wilcock. He is godfather to June's 17-month-old daughter, Carolyn, and came to England soon after June and her husband, Richard Finny, arrived. Now he plays Henry Bevan in "Robert and Elizabeth."

Inventive music

John Parker, best remembered in Australia for his performance in "Salad Days," plays Elizabeth's brother Septimus; Rod McLennan plays brother Alfred; and Barbara Leigh, who worked with June Bronhill on her Australian tour, is Lady Mary, a friend of the Barrett family.

Judith Eltham is a leading dancer, and Dean Viner, Anita Lockwood, and Catherine Sneddon have featured singing roles.

INCENSED at Elizabeth's flouting of his commands, the passionately dominating Papa Barrett (John Clements) goes to her room late at night to try to make her swear never to see Browning again. He tells her she is the only person left in his life and he'll keep her from marriage.

AUSTRALIANS ALL — In front: Rod McLennan (Alfred Barrett). First row: John Parker (Septimus Barrett), Barbara Leigh (Lady Mary), June Bronhill (Elizabeth), Judith Eltham (dancer), Gordon Wilcock (Henry Bevan), Dean Viner (vendor). Back row: Keith Michell (Robert), Ron Grainer (composer), Anita Lockwood and Catherine Sneddon (singers).

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love story of Elizabeth Barrett Browning

AFTER MONTHS of separation, ordered by Elizabeth's father, Robert Browning storms into the house. On hearing that Papa Barrett intends to transport his family to the country to keep them from their friends, he proposes to her. They dream of a happy future.

WHILE PAPA is away Elizabeth and Robert again manage to meet, with the help of her brother Alfred, and the poet tells her he won't live without her. His faith in her cures her illness and now she finds she can walk again.

The richest Australian contribution, however, comes from the composer, Ron Grainer, best known in London up to now as one of the leading writers of film and TV theme music.

"An intoxicating mixture of sentiment and high spirits," said Felix Barker, of the London "Evening News," describing the score of "Robert and Elizabeth."

"A wonderful score — the best we've heard in years," said Fergus Cashin of the "Sketch." "The best a British musical has had for many years," wrote Bernard Levin of the "Daily Mail." "Fresh, inventive, crisp, and coherent," said Herbert Kretzmer of the "Express."

Others compared the standard to opera rather than mere musical comedy.

Grainer helps the pace of this show by moving characters to music rather than holding them up for words.

Even Elizabeth's sadly introspective thoughts when she is by herself in her room are sung. Family gatherings around the harmonium are set to music, with the lyrics telling the story instead of formal dialogue.

The musical format and constant ballet-like movement on the stage keep "Robert and Elizabeth" going at such a speed that the theme of Elizabeth's illness is never allowed to depress. It seems the most natural, almost inevitable, thing that she should recover.

Dogs' emergency

The only incident which nearly did stop the show occurred in Manchester during the out-of-town run. A beautiful cocker spaniel, Dewcroft Pandora, plays the famous dog Flush. She even has an understudy, listed in the cast as Red Quill of Lochnell.

When the dogs arrived in Manchester they discovered some interesting titbits scattered around the theatre. A few hours before curtain time it was found they had been eating poisoned baits for rats.

A vet saved the day, and Red Quill hasn't yet realised the understudy's dream of taking over the role at the last minute.

THEY ELOPE to Italy and, arriving in Florence by a glorious golden-engined train, sing their most moving song, "I Know Now." The real Elizabeth was 40, and became Browning's devoted wife for 15 years (she died in 1861). Pictures by Alec Murray.

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SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By Mollie Lyons

ALTHOUGH there won't be horse-drawn carriages, there'll be all the grace and elegance of an old-world soiree at the garden reception at Lady Fairfax's home, "Fairwater," at Double Bay on November 29.

More than 800 glamorously clad guests will stroll on the lawns overlooking the Harbor (where yachts will be anchored at the foot of the garden) and dance on an outdoor dance floor.

Trees in the three acres of garden will be illuminated with green and blue lights and a tall jacaranda tree, under which the "Carousel" ballet will dance during the evening, will be floodlit with blue lighting.

As well, Mrs. Sue Du Val, who is in charge of the decor, plans to have the dance floor surrounded by a wide bank of potted hydrangeas.

There is to be a Gareth Jones-Roberts painting for the most elegant guest and a model gown from a leading couturier will be the prize for the guest sitting in a particular spot in the garden immediately before the ballet performs.

Proceeds from the evening, which has been arranged by a committee headed by Mrs. John Davenport, will be used to send young Australian singers to Honolulu in February to compete for scholarships in the Metropolitan Opera, New York.

★ ★ ★

MID-DECEMBER is departure time for Professor and Mrs. Stephen Roberts, who will board the cargo ship Eastern Star for a leisurely trip to Hong Kong. They plan to spend a few days ashore in Formosa and rejoin the ship when it returns from Shanghai. They are to be farewelled by Mr. and Mrs. Allan Williams at a dinner party on December 10.

★ ★ ★

AN early start on November 11 for Mrs. Anthony Oxley, who drove to Mascot at daybreak to greet her niece, Penelope Morgan Giles, on her arrival from London and to see her on to another plane for Canberra, where she has gone to stay at Government House as the guest of the Hon. Anne Sidney. Penelope and her sister, Camilla, who arrives later this month with her mother, are to be bridesmaids to the Hon. Catherine Sidney when she marries Mr. John Wilbraham on December 1.

★ ★ ★

BY the way, among those I hear will be going to the wedding are the John Atwills, Simon Heaths, Robert Foots, Gordon Douglass', Lloyd Williams', and Charles Lloyd Jones, and, from Melbourne, the John Grimwades and Mrs. Geoffrey Grimwade.

★ ★ ★

ACTRESS Wendy Blacklock and her husband, Ron Patten, are celebrating the birth on November 2 of their second child, whom they've decided to call Lisa. Their first daughter is called Nicole.

★ ★ ★

TWO other families with new arrivals are the Derek Cassidys, whose second daughter, Belinda Gail, was born on November 4 at King George V Hospital, and Mr. and Mrs. Simon Barrow (she was the former Kirsten Stenderup), whose first child, Louise, arrived on November 9.

★ ★ ★

INFORMALITY will be the keynote of the barbecue party Mr. and Mrs. Claude Renshaw are giving on December 5 to celebrate their son Howard's 21st birthday. It's to be held at their property, "Boogadah," Binnaway, with a dance floor set up on the lawns around the homestead for the 250 young guests.

★ ★ ★

THREE parties in less than a fortnight for Mrs. Bruce Minell, who will give a formal dinner party on November 27, an outdoor buffet luncheon on December 6, and a Hawaiian party for her small daughter, Charmiane, on December 4. The first will welcome home the Leon Myersons from abroad, the second will be a Christmas party, and Charmiane's is a children's Christmas party.

TWO familiar faces soon to be seen on the home front are Sir Percy and Lady Spender, who are due to arrive this month on their annual visit from The Hague, where Sir Percy is President of the International Court. En route they visited their son, Peter, and his wife, Helen, in Grosse Pointe, Michigan, and spent some time in Ireland with the Governor, Lord Wakehurst, and Lady Wakehurst. Their two or three months' stay here will be divided between Woollahra and their home at Palm Beach.

★ ★ ★

GUESTS at Mr. and Mrs. Kevin McGuiness' housewarming party on November 21 should be most intrigued with the house—it's made entirely of wood (cedar shingles outside and red Canadian cedar inside), with not a speck of plaster! Perched on the hill at Clontarf, the contemporary split-level home has a water view from every room and a central fireplace of black steel on natural stone. Each bedroom has a louvered wall and leads on to a swimming-pool and sundeck. Mr. and Mrs. McGuiness have asked 50 friends for a sit-down dinner.

★ ★ ★

ALL eyes were on that fabulous evening bag Mrs. John Laszlo carried at a dinner party recently. Of shocking-pink silk, the bag is mounted on a frame and handle heavily encrusted with green, pink, and yellow semi-precious stones. It is part of the shopping she did on her four-week trip to Hong Kong and Manila.

★ ★ ★

PRETTY Kay Vernon is busy thinking up an original decor for her annual Christmas party which she is having at the home of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. James Vernon, at Double Bay on December 16. The party this year will also celebrate Kay's 21st birthday.

★ ★ ★

CLEVER idea of the Weston Foxes to ask guests at the beginning of November to their Christmas party on December 12—they didn't have one refusal. The party will enable friends to see their new waterfront apartment, which Mrs. Fox has been busy decorating. The color schemes sound wonderful; the bedroom is off-white and orchid-pink, the dining-room black, white, and gold, and the main room toffee-brown and turquoise.

★ ★ ★

I LIKED David Pearce's idea of naming his new property at Canowindra "Amisfield" after the family one at Seven Hills, where six generations of his family have lived. After their marriage at The Kings School Chapel on December 5, he and Patricia Ireland will move up to Canowindra to live. Patricia is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Ireland, of Castle Hill.

★ ★ ★

TWO very excited grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Bonynge, who will have their only grandson, Adam, and his nurse to stay with them in July for his school summer break while his parents, Joan Sutherland and her husband, Richard Bonynge, are touring Australia. One little point that worries them, however, is the last letter from Switzerland, which says the nine-year-old Adam has become an enthusiastic footballer and has already broken three of the villa windows.

★ ★ ★

I HEAR that Margo McKendry, at present in New York, Maggie Eckhardt, in France, Justine McCarthy, in London, and Anne Felton, in New York, are all planning to come home for Christmas.

N.S.W.

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MR. AND MRS. RONALD FARQUHARSON beside a Picasso lithograph, "The Bouquet," at the opening of an exhibition of old and new masters at the Dominion Galleries. Works by Van Gogh, Toulouse-Lautrec, Paul Klee, William Dobell, Sidney Nolan, Albert Tucker, Lucien Pisarro, Jean Louis Forain, Augustus John, Ian Fairweather, and Robert Dickerson were on show.

AT RIGHT: Mrs. James Allsop, Mrs. Roland Walton, and Mrs. John Kingsford-Smith (left to right) at the National Trust's morning inspection of Professor and Mrs. J. F. D. Wood's lovely old home at Hunter's Hill.

AT LEFT: Chairman of the women's committee of the Post Graduate Medical Foundation, Mrs. Lucy Falkiner Burton (centre), with Mrs. Annette Atwill (left) and Mrs. Keith Gollan at a party given to welcome her home from abroad.

AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Alex Downer pictured at their new home, "Stoke Lodge," in London, where Mr. Downer recently took up his new appointment as Australia's High Commissioner.

NEWLY ENGAGED. Miss Gwyneth Griffiths, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Griffiths, of Roseville, and Dr. Douglas Saunders, the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Saunders, of Mosman.

ABOVE: Dr. and Mrs. Peter Maloney, pictured at St. Canice's Church, Elizabeth Bay, after their marriage, with their attendants, from left, Dr. Eric Sedoti, Miss Patricia Sim, Miss Margaret Graham, and Dr. John Farrell. The bride was formerly Miss Mary Garry, of Boorowa.

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Desire for knowledge

● **Tranby Co-operative College in the Sydney suburb of Glebe has been the site of a successful experiment with classes for a small group of young aborigines.**

At Tranby (a Church of England college which trains aborigines to teach their people to run co-operatives), the enthusiastic youngsters have finished a course in speed reading and practical English.

Mr. Alan Duncan, who started the course, is Tutor of Aboriginal Adult Education for Sydney University's Department of Tutorials.

"The idea came from the students," he said.

"They realised that because they'd all left school earlier than most students they needed extra courses.

"They considered speed reading and practical English the most useful."

When the students (there were up to 20 in the course) began, their reading speed was below the average of 200-250 words a minute. Now their speed is 350.

MR. ALAN DUNCAN (centre) at the reading machine with some of his pupils (from left) Fred Pedro, 17, of Moa Island, Torres Strait, Euphemia Bostock, of Brisbane, and Wayne Bolt, 16, of Cabbage Tree Island.

"The students have asked for other courses — mathematics and more English — and we plan to provide them," said Mr. Duncan.

"The desire for knowledge is there. It's up to us to fill the need."

message to women born before 1940

have you felt these danger symptoms lately? Cramps in the legs? Swelling of the ankles and veins? An odd feeling of heaviness in the legs? Dull pains and aches . . .

THESE EARLY symptoms can mean you are one of the million or more people of all ages who are present or potential victims of varicose veins. This distressing condition embarrasses both men and women. Housewives, shop assistants and nurses are prone to it. Anyone who spends time standing up or lifts heavy weights can get varicose veins. People who have to sit down a lot get them too.

THE SYMPTOMS often subside and then go unnoticed. This is the tragedy of it. These early warning symptoms must not be ignored. At this stage, the condition can deteriorate rapidly, even though you think "it can't happen to me".

IN THE EARLY stages the progress of the condition can be stopped. There is no need to wait fatalistically for the drastic therapy of surgery. This cannot be attempted until the disease has become serious. You need never reach this ugly stage. Tests on actual sufferers have established that varicose disease in the early stages can be stopped and ultimately reversed with Venoruton Tablets.

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NEGLECT now is painfully expensive later. Can you afford the time and money it takes for varicose vein surgery? Is it fair to yourself and your family to endure the lifetime of pain and suffering, the embarrassing ugliness, the curtailment of your activities that is all too often the lot of the varicose vein sufferer?

IT AFFECTS the entire family. Could you run your home, look after your family if you were in constant pain, unable to stay on your feet for long? If your husband were affected, think of the effect it could have on family life.

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INVESTMENT GUIDE

THIS WEEK: Benefits of "Rights" issues on a dull market

By MARY BROKER

● **And still the share market is dull. What is more, according to trends that have shown up in nearly every year, it will very likely remain quiet until the New Year.**

WHETHER or not this dullness has anything to do with the usual expenses of Christmas, I have not yet discovered, but the trend is there.

In a market such as this, where the buyers are just not around, numerous opportunities crop up to buy first-class stocks at more or less "bargain" prices.

This year, to add to the buyer's opportunities, there are many "rights" to new issues on the market.

I discussed these "rights" once before, but for those readers who missed this point, I shall go over it again.

Companies are much like individuals as far as money is concerned, in that they quite often run out of it just when it is needed.

Moreover, they need it for just the same reasons as individuals—to buy a new piece of machinery, or a bigger factory, to purchase another business, and so on.

If they have been saving what is left out of profits after dividends have been paid, they can, if they wish, dip into their capital "reserves."

However, they may wish to keep their capital for some later date.

Alternatives

Three of the alternatives are:

1. Borrow from other companies.

This is done on the inter-company borrowing market, which exists because some companies are flush with funds when others are not, and borrowing is at a cheaper rate of interest than on the open capital market, while lending gives a higher rate of interest than can be obtained from the bank.

2. Issue a debenture or note.

This is just like a mortgage on a house. Just as the person lending on the mortgage has a charge over the house, so a person buying a debenture or note (in effect lending money to company X at a fixed rate of interest) has a charge over the assets of the company.

3. Make a new issue to shareholders.

This is the most popular way as far as shareholders are concerned, for reasons you will see below.

A new issue is similar to a bonus issue, where you are given shares in some proportion (say one for four) to those you already hold.

The big difference is that you have to pay for your new shares in the case of a new issue, but usually well below the market price of shares in the company, so that there is actually a bonus element.

It may be easier if I give you an example:

Let us say that Smokers' Tobacco Ltd. (a purely fictitious company) needs some money to buy a tobacco plantation in Queensland.

Fund-raising

Directors will have a meeting to discuss different ways of raising the funds, and may decide that it would be in the best interests of both the company and the shareholders to have a new issue.

Then they decide on the ratio, which may be one new share for every two (or three or four) already held.

If the company is doing reasonably well, and really not a lot of money is needed, they may decide to issue the 5/- shares at 5/-. This is known as a "par" issue.

However, directors may feel that more money is needed, and to make it a "premium" issue.

If the shares are selling at 20/-, the issue may be at 10/- premium, making a total cost to shareholders of 15/-.

Mrs. Smith perhaps owns 100 shares in Smokers' Tobacco. If this is a 1-2 issue, Mrs. Smith has the "right" to apply for 50 new issue shares at 15/- each.

If she does not have the £37/10/- with which to buy her 50 new shares, she may sell her 50 "rights" on the market between the date when the books close, to determine who shall have the shares, and the date when applications close and shares are actually allotted.

Cheaper way

In this particular case, "rights" would probably sell for about 3/3. (This is worked out by adding two shares at 20/- plus one share at 15/- equals 55/-, which divided by three is 18/3. Subtract 15/- from this and you have 3/3.)

Quite often, dividends are not paid immediately on the new shares, which make the "rights" a slightly cheaper way of entering the stock.

Another advantage is that since brokerage rises with the price of the shares, you would pay less brokerage by buying the cheaper "rights" and paying the application money to the company itself.

Next week: Several attractive "rights" issues currently available.

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SISTER Barbara West, of Proserpine, Queensland, in ordinary ward uniform, and Sister Frances Burren, of Perth, in theatre garb, make up a bed in the recovery room of the operating-theatre suite.

THEATRE SISTERS WEAR PANTS

Innovation at Perth hospital

A NEW LOOK FOR NURSES IN LONDON

● Matron Gwendoline Sibert, of the King Edward Memorial Hospital for Women, Subiaco, W.A., first saw in an overseas magazine the idea for putting her operating-theatre nurses into trousers.

"THERE'S too much frou-frou about women's skirts in an operating theatre," said Matron.

"We tried shifts, but they were too tight at the hem for moving about. Then I saw the trousers picture and thought what a good idea it was.

"The male operating staff wear boiler suits with theatre gowns over them, so why shouldn't the nursing staff do likewise?"

The trousers are not fitted but are baggy and comfortable, slit up the sides at the ankles, and have elastic around the waist.

The tops are loose, worn outside the trousers, and have magyar sleeves so that there is no restriction in raising the arms.

"They are never seen outside the operating theatre," said Matron. "In all wards, including the labor ward, the nurses wear ordinary uniform."

Matron Sibert said her theatre staff look like "pixies," but their garb is the most comfortable and practical for the job.

The color is green, the suits are made of a strong cotton fabric in the hospital workroom, are boiled after each wear, and have been in use now for two months.

"The women doctors who come to us want to wear them now," said Matron.

Green was chosen because it matched the fittings in the operating theatre and because it is easily televised when operations are shown to students.—**Winfred Bisset.**

MOOTED IN BRITAIN. London models show styles suggested by a designer — a matron's uniform (left) with open-slit neckline and a nurse's uniform of loose top over trousers. British hospitals have given no indication of adopting them.

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MEMBERS of the Omsk Siberian Company who will be seen in the "BP Super Show" on TCN9 on Saturday, December 5.

RUSSIAN TROUPE IN SUPER SHOW

By PATRICIA KENT

● The "BP Super Shows" are always worth watching. These hour-long specials always feature top stars and provide excellent entertainment.

THE 50th "BP Super Show," to be seen on TCN9 at 8.30 p.m. on Saturday, December 5, features the Omsk Siberian Company, which recently toured Australia.

It's a show that viewers mustn't miss.

The huge company of dancers bring a rare excitement to television, with the wild, uninhibited dances of the Cossacks, and slower, rhythmical folk dances from all over Russia.

The show was the first of its kind to be taped in the huge new studio at GTV9 in Melbourne. It took all day for the Russian dancers to rehearse and to tape the hour-long special.

They rehearsed the whole show twice, and the third, perfect, performance is the one viewers will see.

★ ★ ★

THE "Mavis Bramston Show" (Channel 7, 9 p.m., Wednesdays) is diabolically funny. Presented along the lines of intimate revue, its stars are Gordon Chater, Carol Raye, and Barry Creyton.

Mavis Bramston is a mythical lady who was supposed to star in the show, but who was dropped hastily after her audition tape (which was shown) reached the station.

There were send-ups of Rugby League, the A.B.C., television commercials, and a marvellous segment where "BP Pick - a - Box" and "Beauty and the Beast" (both Channel 7 shows, by the way) were combined into one riotous sketch which had guest star June Salter as "Dollie," Carol Raye as "Zeta Slob," Barry Creyton as "Phillip Hazels," and Gordon Chater as "Leading Chemist."

June Salter in her guest spots almost (not quite) stole the show from Gordon Chater. She sang a plaintive "I Lost Him in the Autumn Leaves at Leura," a song which told how

"Our picnic was a failure,
Now he's food for an azalea,"
and, clasping a gleaming set of false teeth,
"I searched beneath the benches, and only found his dentures,
Now I'm left with memories that won't decay."

"Mavis Bramston" seems to have overcome the problem of finding good writers, the stumbling-block of most local shows.

It's going to be interesting to see if the show can maintain this first excellence, both in script and production.

Television

Poor daytime viewing

I HAD an afternoon at home recently to see what was offering for the housewife. And I was appalled. With the exception of the movie (a moderately ancient comedy with Bette Davis on Channel 9), the programmes I saw were unrelentingly awful.

I watched Channel 7's "Loretta Young Show," a series of tear-jerker stories hosted by Miss Young, who appears in most of them.

Each story has a happy (and damp) ending, and a moral, but the only thing I found totally fascinating was Loretta herself, who at close to 50, looks no more than 32.

Then, choosing between "Take the Hint" (Channel 9, 3.30 p.m.) and "Beauty and the Beast" (Channel 7, 3.30 p.m.) I plumped for the latter, and sat through half an hour of sheer nonsense (from Mr. Baume), and a few minutes (when they could get a word in) of good sense from panellists Hazel Phillips, Maggie Tabberer, Anne Deveson, and Patricia Lovell.

Mr. Baume, in an attempt, I think, to live up to his title of "Beast," alternates between quite abominable rudeness and a radiating sweetness, particularly to Maggie Tabberer, who I suspect is more than capable of dealing with Mr. Baume.

It was infuriating to hear a genuine problem from a listener dealt with in a practical fashion by one of the girls, then have Mr. Baume interrupting constantly so they barely had time to finish what they had to say.

Then at 4.30 p.m., also on Channel 7, I watched "Video Village," which had children leaping about from one prize to the next with compere Danny Webb (from Melbourne) dangling from a set of monkey bars exhorting viewers to "eat carrots, they'll keep you young." Extraordinary.

I wonder if these are the programmes housewives really want? I doubt it.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

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Bruce Menzies takes a look at the Highlands

BRUCE MENZIES

By BRUCE MENZIES, TCN9 personality

● The girl receptionist at the motel in Aberfoyle soon made me feel at home on my recent tour of the Scottish Highlands.

WHEN I was booking in, she looked at me twice, then challenged me: "You're on television in Sydney, aren't you?" Surprised, I asked how on earth she could have known, tucked so far away.

The explanation was simple. She had worked for a while in Sydney, where she was a keen TCN9 fan, but now she had returned to her home in the Highlands.

My visit to the Highlands during my recent overseas tour was something of a sentimental journey. Since my childhood there had been a feeling of connection with this land of my forebears.

It is part of the Australian character to be sympathetic to a people who have fought bravely for the right to live and believe according to conscience.

My journey really began from Aberfoyle, with the sun winning an argument with some persistent clouds.

Climbing from Aberfoyle through the Trossachs, lochs and mountains made beauty in proud wild landscapes.

Not since home had I seen so many campers and picnickers, and they seemed to be loving the outdoors life.

Although Scotland is famous for its mountains, their actual height —3000ft. to 4000ft.—is about the same as the mountains west of Sydney.

The surprise is in their towering impression. Viewed from the lower ground the Grampians seem to block the sky and crowd the narrow glens into secret passages.

They rise over the sinister Vale of Glencoe. The monument to the poor trusting MacDonalds served only to remind me of the Campbell blood in my veins; this place was such an apt stage for the treacherous drama played out by my ancient kinfolk.

It wasn't until wending south to Ayrshire that I found real Bondi surf. Breakers rolling into the little fishing towns of Ardrossan and Saltcoats pounded over the promenade and drowned the beach.

Television

The weather had deteriorated, and I went into a corner shop for shelter.

An elderly lady bustled behind counters bearing everything from tomatoes to postcards. I tried to be cheerful.

"You have a lovely town here," I said. "I'm Australian and I came specially out of my way to see Ardrossan. My father was stationed here for a while after coming back from France in World War I."

She smiled, and drew me by the arm to the doorway.

"See that road past the hill?" she said. "That's where the Australians were camped.

"I remember the Aussie boys all right — they were great favorites down at our home."

Her voice was warm with pleasant recollections of those times.

I knew that something like that would happen to me. Scotland had claimed another Australian friend.

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Tommy Hanlon's

Thought for the week

Momma once said: "Everyone seems to be trying to get thin. And if you're married and your husband or wife is on a diet, the first thing to grow thin is their temper. I don't think we should be such fanatics about getting thin. How long is it since you had a big piece of chocolate cream pie?" So, if you're just a little overweight, read Momma's moral . . .

Momma's moral: Did you ever stop to think that maybe the elephant wouldn't live to be 100 if he worried about his weight.

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BIGGER, LONGER "WAGON TRAIN"

● Coming into its eighth year of production, "Wagon Train" is still one of the most popular and durable shows on television.

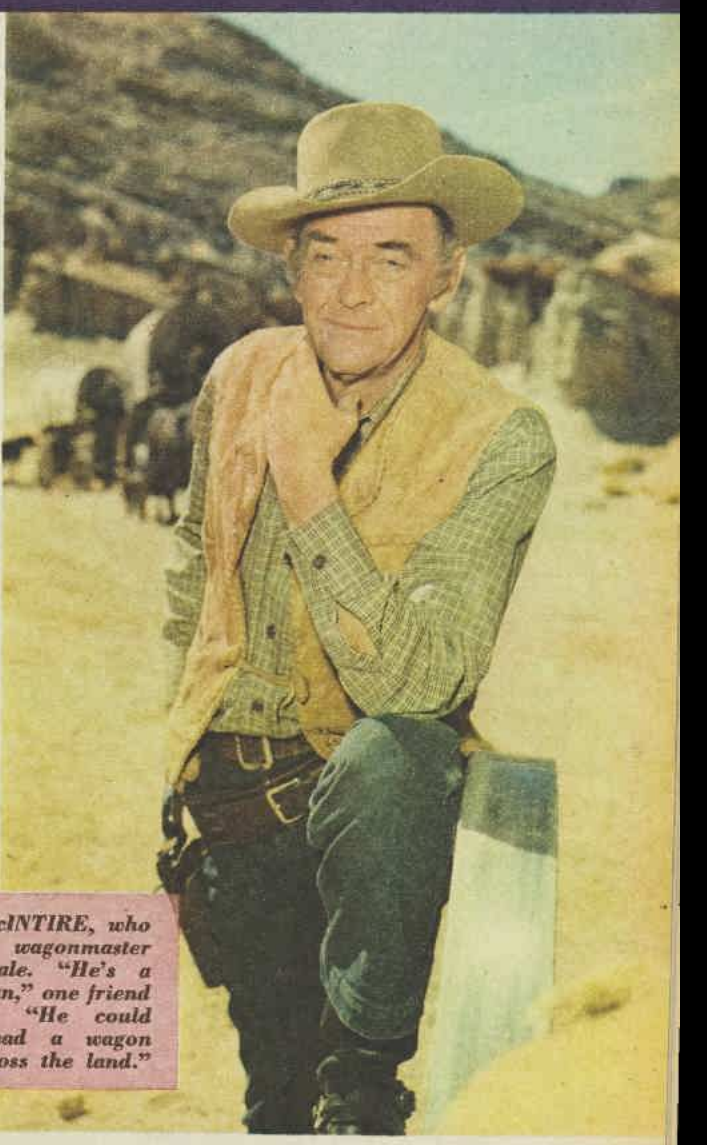
SET in the 1860s, the series tells of great journeys people took across America (from St. Joseph, Missouri, via Sacramento, to San Francisco) to seek their fortunes.

Each episode — recently bumped up from one hour to 90 minutes — revolves round one of the people travelling in the train — someone with conflicts or problems affecting the whole journey.

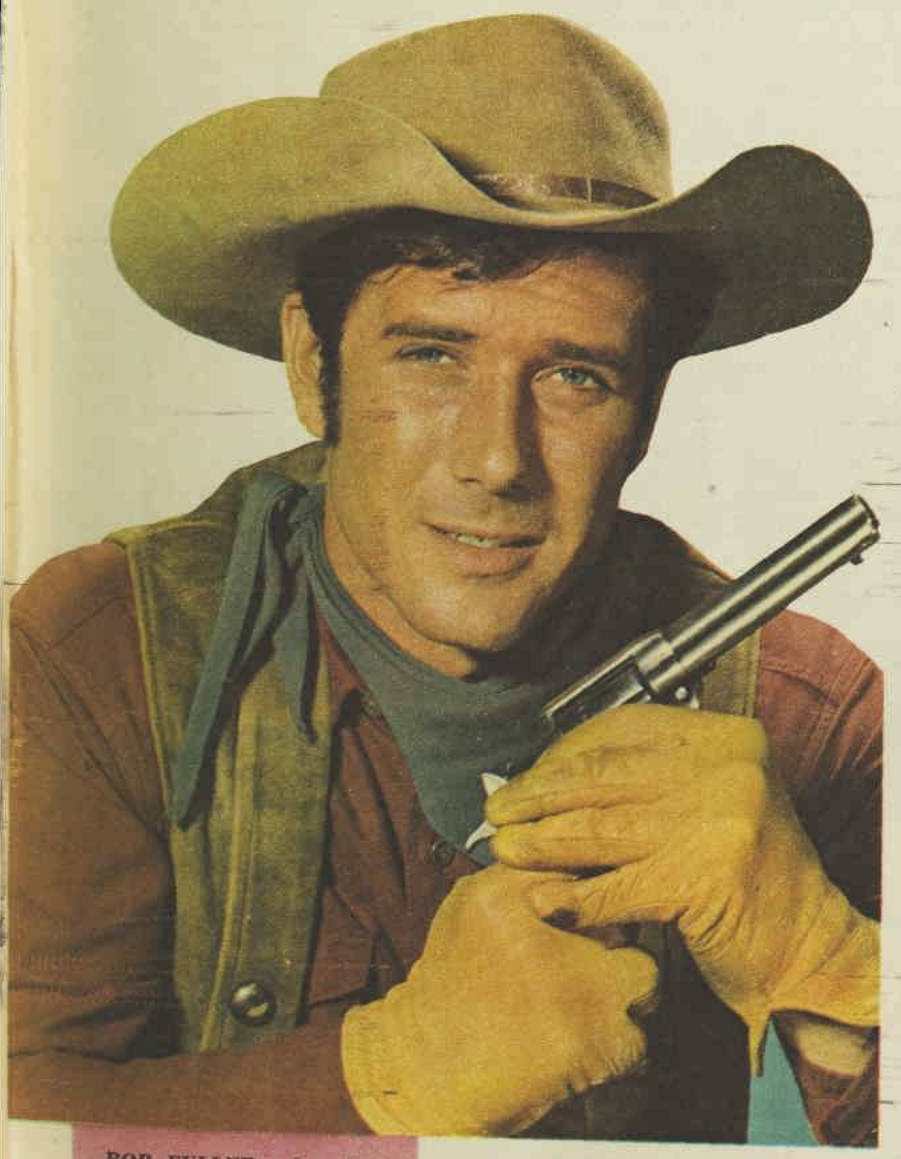
The six permanent members of the train — wagonmaster Chris Hale (John McIntire), right-hand man Bill Hawks (Terry Wilson), scouts Cooper Smith (Robert Fuller) and Duke Shannon (Scott Miller), cook Charlie Wooster (Frank McGrath), and 15-year-old Barnaby West (Michael Burns) — deal with the problems and usually come up with the answers.

The 90-minute series is at present showing in Sydney on ATN7, 9.30 p.m. Friday; in Melbourne, GTV9, 7 p.m. Thursday. The 60-minute series (soon to switch to 90 minutes) is showing in Perth, TVW7, 7.30 p.m. Monday; Hobart, TVT6, 6.30 p.m. Sunday; Adelaide, NWS9, 7.30 p.m. Wednesday. In Brisbane the 60-minute series has ended and QTQ9 will begin the 90-minute episodes soon.

Television



JOHN McINTIRE, who plays wagonmaster Chris Hale. "He's a man's man," one friend reported. "He could really lead a wagon train across the land."



BOB FULLER, who plays Cooper Smith, top scout and ex-gunfighter. Bob came to "Wagon Train" after 4 years on "Laramie."

"WAGON TRAIN" regulars. From left (standing), Bob Fuller, John McIntire, Terry Wilson; (seated), Frank McGrath, Michael Burns.

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BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

ABOVE: Looking across gentle grassy slopes to the town of Gundagai, N.S.W. The district, on the Murrumbidgee River, captured the imagination of verse-writers. The riverbank was a favored camping place for bullock teamsters, whose work and trials inspired Jack Moses' "Nine Miles from Gundagai."

BELOW: Farther down the Murrumbidgee the lights of Wagga sparkle in the dusk. Settlers came to the district in the late 1820s, but it was not until 1849 that a surveyor marked out a town. It was officially named Wagga Wagga, thought to be aboriginal for a crow's call. Pictures by Douglass Baglin.

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LIVING HIGH

Domestic fun and drama at the U.S. Embassy in La Paz, Bolivia, two miles up among the Andes

BALLOONING SKIRTS of local girls.

ARRIVAL in a new and unknown city is always an exciting event, but my arrival in La Paz, the capital of Bolivia, was also fraught with unexpected and unique drama.

As I entered the American Embassy (at that time a mere Ministry), the telephone rang and my husband dumped the luggage and dashed off to the inevitable crisis, leaving me in care of the local Indian butler with the resounding name of Ascensio.

Waiting until my husband had got the car out of the Embassy drive and was out of sight, Ascensio made a pronouncement in meticulous Spanish, his face wooden, his black eyes sparkling with anticipation.

My Spanish was in its infancy. Fortunately the language is phonetic, so I requested a repeat by raising my brows interrogatively and at the same time fishing in my bag for my pocket-dictionary.

Although Ascensio could speak the language of his conquerors he was, like most Indians, illiterate, although I subsequently learned he expressed himself magnificently at fiesta-time as the best devil-dancer in the city.

What my dictionary informed me he said — and which I believed because of that amused and delighted glitter of his black eyes — was:

"The boiler in the basement is about to burst and the cook is having a baby so cannot prepare dinner, likewise the laundress."

Whatever official emergency was on at the office, I felt this took precedence, and I grabbed for the phone and got the number. A cool, flat nasal voice informed me my husband had not arrived and I promptly poured my troubles into the unseen ear.

The voice, sounding bored and matter-of-fact, took charge.

"It's the chauffeur. He's the father every year. I'll send someone to tame the boiler. Tell that lazy Ascensio to cook the dinner himself."

"But **two** women are having babies!" I protested. "The chauffeur can't be father to **both!**"

"Why not?" the nasal voice asked calmly. "There aren't enough men to go round. And, anyway, on fiesta nights what with all that intake of chicha these things happen."

"Oh," I said in a tone of understanding. "I didn't realise this was a polygamous society."

"Polygamy my foot," the voice retorted. "You're not back in New Jersey, hon. This is the altiplano, it's a feat to reach the age of 40 . . . and who'd want to with the life they lead?"

I learned more about Bolivia's altiplano (the tableland some 12,000-14,000ft. above sea-level) in that five-minute talk than from all my previous reading.

"What about a doctor?" I finally thought to ask.

"Don't worry," the telephone operator advised, "both the cook and the laundress are competent midwives. It's unlikely the babies will be born at the same moment, so they can help each other. It takes their minds off themselves."

SUCH was my introduction to the most extraordinary and mysterious country in South America, whose unsolved riddle of the ancient civilisation that built remarkable temples and palaces at such high altitude equals the riddle of the Mayan civilisation of Mexico.

The babies were duly delivered in the night, as I could plainly deduce from their lusty bawling. I was therefore astonished the next morning to meet both mothers, who presented themselves to me in the bedroom where I slowly unpacked my clothes, breathing deeply as the sea-level doctor had instructed, and avoiding undue exertion.

Both were young, round-faced, and of a luscious coffee color. Everything on the altiplano is brown—the people, the animals, the ground itself, even the staple food, a small potato called a chuno. They each wore half a dozen coarse-woven full skirts of different and violent hues, purple, orange, scarlet, magenta, green, yellow, piled one on top of the other and tied at the waist with a string.

Whatever garment — my predecessor's sweaters, I found out later — covered their upper part, it was well hidden under the folds of a tightly woven white wool shawl of exquisite texture and with a complex border design in black and maroon.

These hand-woven shawls, similar to a Mexican woman's rebozo, could cost up to a year's wages and were a status-symbol, as I learned much later when I tried to buy one.

Both girls (they were still in their teens) wore felt bowler hats perched atop their straight black hair, and their pigtails, neatly plaited, reached to their hips.

The hats identified them as Aymara Indians, a servile nation that had served the Incas as a labor force. The other altiplano nation, the Quechuas, are a tall, proud,

TOURISTS look down on La Paz. Newcomers have difficulty in breathing until they get used to the great altitude.

Pan American Airways picture

well-built people with aristocratic features, a language and literature of their own, and are the supposed descendants of the Incas. Their women affect the most extraordinary hats in the world, top hats of white zinc oxide, as formal a get-up as one could imagine.

The two mothers giggled and tittered at me and put chubby hands before their mouths. I had the sense to make rocking motions, and both sped away to return together with their babies, two identical wrinkled brown little boys. I marvelled they knew whose was whose.

When I met their father, who had taken the day off for the dual birth, I realised he was quite a man, over six feet and sinewy, with a great predatory nose, curved, sensuous lips, a shock of glinting black hair, and large slanted Mongoloid eyes typical of the region. Not only did he handle a car with superb confidence on the often perilous mountain roads but he could actually fix it when it broke down in protest over what it had to traverse.

In the next weeks I learned that both the cook and laundress were now-and-then Christians and had each learned her job in a convent school run by missionaries. What they best liked about Christianity was their name.

They were both called "Maria," and we distinguished them by calling them "One" and "Two" and leaving off the "Maria" whenever we were annoyed with them. Being called plain "Primera" and "Segunda" humiliated them, so proper service was invariably promptly restored.

These two gigglers were social-climbers. My status was simply that of the wife of the charge d'affaires until such time as an American Ambassador was appointed, but the girls would have none of this. I was elevated to the rank of Ambassadress, which, in turn, increased their own stature in town.

In fact, I strongly suspect they ran their considerable community from the kitchen door, a great convenience in times of revolution, which were entirely too frequent. Both girls had so many relatives on contesting sides that the Embassy and related property was not damaged during my tenure.

Cloth at £30 a yard

THE most expensively attired creature on the high altiplano of Bolivia is neither the local belle nor the imported beauty but a fleet four-footed animal, the size of a deer, the vicuna (vee-coon-yah).

Its soft, caramel-colored fur provides some of the most expensive cloth in the world and figured prominently in a recent American political scandal when the gift of a vicuna coat outranked the snob-value of mink.

Although today it can be had in black and navy, the original warm caramel color is still preferred, for it shows quite unmistakably what it is—very costly apparel, indeed.

Outside of southern South America, its retail price is about £30 a yard; fortunately it comes in generous widths!

Only once during my protracted Bolivian stay did I see a herd of these gazelle-like animals, and then through binoculars. As soon as the sound of the car's motor reached them across the tundra-like plains, they raced away, swift and surefooted.

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By SUSAN YORKE

who writes of the unexpected household problems she met in the Land of the Incas when her husband was U.S. charge d'affaires. For example, the butler was a devil-dancer, and both maids had their babies the same night.

SHORTLY after arriving in La Paz, I was officially instructed to "fix up" the Embassy, a great, squat, ugly, and comfortable building rented from a local Bolivian VIP. Other embassies got decorated, but at that time the La Paz quarters rated low, and fixing-up was the official limit; and long overdue it was, too.

Both Marias were charmed by the novelty of this operation and spent endless tittering hours sewing up, with fine small stitches, new curtains and drapes and slips and cushion covers.

The devil-dancer, flirting outrageously with both girls, polished and painted and repaired tired furniture and I wandered through this enthusiastic addition to work like a governess with particularly sprightly children.

Finally the floors shone, the rugs gleamed from their recent shampoo, the rooms were facelifted with materials imported from New York, the vases were flower-filled, a grand dinner was arranged, and Ascensio, important in a stiff white monkey jacket and tight black trousers that revealed his shapely muscular legs, was just presenting a silver tray of cocktails to the Bolivian guest of honor when the boiler burst in the basement.

I blanched, but the wife of the British Ambassador met the occasion. Turning to me, she said suavely:

"My dear, think nothing of it. It happens twice a week in our place. I'm quite used to it."

The British, I should like to state here, have since moved into the palatial mansion an American millionaire built for his very volatile wife, who made history by roller-skating down the steep La Paz streets, some say with a bottle of whisky in her right hand. Others insist it was in her left.

All caught red-handed

THE Embassy has a very large but narrow garden with a rewarding view of the giant of the Andean Range, Mount Illimani.

Once acclimatised, we wanted to take some sort of exercise, so we erected a badminton court on the grass and organised foursomes. Strenuous exercise in the altitude is impossible, but movement of some sort is essential to keep from growing sluggish.

We were busily engaged in this innocent sport when I suddenly noticed that we were under intent and silent observation by the Indians from every possible vantage point, rooftops, telephone pole cross-trees, garden walls. I thought nothing of this.

A bit later, on one of my rare unannounced visits to the servants' quarters, I found the two Marias, the chauffeur, and Ascensio doing an excellent imitation of people playing badminton, screaming with laughter as they hit at an imaginary shuttlecock. I still thought nothing of this.

Then one day the entire badminton set disappeared, inexplicably and totally. Belatedly, the penny dropped.

INDIAN AYMARA girl . . . face as round as the felt bowler which is the distinguishing evidence of her race.

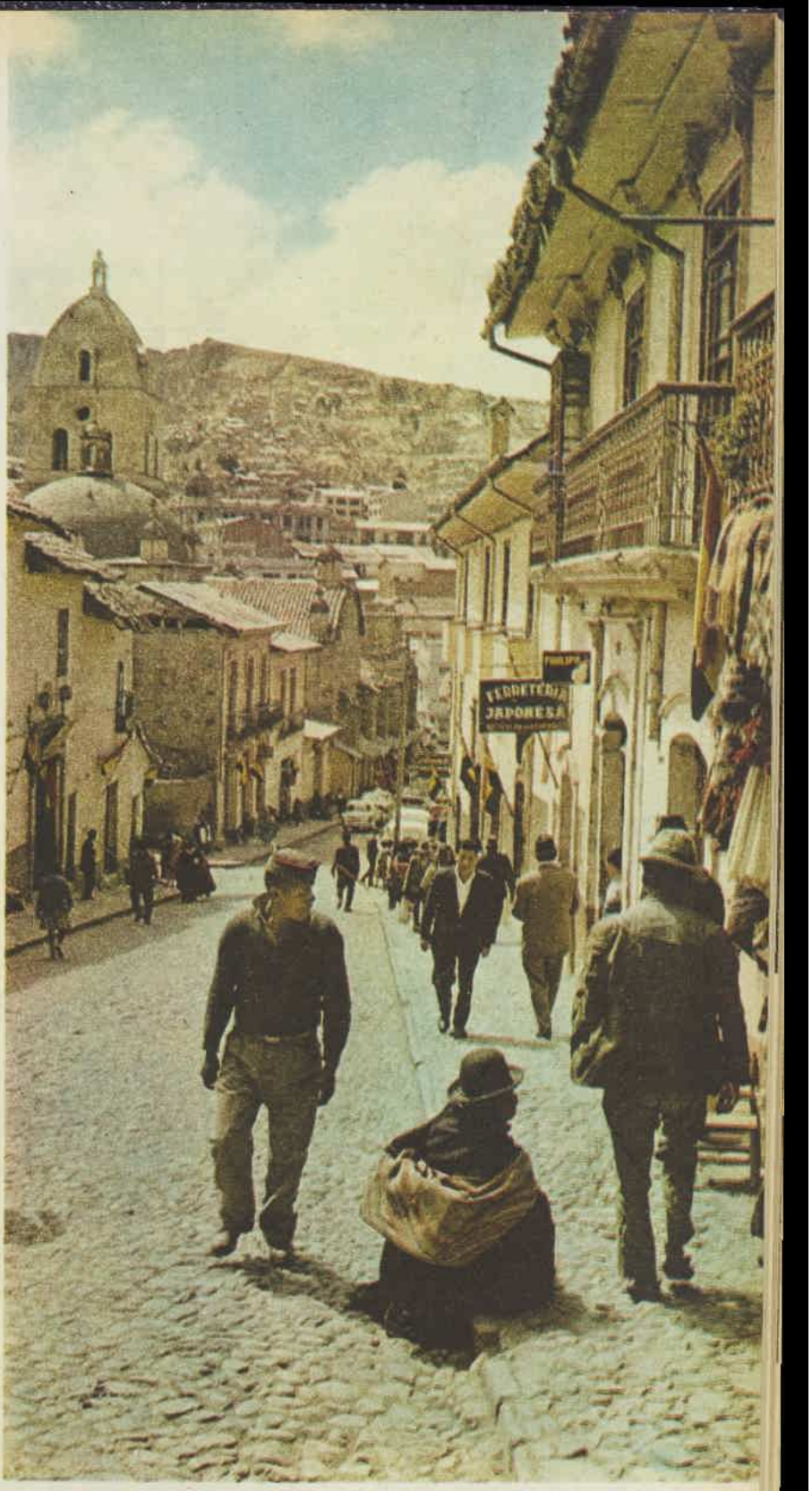
The problem now was to recover the set. A bit wiser in the sinuosity of Aymara thinking, I bided my time and then impressed on the staff that we would be absent one full afternoon fishing on the lake.

We returned only an hour after leaving, and found what we expected: the Embassy servants playing a snappy game of badminton on the lawn, the two Marias surprisingly agile in their tonnage of cumbersome skirts.

Caught red-handed, the devil-dancer told me with a wooden face and laughing eyes that the equipment had just now been found after a particularly diligent search and they were simply testing it for us to make sure everything was intact.

Such blatant audacity and quick-wittedness surely deserved admiration and not censure.

CHIEF DEVIL-DANCER . . . favorite spare-time job of the Embassy butler.



STREET IN LA PAZ, Bolivia's main city. Although in the tropics, La Paz is dry and cold. It is on a tableland more than 12,000ft. high — an altitude comparable to the top of Mt. Cook, New Zealand, or nearly twice as high as Mt. Kosciusko — and is itself overshadowed by Mt. Illimani, another 10,000ft. higher still, a giant of the Andes chain.

FISHING on Lake Titicaca, the highest lake in the world, was merely an excuse to picnic in a balsa sailboat and call in at whatever lakeside village was holding a celebration. I never saw a single fish in the shallow lake, not even minnows, so that "fishing" was a euphemism for idling.

Celebrations were easy to locate. The altiplano Indians cut a certain reed and fashion it into a flute; they use an eerie, melancholy pentatonic scale that is strangely exciting, and this is accompanied by drums or hand-clapping.

Floating in the balsa, we merely had to listen and then head for the noise. Sometimes we were welcome, sometimes not; this usually depended on how much chicha, of masticated fermented corn, had been imbibed.

If the music was haunting and the liquor potent, both were as nothing compared to the lavish costumes worn — by the men only. Intricate headdresses that would make a Parisian milliner swoon, silver and tin ornaments in designs to make any jeweller boggle, beads and bangles, and feathers in profusion.

The orchestra played unceasingly as long as three days at a time and the dancers, in a determined, unvarying clomp-clomp, pounded around the village "square," swigging chicha, until men and women alike dropped of exhaustion and slept it off.

Such events were the social highpoint of altiplano life.

Love charms for sale

AS my Spanish improved, communication with the two Marias became more intimate, and it was they who introduced me to the Indian shopping street behind the ornate Spanish-built Catholic Cathedral in the city.

I had a little dog at the time, the first dachshund to be seen in La Paz, and I was identified by the dog, which fascinated the Indians, who couldn't believe it wasn't a puppy. The dog was my entree into Indian circles.

The street behind the cathedral was as nearly vertical as a street can be, short of steps. On either side, open hovels displayed a variety of wares dear to the Indian heart, the coarse skirts, costly white shawls, machine-knit ear-flapped caps for the men to protect them against the biting altiplano wind, silver and tin jewellery, and trays upon trays of "magic"—dried llama foetuses, dried entrails of

To page 40

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NEW HOMES FROM OLD

● *The three Melbourne homes in this four-page feature were renovated by owners who appreciate the convenience of near-city living and the solidity of old-style building. One has been restored in traditional style, one is modern, and the third between the two.*

By MARGARET BERKELEY

THE Coles' house before renovation.

Traditional elegance

● **Painstaking restoration has transformed an 80-year-old cottage in the Melbourne suburb of South Yarra into an attractive period home for Air Vice-Marshal Adrian Cole and Mrs. Cole. Above is a photograph of the cottage before the new owners went to work on it. Color pictures on this and the next page show the transformation completed.**

BACK GARDEN (right) resurrected by Mrs. Cole from "an absolute shambles" is now a quiet and charming retreat. BELOW: Seventeenth century style breakfast room with grandfather clock, rush-seated chairs, and magnificent dresser, all in oak. Note the typical deer feet on furniture legs. Blue Delft plates date from 1750.

AIR VICE-MARSHAL and Mrs. Cole bought the 80-year-old house about two years ago—and it is likely to be the most permanent home they have had in Melbourne.

Postings during Air Vice-Marshal Cole's Air Force career have rarely allowed them to settle anywhere for very long.

With its spacious rooms, high ceilings, and beautiful marble fireplaces, their latest home is an ideal setting for their collection of 17th, 18th, and 19th century furniture and ornaments.

Mrs. Cole is particularly fond of her Staffordshire, Rockingham, and Chelsea figures which are displayed on a handsome mantelpiece in the lounge-room.

She collected these from all over England while her husband was stationed there.

Antique shops and auction rooms in London and the provinces also yielded many old paintings and prints.

An old, colored French print hanging over the fireplace in the dining-room was found in Plymouth by Mrs. Cole.

It turned out to be the actress Lola Montez, who visited Australia in the 1850s.

It is in the garden of her home that Mrs. Cole considers she achieved her greatest triumph. Eighteen months ago it was a rubbish dump.

Now there are clumps of rockery plants and small perennials growing between flags at the front of the house. At the back the secluded garden, shown above, has an old-world atmosphere to match the house.

Continued overleaf

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Traditional elegance

(Continued from page 23)

DINING-ROOM (right): Removal of one hallway wall gave extra space without crowding for solid Victorian dining setting and green velvet-covered sofa in Air Vice-Marshal and Mrs. Adrian Cole's South Yarra home. Alcoves display the Coles' collection of Venetian and very old Bristol glass.

LOUNGE-ROOM (left): Eighteenth century mahogany furniture houses collections of Rockingham, Worcester, and Chinese porcelain, and Staffordshire china cottages inherited from Mrs. Cole's sister, the late Mrs. Lawrence Brooks. Unusual firescreen is a papier-mache table.

ARCHED hallway (below) overlooks the back garden. A brilliant bird-of-paradise design on the window blind makes a substitute view on dull days. Along the wall are three chests — a huge oak one (about 1600), flanked on each side by two old brass-decorated Dutch chests from Colombo.

BEDROOM (left): Blinds and quilted bedspread are in matching cretonne. At right a Victorian mahogany bow-fronted chest, with a miniature chest, a cabinetmaker's model, on top. Above the bed are two last-century views of Mt. Macedon and Mt. Laura, Vic.

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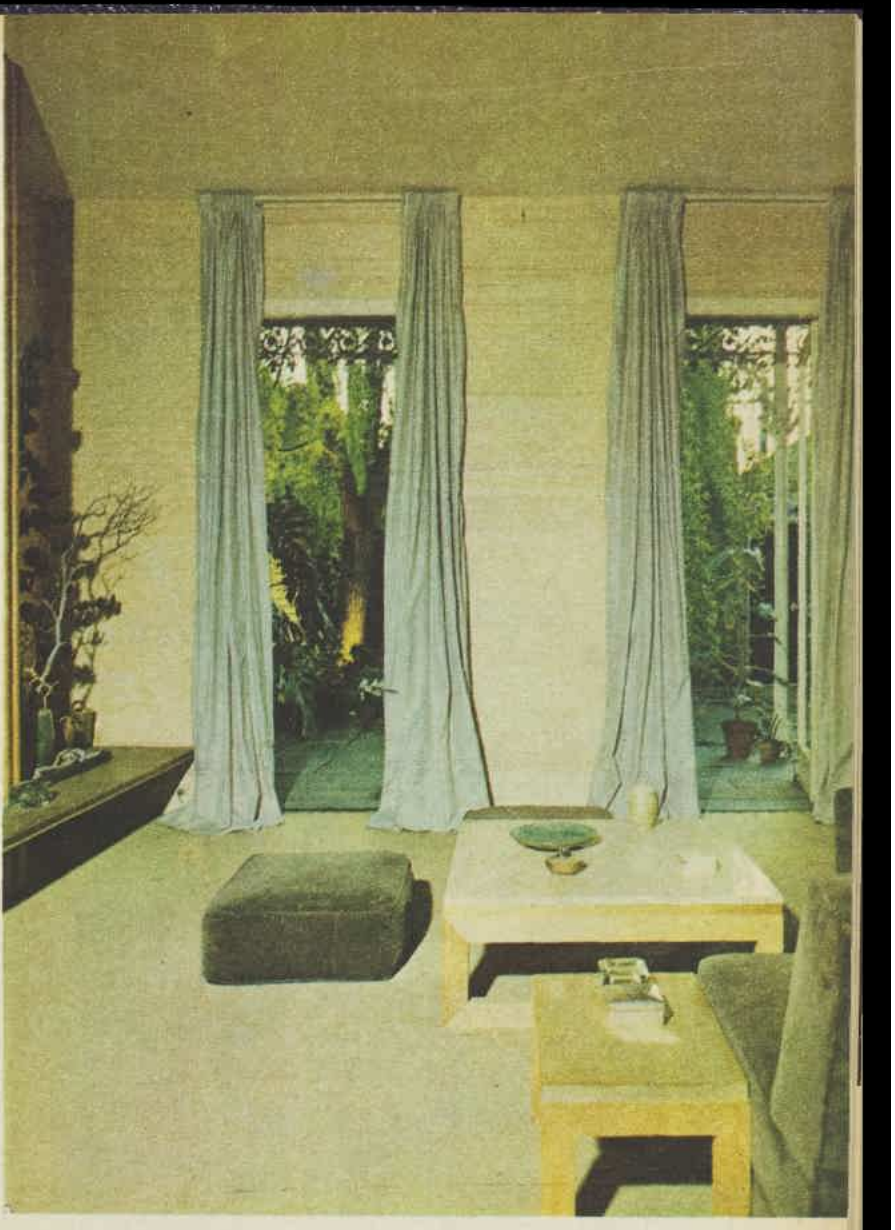
NEW HOMES FROM OLD

STRICTLY MODERN



ABOVE: Dining area of Mr. Guilford Bell's modernised terrace house at South Yarra, Victoria, features an unusual dining table—a sturdy plank of kauri pine. Door at left leads to hallway and staircase.

AT RIGHT: Floodlit willow tree in the walled front courtyard is seen through open doors of main living area. Comfortable chairs and cushions surround a low table — a slab of marble on pine base.

BELOW: Two slate-edged fireplaces are built into natural hardwood-panelled wall of main living area. Dining area can be divided from sitting-room by a tall screen. Behind panelling is space for books.

SIX years ago well-known Melbourne architect and bachelor Guilford Bell acquired an old terrace house in South Yarra, Melbourne.

Now modernised, Mr. Bell's home retains the atmosphere of the past only in its verandahed facade.

A high brick wall which opens directly on to the footpath gives privacy and makes possible the use of three long clear glass doors to link the main living area of the house with a paved forecourt. In the courtyard is a graceful willow tree which can be floodlit at night.

Inside there is nothing to remind one of the past. Mr. Bell has gone all out for space and every scrap of the 24-foot width of his terrace home has been put to use.

The wall of the hallway has been taken out, allowing the front section of the living area to extend from one side of the house to the other. Tiny rooms and poky windows have disappeared.

A small one-person-at-a-time kitchen opens off the dining-room. Another door, a long glass one, opens from the dining-room on to a paved area beside the house, the back part of which is a separate flat.

The side wall of the living-room is really a king-size built-in cupboard, containing shelf space for books as well as equipment such as the record player. Two fireplaces are built into this panelled wall, one to warm the sitting-room and the other the dining-room.

Use of color and furnishing materials has emphasised the spaciousness remodelling has given the house.

The walls upstairs and down are covered with straw-colored Japanese grass wallpaper, the chairs, cushions, and the bed in Mr. Bell's bedroom with donkey-brown corduroy. The carpets are biscuit-colored and drapes are natural raw silk.

Plain pine tables, a few striking pottery pieces — vases and dishes — and big ash-trays carry on the uncomplicated decor.

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Turn fabric into fashion with **Beutron**

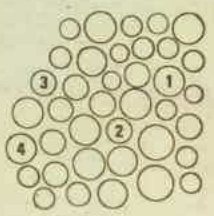
COLOUR MATCHED BUTTONS

COLOUR MATCHED

Colour-matched to this season's exciting new fashion fabrics

It's more than just a button . . . a Beutron button is a colour-matched fashion accessory. Outstanding quality, too. That wonderful colour simply refuses to boil off, dry-clean off, or fade off. All the best-dressed fabrics are wearing Beutron colour-matched buttons. Are yours?

Vogue Pattern 6208. Beutron perfectly matches the colour and mood of a smart pink suit. Tailored pink buttons are slightly squared for greater elegance. This easy Vogue pattern is now available at all fashion stores.



Here are just four from the range of more than 1,600 Beutron buttons.

1. Summer Sky. 1⅛". Curved shank button suitable for heavy fabrics. Rippled effect ideal for matching gay prints. 8 colours.

2. Daisy Gold. ⅞". The squared tailored look. 10 fashion colours.

3. Liquid Lime. ⅞". Basic square fish-eye buttons for simple shifts, blouses, cardigans 8 colours.

4. Nutty Brown. 1⅛". Pale matt centre and darker gloss rim perfectly matches tweeds and other fabric mixtures. Many colours including black and white.

Beutron

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NEW HOMES FROM OLD

Blended beauty

WASHED river pebbles, instead of lawn, and hardy shrubs, including an exotic bamboo, framing one side of kitchen door, are a feature of the back garden.

Photographs on this page by Les Gorrie.

FRONT view of house shows decorative lace-work restored. Rotted timber was replaced and a front door of appropriate period added.

STUDIO (right) is part workroom, part sitting-room, furnished with a comfortable couch, modern-style Poona chairs, a long, low table.

A HOUSE with the convenience of a flat. This was Mr. Robert Martin's aim when he began renovating a run-down terrace-style house in South Yarra, Vic., a few years ago.

The house, "a single-fronted brick two-storey balcony residence" on a 22 x 90 block, was basically sound.

Mr. Martin, a Melbourne architect, designed and supervised the alterations during the last year of his architecture course.

His idea was to restore the 80-year-old house as closely as possible to its original state; to preserve its character, but, at the same time, to incorporate all necessary features of modern living.

The kitchen had to be rebuilt completely. A skillion laundry annexe adjoining it and a back staircase leading to the upper floor were removed.

Two first-floor bedrooms were combined into one big one, another has been converted into bathroom and toilet.

Kitchen walls are painted donkey-brown; all others in the house are white. The carpet throughout is soft green.

Period and contemporary furniture are blended in a completely personal way.

The result is an easily workable house with an ideal atmosphere for both work and relaxation.

SITTING - ROOM (left) is planned for warmth and comfort. Book-laden shelves and grand piano dominate the restrained decor.

ENTRANCE hallway contains an 18th-century grandfather clock and a china cabinet of the same period, displaying a collection of hand-painted china.

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The good life—1964 style.

An era of opportunity; everyone reaching out; going places . . . doing more exciting things . . . looking for "plus" advantages in their everyday possessions.

In your home, for instance, the best in modern refrigeration such as this latest Westinghouse combination refrigerator home-freezer.

Here you have two doors to two separate compartments, each operating independently of the other—at just the right temperature for its own particular function. On top, true "deep-freeze" conditions (even ice cubes won't stick together) that will keep 100 lbs. of food safely stored in reserve for quick use any time.

In the lower section, a spacious refrigerator (it never needs defrosting) which incorporates the exclusive Westinghouse moist-cold system. This guards your good fresh food, particularly cooked and uncooked meats, against drying out and discolouration and preserves goodness and flavour right to your table. Older refrigerators can't do this!

Capacity? Almost pantry proportions and designed to cope with the odd shapes and sizes of all those items, the bits and pieces, your family expects its refrigerator to hold.

Remember, too, your Westinghouse retailer's trade-in offer makes a new Westinghouse easy to own. It's guaranteed, too, so that . . .

You can be sure if it's

Westinghouse

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Aunt Jane

IN the late summer of 1910 David Nimmo's unmarried Aunt Jane came to take him away for a holiday by the sea. Even though David was an appraising nine-year-old, Jane seemed extraordinarily young for an aunt, slim and poised like a bird, with eager brown hands and a small tilted head. David liked his aunt's bright clothes, so like pictures from the English magazines his father brought up from the township.

"How well you look, Jane, and how alive," his mother said. She kissed her sister on both cheeks as they left.

They rattled away in clouds of dust, high in Aunt Jane's motor car (which no one really approved of) and David felt just a little sorry as the last glimpses of the red roofs disappeared through the dry white gums. After a little while they stopped for tea at a nearby township.

"We're only a few miles from Melbourne now," said Aunt Jane. David felt not at all shy, and they sipped tea and ate huge creamy cakes as the smell of eucalyptus blew in on them through the lace curtains of the small tea-room.

Another motor car drew up with a rattle and a tall young man came in and sat at the next table. David noticed that he had white patches around his eyes from the goggles and he was smoking a long cigarette in a holder.

"Smoking is for fools," David's father had said. "It ruins the heart." David looked curiously at the young man, but he seemed quite well.

The young man turned slightly in his chair and looked carefully at Aunt Jane. First her face, David noted, then at the brooch on her dress. The dress seemed very low to David. Her skin was very brown and soft, and swelled slightly above the lace part.

She turned and noticed the young man and a faint flush tinged her cheeks. David wanted to hug her, she looked so warm, and he felt absurdly happy.

When they got up to leave David smiled at the young motorist, but his eyes swung to follow Aunt Jane as they went out the door.

"Did you see that man?" asked David. "He had a car just like yours. Are there many cars in Melbourne?"

"Lots of cars," said Aunt Jane, absently, half-turning her head toward the door, but the wind caught a loose lock of her high-piled hair and she flicked a quick brown hand at it impatiently as they climbed into the car. The tea-room man swung the crank, they waved, and were off.

Melbourne was so big and colored, so unreal with

To page 87

Holding David's hand, Aunt Jane turned to look at Bill Blainey as he sauntered off toward the beach.

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

It was a momentous encounter . . . a dramatic story **By JONATHAN DAWSON**

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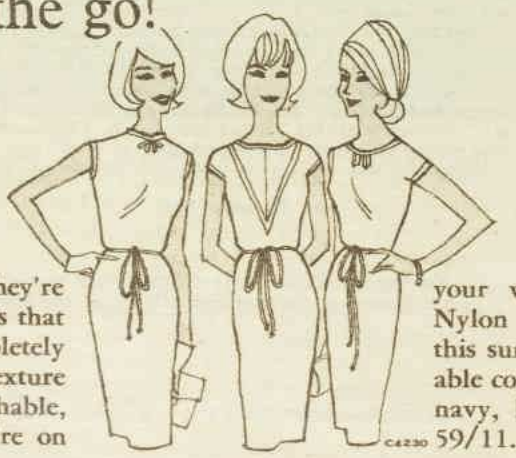
Look, the living is easy!

Osti presents The Uncrushables—happy-go-lovely Travel Knits designed for girls on the go!



Osti

They're fun — and downright fabulous! They're Osti's exciting new Travel Knits — gadabouts that lead a carefree life because they're completely uncrushable. They're knits with a rich new texture . . . and with easy-care ways: machine washable, drip-dry, little iron. Slip into one and you're on your way — in Osti's wiltless Travel Knits of Nylon Tri-Acetate, the fashion you'll go places in this summer! In four summery styles, eight delectable colours — teal, bone, candy-pink, aqua, junior navy, lilac, black and white. Sizes 30-40. Only 59/11. Now at your favourite fashion store.

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One day it's different

An unexpected crisis threatened her independence — a short story

By RICHARD MARTIN STERN

AND so here she was, stretched out on the doctor's table like some kind of sacrificial thing — Bess Lindsay, who from her third birthday on had always, always been able to cope. Well, cope, Elizabeth.

It was a beautiful break, the doctor said, and no reduction was necessary; and he hummed a little tune to himself, happy as a child making mud pies, while he fitted the stocking affair over Bess' foot and up her leg beyond the knee, and then rolled on yard after yard of gauze and plaster.

"There," he said at last. "Are we feeling comfortable?"

"I don't know about you," Bess said, "but I have no comment."

Her toes, pink and distant, peered out at her. The case felt cold, clammy. The pain was nothing much, a dull ache, the sort of thing that could be ignored — almost. But down at the typing service which Bess had started all by herself and still ran, Nellie, her assistant, would be twittering and wondering what in the world had happened, and something had to be done about that.

But first things first. The doctor was producing a pair of crutches. "Here we are," he said. And in the same hearty voice, "Up we get."

And away we go, Bess thought. So be it. She tucked her shoe into her purse, got the crutches into position, and took a deep breath. "Charge!" she said.

The office nurse had a telephone on her desk. Bess used it to call her own office and explain her non-appearance. Nellie said, almost wailing, "Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh dear—"

"It's my leg," Bess said, "not my head. I can still read copy. Get Marcia What's-her-name in to help you . . ." And so that was all arranged, with finished typing to be sent to Bess' apartment by messenger. So far, so good. Bess felt much better, more like her usual self — efficient, independent, and beholden to nobody.

"Somebody is coming for you?" the office nurse said.

Bess corrected this misconception. "Not as long as there are taxicabs," she said. The nurse went with her down to the street and flagged a cab and gave her a hand inside. So far, so good.

"What happened to you, lady?" the cab driver said.

"I fell down some stairs." This was what rankled: the utter stupidity of it. Never mind. I'll get things organised, Bess thought.

"What you oughta do is sue," the driver said, and developed the theme at length.

Bess didn't even listen. She was busy organising. Call Mark Thomas first, of course, and break that date because she could not really see herself hopping into a restaurant for dinner and then cavorting on some crowded dance floor. And Mark would understand. Mark was — well, Mark was Mark, which was something pretty special.

And then they were at her apartment house, and the cab driver, holding her elbow, said, "You got an elevator?"

No elevator. And two flights of stairs, and this she had not even thought about. Bess felt a trifle lightheaded, and helplessly angry, standing there looking up at what might just as well have been the north face of Mount Everest.

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Sam stood behind Elizabeth after she had settled in a big chair.

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THE KIDNAPPER

By ROBERTA YATES

LAURA WEST looked up from her book. Loud voices told her that the young folks next door were quarrelling again. She liked her cottage, which was really one of a connecting row of them, but the separating walls were thin and noise carried. Sometimes she was glad they did. It gave her a feeling of being a part of other people's lives again.

She had moved from her old home because it was haunted by ghosts, but the cottage was even lonelier because it was haunted by nobody at all. Laura sometimes forgot that she was an old lady, but she never lost the loneliness of being one.

When the young couple with the little boy moved in next door she had been eager to make friends, but shy because she knew that few young folks have time for an old lady. She had spoken to the young wife across the back fence that divided their rear patios and had admired the chubby two-year-old with the amusing name of Clancy. She had commented on the weather and that was an end to it.

The young wife was lovely in a vivid, red-haired way, but too thin and fine drawn, like an overbred racehorse, and she had the temper that went with her hair, as was evidenced by the frequent quarrels Laura overheard. The young husband was a solid, athletic type and Laura noted that lately he often looked sullen as he walked into the house from work.

She knew their problems so well; the typical problems of young parents with lack of money and in-laws who mean well but criticise and give bad advice.

She longed to give a little advice herself, but people resent a nosy old lady. Besides, few folks learn from advice; they have to struggle through and learn from their own experiences.

Laura remembered how Henry and she had quarrelled during those difficult first years of marriage. Once she had even packed her bag and gone defiantly home to mother. The arrival of young Johnny had made them both so happy at having a baby that they had not quarrelled for several years.

But then there was the problem of getting a house with a yard suitable for a growing boy. And they simply couldn't afford it and Laura had informed Henry that this was because he was a worm and afraid to ask his boss for a raise, and Henry had told her that she was a mean woman and one thing had led to another until Laura was about to take Johnny and go home to mother again, when she heard Johnny cough. It was a strange, strangled cough.

It was diphtheria and that was the end of the quarrel. They fought side by side and hand in hand for Johnny's life, and not over their own petty worries. Everything seemed trivial compared to the necessity of hearing their baby breathe one easy breath.

When he was over the crisis they clung to each other and knew that they would never quarrel again over foolish, material things.

So Johnny had grown up to die in World War II, and until two years ago Henry and she had grown old together. Now she was alone and the same quarrel by another couple was going on on the other side of the partition.

The voices grew louder and a few words were clear. "Leave you for ever" and "you little devil" and "I hate you."

Laura looked out and saw that the night was clear though chilly. She decided to take a walk until matters quietened down next door, and put on the seal cape that had once been smart but was still warm. She walked around the corner and along the drive that separated her row of apartments from the one behind.

At 11 p.m. all the houses were dark except her own and that of the warring couple.

She heard a soft whimpering,

A talc you buy only at Christmas? No.

"Teal" is an all-year-round talc, by Johnson & Johnson. It has a fragrance you'll never tire of, by Robertet of Paris. And Teal is for grown-ups, which is by request. (Thousands wrote to us, saying: "Please. Can't we have an adult talc, of our own?") Well, here it is. At your chemist or store. Gift-wrapped, 5/11.

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It was a difficult situation to handle, but Laura knew from experience the only effective solution . . . a short short story

like that of a kitten, coming from beside a garbage can. She bent over and saw a fuzzy shape in a blue sleep suit. Clancy lifted a tear-stained face and tottered toward her, clutching for the cape.

"F'waid," he sobbed.

"Poor baby, of course you're afraid," Laura said, snatching him up and enclosing him in the warm seal skin.

Apparently he had not been out long, because he did not seem cold. She saw that the back door of his parents' cottage was ajar. That was how he had wandered out. Of course she should carry him back up that path and knock on the door and she would enjoy saying in cold reproof: "While you were quarrelling your poor baby got out here alone in the cold."

But people pay little attention to the reproofs of others. They must learn the hard way, by personal experience, just as Henry and she had learned. She looked down at Clancy. He was asleep, one plump hand still clutching the cape.

Laura pulled the seal skin lightly over his head and walked quickly along the deserted drive and up the empty street and into her own front door. She deposited Clancy on the couch and covered him carefully with an afghan.

Then she sat down, breathless and frightened. She wondered what the penalty was for even a minor kidnapping. But the loud voices were still going on; something had to be done.

Ten minutes went by. Would they never stop and look in the baby's room? Once Clancy opened his eyes and she held her breath. Suppose he cried. But he turned over and went back to sleep, warm and happy.

Then, finally, the voices died down and a door slammed on the other side of the partition. There was complete silence and Laura heard her own heart beating. They loved Clancy. They would not neglect him much longer. Every parent looks in on a baby frequently.

Suddenly a scream cut through the partition. Laura jumped. She looked out her back window and saw the young father run through the patio and look up and down the drive. Then he ran back into the house.

They were calling the police and Laura dared wait no longer. She picked up Clancy, tossed the cape around both of them and hurried out the back door and down the drive to the shadow of a garage at the corner. She waited there for what seemed hours and was only fifteen minutes by her wristwatch.

Then she walked back up the street, boldly, letting the cape fall back to reveal Clancy's blond curls. He awakened at the cool breeze and whimpered.

A police car was parked in the street in front of the young folks' home. She marched up the front walk and rang the doorbell. The door popped open at once.

"I found—" Laura began, and didn't finish because Clancy's father snatched his baby and yelled: "He's back, honey. He's here. He's all right."

The young mother babbled wildly: "Give him to me! Oh, my precious."

Laura finished her sentence to the policeman.

"I found him on the corner when I was coming back from the mailbox," she said plausibly.

What policeman in his right mind would suspect a nice old lady in a seal cape of being even a short-time kidnapper?

"Lucky you found him, ma'am. It's a cold night," said the policeman.

Clancy's mother continued to babble. "We'll never be able to repay you. Do you think he's caught a cold? Oh, precious."

"I don't think he was out long," Laura said truthfully.

Clancy's father said: "It was my fault, I left the back door open."

"It was my fault. I saw it and should have closed it," cried his red-haired wife. "If I hadn't —" she stopped. "Oh, it was all so silly — what we were — were arguing about. The only thing important is that he's back."

Her husband's arm went around both her and Clancy.

"If everything's O.K. I'll get going," said the policeman. "Can I see you home, lady?"

Laura let him escort her next door and she went into her lonely house, smiling. Henry's picture faced her there on the bureau and she spoke to him.

"They won't quarrel again, Henry," she said confidently. "At least not for a long time. They've found out what's important and what isn't, just as we had to learn."

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Big Sister

Christmas Cakes and Plum Puddings

No more mixing and baking—no more time wasted in the kitchen. Relax and enjoy Christmas with the rest of the family because Big Sister is better tasting than ever! More flavourful, fruity and delicious Big Sister cakes and puddings are crammed with goodness and Yuletide richness. Look for the brand new packs next time you visit your foodstore or supermarket . . . you'll be giving your family and yourself a treat with Real Christmas Flavour!

Big Sister Rich Fruit Cake, 2 lb. and 3 lb. • Little Sister Rich Fruit Cake in 3 lb. gift tin • Big Sister 2 lb. Golden Fruit Cake and 3 lb. presentation cake in handsome metal container • AND Big Sister Plum Puddings, 12 oz, 1 lb, 1½ lb, 3 lb, a size for every family.

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Watch over your family's financial health

Are your plans for family security adequate?
Would there be sufficient "replacement" income?
Would there be enough cash available to cover probate and other expenses?
Has provision been made to pay off the balance of home mortgage?
Are your own needs, on retirement, catered for adequately?
An A.M.P. FAMILY SECURITY CHECK-UP will bring to light the answers to these vitally important questions.

4 FOUR POINT FAMILY SECURITY CHECK-UP

Your A.M.P. man knows, from training and experience, how to help you—

1. Check the facts related to your present family and financial position.
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3. Check to find if the provisions you have made are adequate.
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An A.M.P. Family Security Check-Up costs you nothing but a little of your time—involves you in no obligation except to those you love. All you have to do is to call in your A.M.P. man or call the nearest A.M.P. Office.

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RUN SCARED

Blackmail threatens Martha . . . part three of our serial

By MIGNON G. EBERHART

SHORTLY after her wedding, MARTHA found herself in the midst of a political campaign, when her husband, LEM BASCOM, stands for election as Governor of the State. One of the first problems Lem will have to face, if elected, is the decision on the death sentence of MANSOUR, a convicted murderer. The last few days of the campaign, Lem decides that Martha should go to the family house at Bascom Bay.

Stopping at the turn-off to inquire the rest of the way from JIM and ELLEN STENSON, Martha has a drink with them, and goes on. On the lonely country lane, a figure suddenly looms up in the rain before her lights, there is a bump, and on the ground she sees a man—apparently dead. Driving to the Bascom house for help, she is met by DILLY DOWNES, a friend of the Bascoms' and the widow of a man powerful in politics. She refuses to let Martha contact the police and gives her a drink to which she has added sleeping pills.

The next night the Stensons call to watch Lem on television and mention a prowler, at whom Jim had fired a warning shot. Later Martha is woken by the phone and a man's voice saying he has a raincoat showing tyre marks. Next morning, while walking near the lake, a man she thinks is a reporter speaks to her, but she is spared any questioning by Dilly's arrival. She spends the rest of the day idly, except when searching for a valuable brooch Dilly has lost.

Later Lem arrives with ARCHIE HENSHAW, his Press representative, BOB NEWTON, his campaign manager, the retiring Governor, and two newspapermen. After they are settled, Martha again wakens to the phone ringing, and hears Archie on an extension, trying to make sense out of another mysterious call. NOW READ ON:

IN the morning it was all haste. Breakfast, pictures, more coffee, more pictures. "No cigarette in Martha's hand," Dilly said firmly. "Get that table with the decanters out of the way, Archie."

"Now, Mrs. Bascom," the cameraman said at last, "how about an outdoor shot, there at the front door? You and Mr. Bascom."

Stinky wreathed around their feet as they stood in the front door. Lem looked down at Martha, winked, and ruffled her hair gently with his hand. "Goldilocks," he said. "They'll make a hundred pictures and somebody may choose about five to use. If I'm elected."

Archie hustled everybody along like a terrier, anxiously referring to his watch. The motorcycle escort turned up again, thudding along the driveway, sky-blue helmets gleaming.

"It isn't every candidate gets a motorcycle escort," the reporter said dryly, shrugging into his topcoat.

The Governor said, "It's my escort and you know it," and chuckled.

In the flurry of gathering together cameras, coats, hats, Archie touched Martha's elbow and nodded very slightly toward the house. She went inside and Archie drew her over toward the windows, away from the others. "Martha, who was that on the phone last night?"

"I don't know." She took refuge in the truth.

"So it was you on the extension! I thought so. I heard it click. Did Lem hear it?"

"No." It would be natural to ask why, so she asked, "Why?"

"That's what I'm asking you. Look here, Martha, you didn't have any sort of — oh, traffic accident, did you?"

"When?"

"Any time. On your way here — in the village — anywhere. A red light or speeding, or — well, did you?"

Martha had never quite liked Archie; now she was

Putting her arm around the sobbing Martha, Dilly tried to comfort her.

conscious of a small seed of distrust which suddenly sprouted.

She said, "What are you talking about?"

"This guy last night — funny sort of voice — said something about tyre marks and a raincoat. Didn't you hear that?"

"I heard you say, 'Who is this?' — that's all."

"Sounded kind of nasty — queer."

Martha didn't say anything. Somebody shouted from the porch, "Hurry up, Archie," and she heard Lem call her. "Martha—"

Archie said, "Wait a minute. If anything — anything at all did happen, just keep your mouth shut about it. Especially to Lem. He'd blow his top and we can't have that now. It's only today and tomorrow and then Election Day. And look here, there are always some crackpots after anybody in public life. If anything like that does happen — phone calls or anything, just ignore it. If it gets bad, tell me and I'll tell the police myself, but quietly, so nobody hears about it. Especially Lem."

"All right."

She went out to the steps swiftly. She hoped her face was composed when the reporter's sharp eyes turned upon her. The reporter smiled and moved away and Lem gave her a hard, quick hug and kiss, as naturally as if there were nobody there at all watching them. She saw a friendly little smile on the bronzed face of one of the motorcycle police as Lem released her. Then he and the Governor, the reporter, the black-browed cameraman, and Archie were stowing themselves away in the long car.

In another second the little cavalcade, the sky-blue helmets making dots of color, had swept around the curve on the driveway and turned into the road. Martha stood with Dilly on the steps of the porch until the staccato sounds of the motorcycles had died away.

Dilly said finally, "Well, they'll be back on Tuesday, maybe late Monday. So you and Lem can vote. There'll be pictures taken of you both at the polls here in Bascom Bay."

It seemed cold in the house. Dilly went to turn up the thermostat of the furnace and said over her shoulder, "You didn't tell Lem. That was right. He'd have made you report — something that didn't happen."

"Yes, he would."

Dilly turned to her sharply. "Now, don't get a stricken conscience about that! We're doing what's right for Lem."

Martha sighed. "Well, we've done it. Dilly, do you trust Archie?"

Dilly sat down, shoved up her spectacles, and gave Martha a long look. "Why do you ask?"

Martha scooped up used and blackened flash bulbs. "Do you?"

To page 38

What every baby dreams of

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"My skin was spotty and drab and I was always tired", says Mrs. Barbara Taylor, a young housewife of 279 O'Heas Rd., Pascoe Vale South, Vic. *"Now, All-Bran for breakfast keeps me fit and regular — and friends compliment me on my complexion"*.

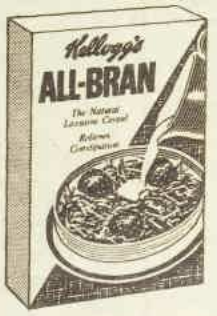
"How All-Bran helped clear my complexion"

A balanced diet should include some "bulk" every day:
As Mrs. Taylor discovered, a common cause of problem skin is often constipation, due to a lack of "bulk" in the diet. That is why All-Bran can be so helpful in making you *look* wonderful as well as feel wonderful! For All-Bran contains a special kind of bulk to prevent constipation . . . and so, encourage a clear, glowing complexion.

"We enjoy All-Bran for breakfast each morning"
Barbara Taylor and her husband Frank are modern, knowledgeable young people who realize that bulk is not present in many foods — for instance, meat, eggs, fish, milk and white bread contain almost none. So for breakfast each morning they enjoy crisp, nut-sweet All-Bran with milk and sugar.

Follow the lead of this pretty young housewife
Make sure your own diet, and your family's, contains the essential bulk missing from so many foods. Start enjoying All-Bran for breakfast *tomorrow* . . . you'll feel all the better for it!

New confidence for Barbara
The addition of All-Bran to her diet has meant a healthier complexion and a new feeling of confidence in her appearance for Barbara. And both she and her husband are delighted that constipation can be prevented so easily and naturally, simply by eating this pleasant-tasting cereal.



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Continued from page 37

RUN SCARED

"He's a good man in his way. He'll work for the side he expects to win. That's Lem now. He left Huxton like a shot when he decided Lem was the man to win. Archie knows which side his bread is buttered on. He'll be loyal to Lem as long as he thinks it will pay off. That's nothing against him really. Most people are opportunists, in a way, whether they like to admit it or not. So Archie knows about the man you thought you hit. Why did you tell him?"

SHE might have known that Dilly didn't have to have anything spelled out, Martha thought with a kind of unwilling admiration. She pushed a chair back into its usual place by the fireplace. "I didn't tell him. He — guessed."

"What did he guess?"

"Well, you see — there was another phone call. Last night. He answered it."

"Another phone call. What was the first one?" There was no anger, nothing in Dilly's flat voice, and again Martha began to feel like a child scolded by a patient but justly angered elder.

She sat down and looked steadily at Dilly. "I have to apologise to you, Dilly. Yesterday—we almost quarrelled, you know."

Dilly did look a little surprised and blank. "We didn't quarrel."

"Yes — that is, no, I mean it seemed so to me. And I — you said I couldn't depend upon you all the time, and it's true, I can't. I decided I had to learn sometime to—"

"Will you tell me what you're talking about?"

"The man I thought I killed telephoned. Night before last. In the middle of the night. He said he had a raincoat with tyre marks on it. That's all he said."

After a long pause Dilly said almost exactly what Martha had expected her to say. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Because — I — didn't. It was in the middle of the night," Martha said lamely. "You were asleep."

"You should have called me."

"He hung up."

"Who was he?"

"I don't know. He didn't tell me his name."

"Were there tyre marks on this man's raincoat?"

"I don't know. All I saw was his face — I knew he wore a light raincoat, but I didn't think of tyre marks. I can't remember. I only thought of help, a doctor — whether or not he was dead."

Dilly took off her spectacles and wiped them hard on the lace edge of her slip.

"He could easily have got tyre marks on his raincoat without being in the least injured himself. But it sounds like only a threat. We'll have to wait and see. You didn't seem worried or upset yesterday."

"I was glad."

"Glad!" Dilly dropped her spectacles.

"It proved I hadn't killed him or even injured him. There he was talking to me over the phone."

"But didn't you have the sense to see—"

"Of course I did. Extortion. Blackmail. What else could it be? He saw the licence number of my car, traced it, knows I didn't report anything to the police—"

"Nothing to report," Dilly said.

"So he thought of money. What else?"

"Didn't it scare you?"

"At first. But then I knew that it proved that I hadn't hurt him. Archie said that there were always crackpots aiming at people in the public eye."

"How much does Archie know?"

"He answered the phone just a few seconds before I did. I think the man said what he said to me the night before: 'I have a raincoat with tyre marks.' Something like that. Then Archie said something, hello, and who is this. The man must have spoken as soon as he heard the receiver go up and then he heard Archie—"

"You mean, the man you thought you hit rang this number and as soon as he heard somebody take down the receiver said, 'I've got a raincoat with tyre marks on it.' Then Archie spoke and the man heard his voice instead of a woman's voice, yours, and hung up."

"Yes. Then Archie said, hello, and who is this—"

"What did you tell Archie?"

"Not anything."

"What did he ask you?"

"He asked if I'd had any sort of traffic accident."

To page 54

THE BOYFRIEND

"Relax — I'm only looking at the watches!"

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Summer sunburst of colour by Shelta

Gay, wonderful, Shelta umbrellas lend a gypsy air to every beach and garden this summer. Rioting flowers, fluttering fringes, rainbow stripes and fascinating oriental shapes . . . no wonder Shelta umbrellas are taking up all the beach room. Choose your umbrella from dozens of carnival styles. Choose Australia's most popular sun umbrella. Choose SHELTA.

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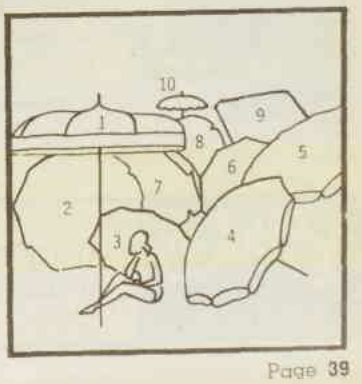
*Approximate prices



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Continued from page 21

LIVING HIGH

***QUECHUA WOMEN** at a market. In the background are peaks of the Andes. The vegetable on display is chuno, a small dry potato.*

unidentified source, coca leaves to chew, and shallow baskets of objects whose origin and purpose I was never to learn but I suspect were potency and love charms.

Although the Indians were friendly, and readily sold me whatever I wanted, played with the dachshund, and fingered my cashmere twin-set, they became pointedly silent and unobliging about the dried messes on display.

They merely said such things were not for me and left it at that.

During my many trips up the steep street, I never met another white person, but the recommendation I carried from the two Marias and the frisky little dog were safe-conduct enough.

MARIA PRIMERA, the cook, had a strong streak of curiosity that led her into a business enterprise at my unwitting expense.

She was fascinated by the color illustrations of foods that appeared in the magazines sent out to me, and when she came running to me with a picture of a chocolate layer cake and every symptom of wanting to make one I translated the recipe.

The cake was a tremendous success, which is what no doubt put the idea of profit into her head.

The cake was succeeded by translated recipes for brownies, chocolate fudge, and devilled eggs.

Coincident with this interest in American cooking was a sudden depreciation of stocks in the Embassy larder. Flour, sugar, butter, chocolate, mayonnaise, and eggs disappeared with monotonous regularity, and everything was blamed: traps were set for non-existent rats and mice, bolts were affixed to the larder doors against fictitious burglars, and still the stocks diminished steadily.

Over-confidence makes for carelessness. The day came when I went to tea at the Italian Embassy . . . and was served chocolate layer cake, brownies, and fudge.

"What a treat!" I said with newly acquired diplomatic circumvention. "All these American goodies. You have a marvellous cook."

My hostess gave me a long, probing look.

"My cook buys these refreshments," she said, and paused . . . "from your cook." She gave me the necessary clue. "Every Thursday afternoon."

The following Thursday I descended on the unsuspecting Maria Primera in the very act of her accepting money in exchange for a fine cake just sold to the cook of the Italian Embassy.

"Primera," I said firmly, "you're fired!"

Primera shrieked with dismay. The Italian Embassy cook, clutching the cake, rushed away, the laundress, chauffeur, and Ascensio came dashing into the kitchen.

Primera clutched my hand and pressed the coins she had just accepted into my palm. Ascensio, the born diplomat, understood the situation immediately. He intervened with his usual unbeatable tact.

"Senora Embajadora," he began flatteringly and never quailed under my withering look, "Maria Primera isn't stealing, as it looks as if she is."

"Not much!" I said sarcastically in good Americanese.

"She is making propaganda," he went on, giving me a sad, reproachful look. "She is introducing American foods to our countrymen!"

I was incoherent with rage.

"The Italian Embassy!" I choked. "Your countrymen! Since when are you Italian?"

Ascensio was patient with my stupidity.

"The Italians," he explained, "and the French and Austrians buy what Maria so artistically cooks." I'll bet they do, I thought. "But they only get **half.** The other half is for their cooks and butlers and laundresses and chauffeurs . . . as propaganda for our fellow countrymen," he reiterated.

I felt then and do now that Bolivia missed a fine president in Ascensio.

AFTER this episode, honesty was the keynote of Embassy domestic life. When a button fell off a shirt or blouse, it was carefully retrieved, shown to me, and sewn back on. The accounts became modest and meticulous. Even the boiler in the basement behaved.

The docility and smoothness of my household made me nervous and I wondered not only **what** next but **when.**

After some six weeks of this idyllic existence, the Embassy figuratively exploded. One moment I was sunning myself in the garden, reading a novel and watching the play of light on Mt. Illiman's snow-covered flanks, and the next there were murderous yells and screams and shouts from the kitchen.

Ascensio and I collided in the hall, and without apology we raced together to the kitchen, where the two Marias appeared to have lost their senses and were howling and keening and weeping.

An attractive unknown girl stood somewhat smugly in the middle of the room and watched the two Marias with undisguised satisfaction.

"What happens?" I asked in Spanish, but the girls were beyond paying any attention to me.

To my surprise, Ascensio clutched his head in both hands and shook it negatively from side to side, moaning meanwhile what sounded like (and was) "Idiot! Idiot!"

Finally he re-collected himself and, shouting in my ear to make himself heard against the wailing of the Marias, he said, "It's Tarquinas." Tarquinas was the unlikely name of the handsome chauffeur.

"He's been unfaithful and they've just found out. He's going with **her!"** and he pointed a dramatic finger at the strange girl, who suddenly laughed, swung her pigtails haughtily, and marched out of the kitchen, her head high.

"But how can he be unfaithful?" I asked. "He's not married to either of the Marias, and besides, they don't mind each other sharing him, why do they object to her?" And I nodded to the door through which the girl had left.

Ascensio attended to first things first. He went up to the two women, embraced each with an arm, and coaxed them to the kitchen table, clucking and crooning at them all the time.

Drink to stop the sobbing

As they sat down and their sobs subsided, he took out a bottle and poured each of them a hefty tot. As he replaced the bottle, I saw it was Vat 69 from the Embassy cellar.

He felt my angry look on him and apologised.

"Only for emergencies," he told me sheepishly, and turned back to the two girls, speaking soft Aymara to them.

Gradually they hiccupped themselves into silence, dabbed at their eyes, and finally smiled shakily at each other. Normality was apparently restored, and since Ascensio withdrew from the kitchen as each Maria again took up her duties I followed him. In the hall I stopped him.

"You handled that very well," I complimented sincerely. "What ever did you say to them?"

Ascensio rolled his eyes at me and looked flustered.

"It is better the Senora Embajadora does not ask," he said.

Whenever he pulled rank on me, I could be sure something unusual was in the air.

"Ascensio," I said gently, and then spaced my words. "I . . . want . . . to . . . know."

"Very well," he said in a resigned voice, and spread out his hands. "I promised them myself! Instead of Tarquinas!

"But I'm going to make him pay for it! How many babies does he think a man like me can support? I ask the Senora! I have eight already . . . and now two more for certain."

WHEN transfer orders to Chile came through, the local European community thought me ungrateful to be displeased at the prospect of leaving La Paz. Foresight told me I would never again have such surprising and entertaining domestic experiences, and to my regret I never have.

Monotone illustrations here and on pages 20 and 21 by courtesy of the Bolivian National Tourist Bureau and Charles Wright, U.S. Department of Mines.

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WHEN ONE'S FAMILY IS GROWN UP A "SURPRISE" BABY IS A BIG SHOCK

● Our three daughters were grown up — the youngest was 17 — and my husband and I were soon to leave on our long-planned caravan tour of Australia when we got the news: we were going to have another baby.

READERS' STORIES

(The two readers who wrote these stories have supplied their names and addresses but wish to be anonymous.)

I DON'T mind admitting I almost fainted when my doctor told me. There must be some mistake — I couldn't believe it, or didn't want to. But no, it was true, and I had to face the fact.

My husband was 46 and I was 44. Although many of my friends tried to assure me that "44 was not very old to have a little one," I suddenly felt very old.

It was 15 or 16 years since I'd changed a nappy, warmed a bottle, woke up in the middle of the night to a crying baby, and even many years since I'd sung lullabies, read nursery rhymes, and coped with the usual childhood problems.

We'd just moved to a peaceful home in the country and were beginning a new life there when the doctor advised me to move back to the city until my baby was born.

My daughters were horrified at the news, but all laugh now when they tell me how they used to whisper, "What will our friends say?" or "Mum's TOO old to have another baby."

In fact, it happened that my eldest daughter and I were expecting at the same time—I'd never dreamed it possible.

My daughter Susan arrived four months before my first grandchild, and although they make such ideal playmates now, at the time it seemed embarrassing.

My poor husband was really upset. He worried that he was too old to be a father again, and even that he wouldn't live to see his last child grown up.

But as soon as he realised we were going to have that child, come what may, he was marvellous.

I was a V.I.P. Mum-to-be and spoilt so much more than when I was having my other children, with my husband insisting on doing the shopping and my daughters sharing the housework.

All the panic and worrying of those first few months seem far behind us now. Our fourth daughter is nearly nine years old, and we wouldn't part with her.

Sure, she has changed the peaceful, restful life we planned after our other children grew up, but in its place we've found a new life, someone to live for, and a tonic to keep us young and active.

At first it hurt me when people used to stop, look at Susan in her pram, and say, "What a lovely grandchild you have." But in the end I just used to laugh.

It was funny when my second daughter married about six years ago—I had to be very careful picking my wedding outfit.

You see, I had to be old enough to be the bride's mother yet young enough to have a two-year-old.

Before Susan arrived, I'd heard people remark that children born to parents later in life were often the prettiest and brightest in a family, and now I agree.

We were justly proud of all our daughters and they did well at school. But Susan is always top of her class and is a real blond-haired, blue-eyed beauty. We often wonder where she inherited her good looks!

My other daughters were all quiet and rather conservative, only interested in classical music. Susan is just mad about The Beatles and is always stomping.

A woman I met once told me, "Your last baby has been sent for a reason." I never remembered this until Susan was three and we lost one of our daughters in a car accident.

Older, wiser

Looking back, I'd say we've had more fun with Susan than with our other children.

We have more security now, a greater need for companionship, and we've been through so many childhood problems and sicknesses that we understand them much better.

My husband has a small mixed business and milk bar, so we can't take Susan out as much as we would like. But when we can't take her my unmarried daughter always does.

We take Susan on a holiday each year. Last Christmas we had an island cruise.

If there wasn't a Susan in our lives, I guess we would have spent most of the time relaxing in deck chairs like most of the older passengers. But no, we were having fun in the children's swimming-pool.

Sometimes it's a big effort for me to go traipsing off to the zoo or the beach with Susan, but then it's an effort for most mothers.

Like most children, Susan is always asking how old I am, and like most Mums I try to change the subject.

She's convinced I'm "about 30 or 40" — I heard her telling a little friend this the other day — and I'll leave it at that.

I won't hide my age from her as she gets a little older, but children of this age are very sensitive about being "different."

Dad and I always try to go to all her school functions, and he takes her to music and physical culture classes every week.

She's such an active little button, always wanting to learn something new.

A few of my friends have asked me, "How can you go through life with ANOTHER teenager?"

It's funny, but I'm looking forward to it.

My other girls had such fun as teens, and the house was always full of their friends. It'll be good to have parties for young teens again because the house has seemed so quiet since my other daughters grew up.

Susan wants to go to university and be a schoolteacher, and if she keeps to that we'll have her on our hands for another 12 years.

That means we'll be around 65. But we feel so young now we're not going to worry, because that seems such a long way off.

We thought our family was complete, but now we know it wasn't — until the arrival of our surprise baby.

—"Middle-aged Mother," N.S.W.

HAPPY CHILD. The writer of this story found that her own last baby, born when she was 44 years old, brought a new outlook.

Get out of debt—by paying cash

● Nowadays, in the world of easy credit, hire purchase, and budget accounts, it is the simplest thing to find oneself in debt.

THIS happened to me about three years ago. My husband and I had opened several accounts in good faith, knowing that as things stood, *at that time*, we would be able to keep up repayments quite easily.

However, before the end of the year we had another baby, which sent our expenses rocketing, and a number of vital repairs were necessary around the house.

We missed a month's payments and in no time at all there seemed a frightening number of bills to pay.

Having a cheque account, we began anticipating each payday by writing cheques two and three days before the money was in the bank.

Fortunately we saw in time that this state of affairs couldn't continue.

We "froze" our bank account, wrote no more cheques, and asked the bank manager to meet any cheques still to be presented, then to close the account.

The following weeks were painful as we still had the usual backlog of cheques still to be met, plus current expenses.

We had only a few pounds to live on, so I used to buy a shank or piece of neck and make a large nourishing casserole dish each day with vegetables and potatoes.

My husband and I used skim milk, but we gave our children the usual amount of fresh milk and butter.

We wrote to all the firms with whom we had accounts explaining our position and telling them we were closing our account at the bank.

We agreed to pay them a small amount in cash each week until we got on our feet.

This was a great nuisance, as it meant trudging miles to make small payments. But the firms all had a respect for cash and it certainly made me more aware of the value of money.

We took stock of our assets.

Our car was almost new, but we had not paid much off it. After a talk with the hire-purchase people, we traded it in for a much less expensive model, so reducing our repayments by half. (Incidentally, we paid this off in a year.)

Next we sold our vacuum cleaner (it was paid for) and put the money toward paying off other items.

Snob value

So it went on. Anything bought for purely prestige reasons was sold and the money ploughed back into our outstanding accounts.

After all, what use are "friends" if they only care for what you have. We found that in the true humility that came to us as a result of this experience, we made more true and wonderful friends.

Note that I say humility not humiliation.

As the need for each material "prop" slipped away a sense of freedom came as we had not had all our married life.

The children, too, could readily appreciate that it was smarter to pay cash and so not burden oneself with interest charges.

After all, a washing-machine is only for washing and a refrigerator is only for keeping things cool.

The appearance, provided it is clean and efficient, doesn't matter.

Also, we found it was ridiculous to have a large freezer in our refrigerator when the repayments on it precluded the possibility of ever having any frozen foods to put in it.

And what was the good of having the latest car with the latest gadgets when we couldn't afford the petrol to go anywhere?

Our children have learned the value of "cash or nothing." Believe me, when you have the money in your hot little hand you look twice at even a tin of soup.

I hope my story will help others who are in the position we were in, to step out of debt into freedom.

—"Cash or Nothing," Vic.

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Dress Sense

By Betty Keep

● This one-piece swimsuit can be made from a Vogue pattern. The pattern also includes a beach blouse and a skirt in knee-length and ankle-length.

6211.—One-piece swimsuit has bound legs and a self-tie at the front slit. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 6211, price 6/6 includes postage. Address orders to Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders.

THE pattern illustrated above is chosen in answer to the number of readers who wish to make a one-piece swimsuit and some type of beach cover. This was a typical letter:

"I am going up north for ten days in December and wondered if you could provide me with a style and pattern for a one-piece bathing suit and something to cover it. My bust size is 38 inches."

The swimsuit I have chosen can be worn with a beach blouse or with a skirt—both garments are included in the pattern. The beach blouse has an easy fit and is finished with a turtle neckline and three-quarter sleeves.

The skirt comes in two lengths, to the knee or to the ankle, and it has a draw-string waistline.

Under the illustration are further details.

"Could you assist me in the choice of a design for a black crepe cocktail dress? As I like very feminine clothes, would it be possible to have a black lace trimming? I am 5ft. 6in. tall and weigh 8 stone."

I suggest a slender-line dress with a slightly lifted waistline finished with a narrow, self-material sash, bow-tied in front. Have the bodice made with wrist-length sleeves and a low-cut V neckline—the latter outlined with a ruffle of fine black lace. Repeat the ruffle at wrists and hemline.

"Could I go away in the suit I am being married in? It is a small family wedding."

In the circumstances you mention, it would be perfectly correct to wear the suit you are being married in when you leave for your honeymoon.

"Do you think pinky beige lace would be too dressy for the mother of the bride? If so, please suggest a style and correct accessories. I take SW fitting."

Lace would be perfect—don't forget that after the bride you are the most important woman at the wedding. For the design I suggest a dress and matching jacket. Have the dress made with a fairly slim skirt and the bodice finished with a high square front, V-shaped at the back. Have the jacket with an open front. A little flower hat in pastel shades and the other accessories in pale beige would complete a very becoming ensemble.

"I am in a quandary to know what shade of accessories to wear with an aqua dress and matching jacket."

Wear a matching shade of blue for the hat and either white or bone for gloves, handbag, and shoes.

"Could you let me have a pattern for a sports skirt suitable to wear for deck games on a cruise ship?"

A culotte skirt is ideal for active sport and would also be an excellent shipboard fashion. Our pattern department includes a design in this category. The skirt has a front and back panel and comes in two lengths, above and below knee level.

If you decide to order a pattern please quote Vogue pattern 6112. The price, 5/9, includes postage. Address orders to Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. Be sure to state size required. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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MARY QUANT'S

DADDY'S GIRL LOOK COULD KILL THE BOY CULT

HOOPLA is a girly-girl knee-high shift (above) made in coarse blue lace with a pretty self-ruffle edge at the hemline. The bodice top is sleeveless and has an oval neckline. More Daddy's Girl fashion is the schoolgirl coif tied with blue ribbon bows. The Quant clothes are all budget-priced.

FANNY (above) is a pierrot-inspired one-piece with a double-ruffle hemline edged and ribbon-trimmed in black. This new silhouette is killing the "kooky" and "boy" cults.

ANNABEL (above) has demure little-girl appeal. Made in polka-dotted white crepe, the dress has soft oncealing lines. A ruffle trim adds girly prettiness.

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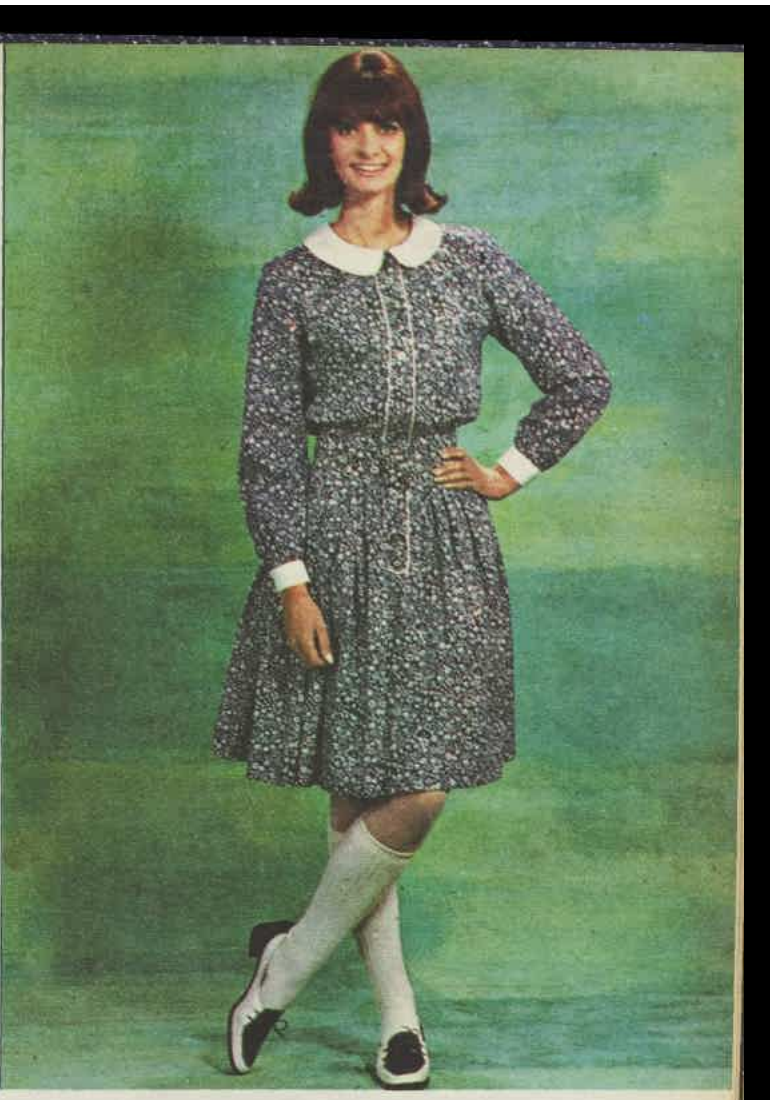
MARZIPAN (left) is a blue chiffon blouse with a pierrot frill at the neckline worn with a half-mast skirt in white curtoin lace. The skirt, labelled Party Piece, is a great hit with the young Mods.

PRIM is the name of the covered-up shirt-waister (right). The neat white collar and cuffs, knee - length white socks, and flat-heeled shoes complete the fashion picture of Daddy's dream for his darling daughter.



THE Chelsea set, who every season take a fresh view of fashion, have fallen hard for the Daddy's Girl look.

Daddy's Girl, created by "with-it" London designer Mary Quant, is now just about everybody's girl.

The Daddy's Girl look is the sugar-and-spice-and-everything-nice in spring fashion.

This new feminine trend may well change the direction of fashion and kill the "boy" cult and the kooky look.

To play the Daddy's Girl game, you will wear young, demure clothes.

The silhouette is soft and slinky, but never revealing.

Pierrot frills, ruffles, bows, ribbon, lace, and demure white knee-socks are all part of the look.

In London, Mary Quant was first with the "wet" look, portrayed by shining raincoats, first with the leather look that put Mods into leather coats and pants.

The same designer made gilt chains, reptile-skin coats, off-beat furs, and fancy boots popular, and now Daddy fashions have swept the Mods, and become the darlings of the London debs.

—Betty Keep

CO-ORDINATED SEPARATES IN PINK

HIDE AND SEEK (right) is a blazer-type jacket and slim matching skirt. The jacket with its scalloped sleeve trim can also (left) be worn with matching lace-trimmed pants.

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FROM THE FASHION WORLD OF KAYSER INTERNATIONAL

49/11 9625 Antron Slip. Sizes 32-40. White, Pink Magic, Sea Mist, Black and Spun Gold . . . Matching Half-Slip, 39/11, and brief, 15/11.

AT HOME

with Margaret Sydney

● This week there'll be nothing on this page worth the attention of any competent housewife — they can all go off and dust their dusters and polish their polishers while I try to answer a cry from the heart of a young housewife who *can't cope*, and feels badly about it.

WE'LL call her Mrs. Dawson. She has been married two years, has a baby son who is five months old, and she has no training at all for her present job of trying to run a house, because she was brought up abroad, where there was plenty of cheap labor.

She writes: "Up till the time I had the baby I managed to keep up with the work. Now I despair when I look round the house and see all that needs to be done.

"I have tried seriously to keep to a strict routine, but my husband still grumbles silently because the house is not the same as before the child came.

"I also have to entertain a great deal, as my husband is in a new job where he is likely to bring anyone home at a moment's notice.

"There is not the money now to buy my frocks, so I have to try to find time to sew myself. But I do not seem to cope.

"Can you help me, please? I would welcome with open arms any hints to better my housekeeping.

"I get upset and disappointed because I don't seem to make headway, and I have a guilty conscience because although my husband does not openly complain, I can see his look of disapproval if the house is not spotless."

Here's the answer

Don't despair, Mrs. Dawson — there are thousands like you, and there always will be.

Running a house when you're not used to it is very hard work. Running a baby is also hard work, but a lot more fun.

Don't let the first one spoil the second.

The house will be there (or some other house) all your life, but the baby won't be a baby forever.

If you let the housework rattle you too much you'll miss a lot of the fun of the baby.

If you go into training *now* you can have this thing beaten by the time he's a toddler.

First, *lower your sights.* Throw away whatever housework system you've been trying to follow (it's obviously not the right one for you) and start making one of your own.

No house with a baby in it and only one pair of hands to cope with the work is going to be spotless.

There's a legal maxim which says, "It is necessary not only that justice should be done, but that it should appear to be done."

For housewives the maxim is different. Their maxim reads, "It is not necessary that housework should be done, but only that it should appear to be done."

That's rule number one, and to follow it you're going to have to develop a lot of low cunning.

Cunning v. cleaning

When a room's in a mess you probably think that the only way to cope is to turn it out from top to bottom. That's madness, of course, because you haven't got time, so you do nothing. And then somebody comes!

So from now on separate your housework into cunning and cleaning, and do the cunning bits first and the cleaning bits when you have time.

The things people will notice and criticise you for are:

- Kitchen mess not stacked up.
- Dead flowers.
- An unsavory bathroom.
- Last night's litter left in the sitting-room.

As soon as your husband leaves for work in the morning, fill the kitchen sink with hot water, dump in everything that needs washing, throw out the rubbish, wipe down the benches, sweep the floor (10 minutes).

While the soapy water is doing its work open the sitting-room windows, pick up any papers, books, or odd bits of knitting, empty the ash-trays, and throw out those dead flowers (5 mins.).

If the floor looks really dirty, run the carpet-sweeper over it (2 mins.), and rush round the edges with a mop (1½ mins.).

Next, the bathroom. Hang up the towels, wipe the basin, brush the lavatory bowl, wipe up any floor puddles, and open the window wide (5 mins.).

In your bedroom make the beds, hang up any clothes, put dirty ones to the wash, and, if you're a powder-spiller, flick a duster over your dressing table (10 mins. if you hurry).

Go back to the kitchen and finish washing up (most of it will have soaked off) and drying up (7 mins.).

You have now spent 40½ minutes and you have done no housework that a good housekeeper would approve of, but all the parts of your house that visitors are likely to see are fit to look at.

Now you have an hour in hand, before it's time for the baby's bath and feed.

It's the only hour in the day you're going to have for real cleaning jobs, so use it to vacuum your carpets one day, wash and polish the kitchen floor another, or any other horrible thing that has to be done once a week.

From 10 till 11.30 at least you'll be busy with the baby.

You've got to bath him, feed him, do his washing, think about his next meal, and give yourself and him the pleasure of dawdling over dressing and playing with him.

And after lunch (oh, poor you!) you've still got the shopping to cope with, and some airing and ironing, and a phone call or two and his orange drink and his playtime and the evening meal.

So that hour-and-three-quarters in the morning is the only house-cleaning time you've got.

Don't ever alter your routine.

Don't *ever* start a major cleaning job until you've done that cunning clean up — not even on washing day.

Have a heart, dear husband

You might try putting it to your husband, cheerfully and decisively and without any hint of whingeing, that you've got too much to do, and that with a house and a young baby and a social life to cope with, you can't manage unexpected visitors at inconvenient times.

There's no need to be apologetic about this. Some very well-organised and efficient housewives can do it and enjoy it, but most of us dug in our heels on this question as soon as the first baby arrived in the house.

If, on the other hand, your husband's job makes it *essential* to bring people home without warning, then

Cont. on page 48

No need to fight over scrumptious Tiger Swiss Gruyere Cheese — get plenty for all the family! Stacked with wholesome goodness, tangy zesty Tiger is an all-family favourite the wide world over. Get that Tiger!

Tiger Gruyere is available in handy sandwich slices as well as in the familiar triangle wedges. Buy some today!

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(WOMEN'S ROYAL AUSTRALIAN NAVAL SERVICE)

You'll find good company, companionship... friends with interests like yours in the W.R.A.N.S. And in the W.R.A.N.S. every job is special—important. There's plenty of variety, too.

Then there's the pride in belonging to a very special group of people.

Joining the W.R.A.N.S. isn't easy. Entry tests are exacting. Medical standards are high. But it's well worth your while to try. Why not? Where else would you find such exciting opportunities to do something really different, satisfying and worthwhile?

WRAN Radio Operator

WRANS at HMAS Albatross being shown safety equipment

Here are some of the vacancies that occur in the W.R.A.N.S. from time to time:

Supply Assistants
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Writers
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Applications are invited from Australian citizens or British subjects permanently residing in Australia, aged 17-30.

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FULL DETAILS FROM Combined Services Recruiting Centre or write to the Deputy Director of Recruiting, Box XYZ, G.P.O., in nearest capital city. Or you may telephone: Brisbane 31.1031; Sydney 29.2122; Melbourne 51.5371; Adelaide 23.2891; Perth 23.1356; Hobart 2.7054.

W·R·A·N·S

Issued by the Director of Recruiting.

WRN1.143.94

AT HOME *with Margaret Sydney*

Continued from page 46

something else has to go — probably your dressmaking.

This will be hard on you because you'll have fewer clothes, but you can't sew efficiently unless you've a room where you can leave things spread about and unless you can get two or three clear hours at a time to work at it.

Get all the help you can from your husband — at the things that men don't mind doing.

For instance, get him to shop on Saturday morning for you, and give him a whopping great list with enough fruit and vegetables and meat to save you shopping again for several days.

The daily dash to the shops is time-consuming and exhausting when you have a young baby's schedule to meet.

When the windows really *have* to be cleaned, choose a time at the weekend when he's free, and ask him to help.

If he works outside and you work inside you'll do them in half the time.

Enlisting his help will pay dividends.

Either he'll get enthusiastic and decide to sweep the verandahs for you afterwards, or else he'll realise just what hard work these cleaning jobs are and develop a new understanding of your problem.

What not to do

Now some important don'ts:

Don't *ever* decide to clean out the kitchen cupboards. This creates absolute chaos, and somebody will come while you're in the middle of it.

Instead, decide to do one shelf while the vegetables are cooking. This way you've used five minutes you had to spare, and you haven't added anything to the day's accumulation of tiredness.

Don't hoard things in the house with the idea they'll be useful sometime. (I've been telling myself this for 20 years, but I'm still doing it.) The things you don't use take more cleaning up than the things you do.

If you're caught on the hop by the unexpected visitor, don't scuttle, don't apologise, and don't start pushing things out of sight.

Say nothing at all, or else say airily, "Sorry about the mess, it's just been one of those days."

Don't go into competition with any of your friends. One may keep her floors so you could eat off them, another may always have magnificent sponge-cakes in the house. That's their form of one-upmanship.

You can have one of your own if there's something showy that you do well and easily — or you can settle for being a nice, friendly person who makes a good cup of tea and listens and talks sympathetically.

Don't aim at perfection. Remember that an absolutely spotless and mathematically tidy room is actually unattractive to quite a lot of people.

I'm one of them. It gives me the creeps to be ushered into a room that looks like a display window in a furniture shop.

Above all, don't feel guilty. Housework is not the be-all and the end-all of a woman's life.

It's simply a job that has to be done, and if it's a job that doesn't come easily to you, that doesn't make you a failure or a worse person than the next.

The grimmest thing about housework is the repetition and there's no saying truer than the one that goes "practice makes perfect."

A few years from now when (horrible thought!) you've done all these things a few thousand times more, you'll find you'll do them automatically and five times as quickly.

FUN in the sun can give your looks that extra little sparkle but don't overdo it in the early stages, and be specially careful when sunbathing. Sun can also be drastically harsh on your complexion, so be sure always to protect your skin by smoothing on a film of oil of Ulan before going into the sunshine. This Ulan oil fulfils the function of protecting the complexion against the drying effects which cause wrinkle dryness.

. . . *Margaret Merril*

BOOK BY FAMOUS COOK

● **Famous British cookery expert and demonstrator Marguerite Patten has written a new cookbook which will be of absorbing interest to all women who cook.**

THIS new cookbook, "Step-by-Step Cookery," is now on sale.

It was prepared by Marguerite Patten in conjunction with Leila Howard, of The Australian Women's Weekly Test Kitchen, and contains nearly 300 pages of recipes for all occasions, as well as color illustrations of many of the dishes.

Mrs. Patten, whose demonstrations during her visit to Australia early this year attracted crowded audiences, tells in this book the culinary secrets that have made her one of Britain's outstanding cooks.

The recipes are given clearly and simply, and each step in the making of a dish is fully explained, so that cooking a successful dish becomes easy even for the beginner.

But expert cooks will also find much to interest them in the book and will learn something new.

"Step-by-Step Cookery" is bound in a handsome hard cover with a stain-resistant jacket.

The price is 30/- per copy, plus 3/6 postage.

You can obtain a copy by sending a cheque or money order or postal note to "Step-by-Step Cookery," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

"Step-by-Step Cookery" is also on sale at all newsagents and booksellers.

Do you understand your child?

Most days 10-year-old Tom is fun to have around. But sometimes he's miserable and cranky, won't eat a bite of his dinner. Fortunately, Tom's Mummy is very understanding. She knows that when young tummies are upset, young tempers fray, too. To keep Tom regular, she gives him safe, gentle Laxettes. You see, she knows that each milk chocolate Laxette square contains an exact dose of the safest, surest laxative you can buy—and youngsters love that chocolate flavour. So she gives Tom one Laxette at bedtime. Next day there's a smooth, thorough motion—no griping or embarrassing urgency — and Tom's happy and well again. When your youngster's upset, when Nature forgets, you'll remember Laxettes. 3/3 at your chemist.

LAXA

HUNDREDS OF HOME PLANS are available from our Home Planning Centres located in leading retail stores throughout Australia.

See this week's new architect-designed home on Home Plan page.

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tea

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LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Paying for the wedding

LIKE "Lou Lou" (N.S.W.), I most emphatically agree on a 50/50 basis share of expenses for wedding receptions between the families of both bride and groom. I have nothing to gain or lose by this, having both a son and a daughter. But I feel that if the present outmoded custom were changed, the parents of the prospective groom would not feel hesitant about presenting a guest list as so many do.

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. Lewis, Clapham, S.A.

★ ★ ★

WHEN my daughter was married, her husband's family had just as many guests on the list as we did. They, in return, and at their own suggestion, supplied all drinks, both hard and soft.

£1/1/- to "One Way" (name supplied), Campsie, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

IN many of the countries of Europe the girl pays the expenses of food and the man the expenses of the drinks. A big wedding costs too much for one family only. Most girls could have a nicer wedding if it were helped by both families.

£1/1/- to "Big Wedding," Ingham, Qld.

★ ★ ★

I HAVE recently been married, and, like the families of many of my friends, my husband's family and mine shared the wedding costs. We found there were no quarrels or resentments. My husband and I made a list of our wants and guests, as did the two sets of in-laws. We then held a joint conference and decided on final ideas. When all bills were in, our parents simply split the sum into two and paid that way.

£1/1/- to "Wendy" (name supplied), Murray Bridge, S.A.

★ ★ ★

AS I recently had a son married and was asked to write a list of those I wanted invited, I felt very conscious of each name I wrote down. Had I been going 50/50 I would not have felt so guilty.

£1/1/- to "Friends" (name supplied), Grenfell, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

I THINK that the groom's parents should at least pay for the guests they invite. In the bad old days when girls stayed at home, their fathers were obliged to pay for bridal finery and wedding. But the modern father educates his daughters well, and they are capable of earning good money. Only selfish girls today would expect their parents to shoulder the entire financial burden of a wedding.

£1/1/- to "Polly" (name supplied), Ashgrove, Qld.

Family hour

I FEEL that parents do not spend enough time with their children to get close to them. By the time my husband and I attend to our home and outside-the-home chores, we find that there is not enough time left in the day to spend with our children, so we decided to get up three-quarters of an hour earlier each morning and play with them before breakfast. Our children think this is wonderful, and are much happier and more content throughout the day.

£1/1/- to Mrs. N. Copple, Rockhampton, Qld.

Dog deadly on snails

MY dog is a great help in the garden. Whenever anyone is gardening he does his share by collecting all the snails he can find and laying them on the grass nearby. He won't have anything to do with any we find ourselves.

£1/1/- to Mrs. P. Thorburn, North Ryde, N.S.W.

Making sure it's wet

WHILE waiting at a bus stop I noticed a newly painted post-box. A sign beside it said "Wet paint." I was amazed at the number of people who, after reading the notice, went up to the letter-box and touched it—then showed neither anger nor surprise when their fingers became red and sticky.

£1/1/- to "Curious," East Malvern, Vic.

The root of all evil

OUR lives revolve around money, and we often hear the saying, "Money is the root of all evil." I've only just discovered that this saying comes from the Bible. But what the Bible really says is, "The love of money is the root of all evil." Those three little words at the beginning give the proverb so much more meaning.

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. W. Turner, Launceston, Tas.

Rabbit at the table

AFTER reading of the travelling rabbit, I would like to tell you of the pet rabbit that my daughter-in-law once had. It not only followed her around the house, but ate at the table as well. It sat on a kitchen stool, a child's feeder tied around its neck, and its plate of greens and carrots in front of it. It nibbled very daintily and never once tried to jump on the table.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. E. Lampe, Kilkenny, S.A.

Facts of life

NORDEN

MUIR

● B.B.C. scriptwriting team Norden and Muir, who have split up after 17 years, used to work at a "partner desk." They bought it secondhand because, Norden explained: "A sad little man told us they weren't made any more."

Never share a kitchen,
That's what women learned.
"Where on earth's the dishcloth?"
"Look! The spuds are burned!"

Likewise in an office
Desks are meant for one.
Sharing them's a practice
Wiser people shun.

"Can't you keep your papers
Tidy on your half?"
"Someone's pinched my pencil."
Well — one ought to laugh.

No. It isn't funny.
Little things erode.
Whether soon or later
Partners will explode.

Kitchen-sink or desk-top—
Each a small domain
Where, for peaceful living,
Only one can reign.

— DOROTHY DRAIN

Building for quietness

WITH such a lot of traffic on the roads making a noise well into the night, the trend in home-building should be more toward all bedrooms being built at the back of the house, with kitchen and living-rooms across the front. Then away with all sleeping pills, peace and quiet would reign.

£1/1/- to Mrs. S. Searle, Epping, N.S.W.

Wearing nylons inside out

HANDS up all those girls who still turn their seamless nylons inside out before putting them on. I must confess that I do so instinctively, without really knowing why. It must be a reflex action left over from the days when I wore seamed stockings.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Rowlands, Watson, A.C.T.

Ross Campbell writes...

PARTY MANNERS

ARNOLD WILKINS, five, was at our place for the afternoon.

Some cakes were put on a plate. Before long they had all been eaten except one.

Arnold reached out for it.

My daughter, four, said: "I wanted that cake!"

Arnold replied firmly: "But I'm the visitor." And he ate it.

Visitors out our way stand up for their rights. They know that if there is only one coloring book they are entitled to use it; and they say so.

In particular, visitors insist on their privilege of choosing. It is the visitor who chooses whether to play inside or outside, or whether to have the orange drink or the green drink.

The host or hostess, unfortunately, is not always prepared to give way on these matters. As a result, rows between hosts and guests are of common occurrence.

I was present at one when Diane Jobley, who was hostess, turned the TV on to a programme about dogs.

The visitor, Sandra by name, wanted to see a programme with dancing in it. She said to her hostess: "You aren't the visitor, so you can't choose!"

The hostess replied: "Anyway, you aren't the boss of this house."

This thrust silenced the visitor for a moment. But the real boss of the house, Mrs. Jobley, came in and took the visitor's side.

She said to her daughter: "Diane, turn to the other programme if Sandra wants it. Remember, she's your guest."

The dispute did not end there, however. As soon as her mother had gone Diane said to the visitor: "I hate you out of everything in the whole wide world except crocodiles."

Should young visitors and their hosts stand up to each other in this manner?

I talked about it to Mr. Wilkins, father of the above-mentioned Arnold. He said: "At least they're frank about their feelings. It might be better if adults did the same."

I decided to test this theory next time we went to the Wilkins' place.

On arriving, I sat down in the biggest chair.

"I say," Mr. Wilkins objected. "That's my special father's chair!"

"But I'm the visitor," I said.

At dinner, when the chicken was brought in, I said, "Can I have the wishbone, please?"

Mrs. Wilkins replied: "No, I want it."

"But you're not the visitor," I said. She let me have it sulkily.

The test proved pretty well that frankness between adult hosts and guests does not work out. Before leaving I said: "Thank you for having me." But Mrs. Wilkins made no reply.

MUMMY, WHO IS YOUR HUSBAND? — a new selection of Ross Campbell's best writings — is on sale at bookshops and newsagents. Published by Shakespeare Head Press, price 17/6.

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GiGi skin perfume, 7/6 & 11/6.

GiGi perfume, 7/6 & 13/6

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Give the toaster that never burns toast:

Sunbeam Toastermatic

The handsome Sunbeam toaster never burns toast. Automatically it lowers the bread (one or two slices) . . . toasts to the colour you've selected — from light to golden brown — switches off . . . and returns the toast. It's all automatic. The Sunbeam radiant control ensures perfect toast every time — in fact you can reheat toast without burning. Lasting beauty in deep blue chrome. Give Sunbeam Toastermatic — or choose from one of these famous Sunbeam gifts:

Sunbeam streamlined Electric Kettle
Streamlined, fast-boiling — it's the only kettle that boils from a cupful to a big family wash-up. Automatic cut-off (can't boil dry).

Sunbeam Mixmaster Mixer
World's finest mixer. Saves time and effort when beating, whipping and creaming. With two heat resistant bowls, juicer.

Sunbeam fabulous Spray Iron
The ultimate in irons. Smooths away the most stubborn wrinkles with a fine spray mist of water ahead as you iron.

Give leisure... give pleasure... give Sunbeam

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

SUCCESS WITH CUTTINGS

By R. H. ANDERSON

● ***Growing plants from cuttings has a special fascination for most gardeners, not only for reasons of economy but also because it reveals another phase of plant life.***

WE are conscious of the miracle that a piece of stem, arbitrarily severed from the parent body, can produce a replica of the plant from which it came.

Left to itself that portion of stem would never produce roots, but in the hands of an adventurous gardener it acquires a new life and fulfils a further destiny. Much, I might add, to the pleasure and profit of the home gardener.

Take the cutting only from vigorous plants free of disease, using a sharp knife or razorblade.

You can use secateurs with hardwood cuttings, trimming afterwards with a knife to remove bruised portions. Cut the stem just below a node (the part that bears a leaf or where leaf scar is visible).

Remove the lower leaves for half or three-quarters the length of the cutting; if the remaining leaves are large, trim them down.

The cuttings should be kept slightly moist until planted, although some plants such as frangipanis, poinsettias, geraniums, and many succulents should be exposed for short periods. Cuttings of plants with milky juice should be washed before planting.

FUCHSIAS are good subjects for cuttings.

Softwood cuttings are those taken from the ends of vigorously growing shoots in spring or summer (removing weak, floppy tips). The usual length is 3in. to 4in.

Being soft-wooded, these cuttings must be protected from wind and direct sun and need relatively high humidity.

Plants which root well from such cuttings include: **Coleus, dahlia, chrysanthemum, fuchsia, heliotropium,** and shrubs such as **weigela, forsythia, cistus** and **diervilla.**

Semi-hardwood or half-ripened cuttings are those made from firm wood of current season's growth and are usually 4in. to 6in. long, and taken in summer.

They take longer to root than softwood cuttings, but do not require the same skill and attention. Many evergreen shrubs can be propagated in this way, and some deciduous shrubs, if taken in early summer.

Taking a "heel" with the cuttings helps with the more difficult subjects and is a common method with shrubs such as **cotoneaster, pyracantha, ceanothus,** and **boronia.** This involves taking a small portion of the older wood also.

Hardwood cuttings are those taken in winter or later autumn from deciduous plants after the leaves have fallen. Pieces of firm healthy current wood, about 6in. to 10in., are used.

Many **deciduous shrubs and trees** can be struck from such cuttings. Some **conifers** are propagated from cuttings, using heel cuttings from the current year's growth in late autumn. All the leaves and branchlets are removed from the lower half.

CISTUS plants can also be grown from cuttings.

Several media can be used, but the basis of most is good, clean, sharp sand mixed with peat. The mixture can vary according to the type of cutting, ranging from equal parts to four parts sand to one part peat.

About two parts of sand to one of peat is a good general medium. Vermiculite is a satisfactory medium, especially for softwood cuttings, such as **begonias** and **coleus,** and for some semi-hardwood cuttings. Use it alone or with peat.

Several hormone preparations are useful in inducing root formation in difficult subjects such as **rhododendrons** and **magnolias.**

Many cuttings can be successfully grown in ordinary garden soil in a semi-shaded position protected from wind. But better results can be got with various types of containers and coverings which conserve humidity and trap heat from the sun if required.

Humidity is essential and this can only be obtained by enclosure. A good cold frame is desirable but other devices can be used by the gardener who needs only a few cuttings.

Glass jars are commonly used, or a dome of polythene supported on wires, thus providing miniature glasshouses. The average handyman can easily build a frame or box.

The glass should not be exposed to direct sun, except for very short periods, and must be lifted every day to provide ventilation. In the early stages it need be lifted for only a minute or so, but later for much longer periods.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 111

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 112

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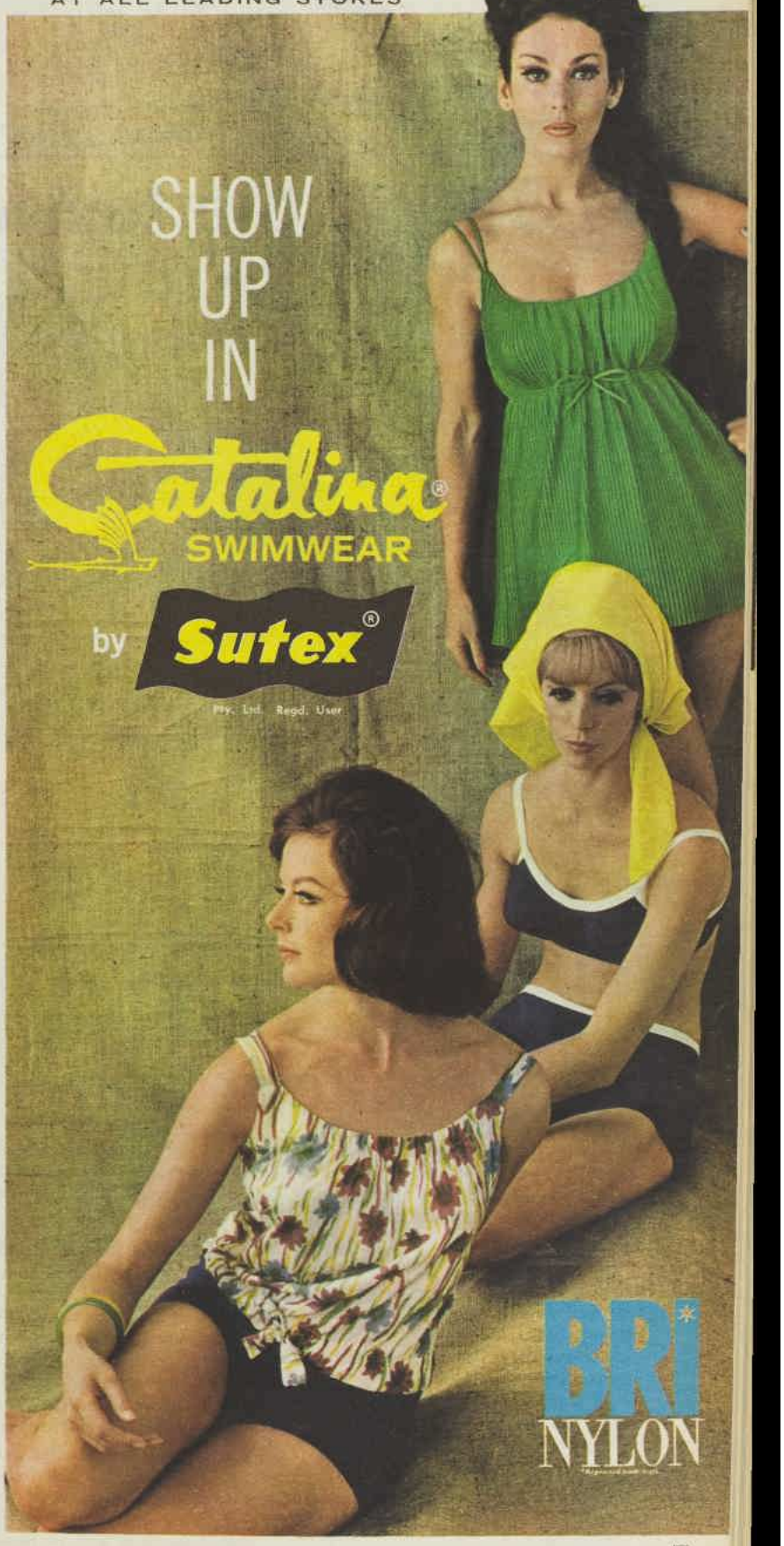

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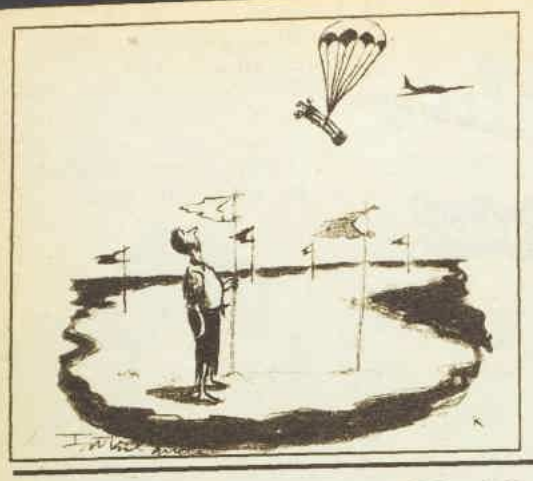

"What did you say?"

"Archie asked if I'd run through a red light or exceeded the speed limit so I said no."

"But it didn't satisfy him."

"Lem called me just then. Archie — it was then he said that there were always crackpots—"

"Well, that's true." Dilly picked up her spectacles. "So you didn't believe me when I told you you hadn't hit anybody?"

"Yes. But you see I so wanted to believe you that I—I didn't entirely trust myself, I guess. Oh, what does it matter! It proves he's alive."

"Next time you'll believe me."

"I hope there won't be a

Continued from page 38

next time," Martha said with a shudder.

"What? Oh—yes, of course. Well, nothing has happened but a drunken vagrant trying to get some money out of you. Just remember that. And remember what the reporter said."

"Reporter—"

"The reporter who was here all night, left just now. His name is Sherlin and he's one of the ace writers in the business." There was no sarcasm in Dilly's voice, but Martha felt her face flushing.

"I know. That is, what do you mean? What did he say?"

RUN SCARED

"He said that Lem was as good as elected — at least he implied it — unless something weird happened. This could be the something weird. Just don't tell Lem — don't tell anybody." Dilly sighed. "I can't understand why you didn't tell me at once."

Martha didn't reply. In all probability Dilly really couldn't understand; Dilly with her queerly acute perception of people still didn't know that the two women had come so perilously near a quarrel. Martha began to doubt her own perception; had she imagined that stiff kind of barrier between them?

Dilly rose and began to straighten the room, disarranged for the photographs. Martha helped her. Dilly went into town for the newspapers while Martha cleared up the kitchen and stripped beds and aired the house.

Once she glanced out the window toward the flat grey lake and remembered the black figure of the magazine writer. She had forgotten to ask Archie about him, but since she didn't know his name or the magazine he represented Archie could not have advised her.

THAT day there was only the tracing of black trees against the sky and the fringe of deep green and brown thickets of laurels and firs. She wondered how or when the man in the raincoat would approach her. A furtive knock at the door? The house, so recently full of voice and commotion, now seemed very big and empty. She was glad when Dilly returned.

The big, the important newspaper had come out strongly for Lem. Dilly pointed to the headlines. "You never know for sure if the timing is right. But I think this is."

"Dilly, don't you ever think of anything but politics?" Martha asked it idly, half-laughing.

Dilly said, "Not two days before election. Neither should you."

There wasn't a flicker of a laugh in Dilly's face. If they could only laugh together, Martha thought rather dismally, a certain chill between them would dissolve. But then Dilly obviously felt no chill at all.

They spent most of the day reading the Sunday papers and sleeping. At least Dilly said that she had slept when she came downstairs late in the afternoon and yawned convincingly.

Martha had napped a little, but it was a broken, troubled sleep, all the time listening for the telephone, which did not ring once.

She felt dull, tired, and a little depressed. "I need some fresh air," she said. "May I borrow your brown coat?"

"Yes, of course." Dilly was at the television, turning the dials.

Martha took Dilly's coat from the closet, and the faint scent that clung to it reminded her of Dilly's open bottle of perfume and her carelessly flung jewels. "Did you ever find your emerald pin?"

"What?" Dilly was thumbing over the television programme. "Oh, that. No. It'll turn up somewhere." She turned on a news programme and Martha let herself out the French windows and strolled down to the lake.

It was dusk. The sky was still a pale lemon color, which reflected itself in the lake so the bare trees stood out bleakly against the pale water. Below the shrubs and around the summerhouse it was almost dark. Martha turned at the path beside the summerhouse and looked at the lighted house.

The long rectangles of the french windows looked cheerful and warm. For the first time she thought of what Lem had told her about the house the night before: it was to be Lem's house and her house. She wondered, suddenly lost in dreams, what would happen in that house during the years ahead of them. A house like that could harbor only good things. It had stood, certainly, through crises—far worse crises than a shabby extortion attempt.

Two more days and they would know whether Lem was to be Governor or not. Suppose that, and all that it might bring with it, was really going to happen? Suppose that long, lighted, half-shabby yet dignified house, already replete with living, was to be packed with more living, richer, wider, more significant than ever before? Again something like destiny seemed to hover near, waiting, watching, taking its time.

She shoved her hands in the coat pockets and started briskly along the path. It wound around the lake, in and out of clumps of evergreen, below crowding trees, around a cove where dead autumn leaves lay on the water and moved slightly as tiny waves came in. The lemon light in the sky was almost gone, but the sky was still pale and cold. An evening star was out. She'd better go back to the house. She paused for a moment, idly watching the very slight rise and fall of the drift of brown and yellow leaves on the water.

She then saw, just below the leaves, a man's hand, appearing to float, too, in the water. She saw a man's hand and part of a man's face, merely a ratty nose and a receding chin, half covered with leaves.

The trees, the lake, the path, everything seemed to swirl out of axis, spin off into

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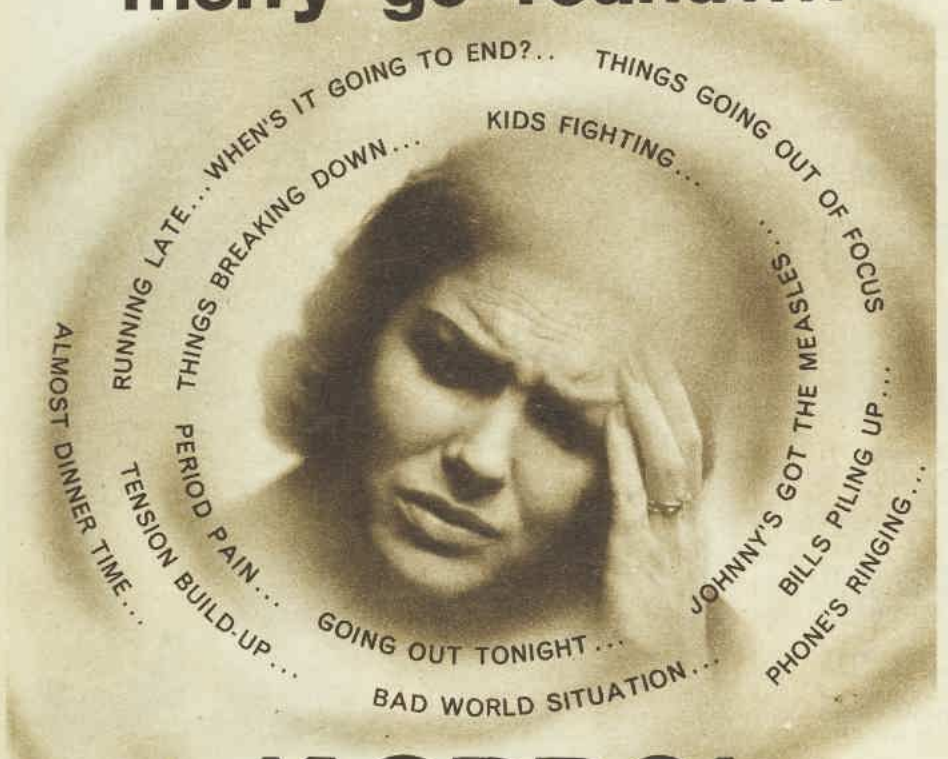
Get off the tension merry-go-round....



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Super Rinso has suds with improved cleaning action...

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Canned fruit recipe contest

● A tart made of canned apricots, for a family dinner, wins the £5 progress prize this week in our Name-the-Occasion Canned Fruit Recipe Contest for readers.

CASH prizes totalling more than £1000 will be awarded in this contest for recipes based on canned peaches, canned apricots, or canned pears.

The contest closes on November 23, so there is still time to send in an entry.

Choose an occasion from the five listed below, and submit a recipe or recipes you consider suitable for that occasion.

Name-the-Occasion Sections: 1, Children's Party; 2, Teenagers' Party; 3, Sunday Night Family Meal; 4, Women's Lunch Party; 5, Family Dinner.

In addition, there is a special Canned Pears Classic Recipe Section. In this section, readers are invited to submit a recipe (it could be quite simple) that is so delicious it could become a classic.

Recipes entered in the five Name-the-Occasion Sections should contain, in addition to canned peaches, canned apricots, or canned pears, one or more of the following ingredients in everyday use:

Breakfast flakes, cake mix, evaporated milk, gelatine, custard powder, pastry mix.

This rule does not apply to the Canned Pears Classic Recipe, which can contain any ingredients desired, in addition to the main one — canned pears.

Address entries to Canned Fruits Recipe Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

This week's progress prizewinner is:

SECTION 5. Family Dinner

Progress prize of £5 to Mrs. D. Inder Smith, 110 Gregory Street, Geraldton, W.A., for the following recipe:

APRICOT MERINGUE TART

One packet pastry mix, 1 can evaporated milk, 1 can apricot halves, 1 tablespoon sugar, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons custard powder, 2 egg-yolks, ½ cup coconut.

Make up pastry as directed on packet, fill into 9in. pie-plate. Trim edges, pinch a frill, prick base, and bake in hot oven about 15 minutes or until golden; cool. Make a custard by combining evaporated milk, 1 cup apricot syrup, 1 tablespoon sugar, and salt in saucepan. Allow to heat. Blend custard powder and beaten egg-yolks together and stir into mixture. Cook over heat until mixture thickens, stirring constantly. Stir in coconut and half the apricots (sieved). Reserve remainder for decorating. Fill into cooled pastry-case.

Topping: Two egg-whites, pinch salt, ½ cup sugar, 1 cup cornflakes, ½ cup chopped walnuts, ½ cup coconut, few drops vanilla.

Beat egg-whites with salt until stiff, gradually add sugar. When stiff, fold in cornflakes, walnuts, coconut, and vanilla. Spread over top of pie.

Bake in moderate oven about 15 minutes or until topping is lightly browned and set. Serve pie warm or chilled, decorated with reserved apricot halves.

Continued from page 54

RUN SCARED

dull greyness. Through it, vaguely, she heard Dilly coming along the path, calling. "Martha, Ellen and Jim Stenson are here—Martha!"

She caught at Martha's arm and stood there, like a woman turned to stone.

Martha said hoarsely, "That's the man. That's the man I killed."

The brown drift of leaves moved a little with the movement of the water, and it gave the half-seen body and face a semblance of sluggish life.

Dilly came to life, too, but it was also a flabby, blind kind of life; she thrust out both hands as if she would shut away the thing moving a little there in the water at their feet. She stumbled weakly against Martha.

Martha put her arm around her to keep her from falling. "We've got to get back to the house. I'll help you. Come on—"

Dilly sagged half to her knees, and Martha pulled her upright and back along the path. It was narrow for the two women, moving along unsteadily, Martha bracing Dilly. A branch from a crowding shrub brushed wetly across Martha's cheek. She felt as if their nightmare journey would never end, but then they came out at the summer-house. She couldn't support Dilly's sagging figure any longer. She guided her to the wooden steps and Dilly sank down on the lower step like a half-empty sack.

Martha was panting; she brushed her hair back from her face. Dilly fumbled at her spectacles, took them off, clutched them in one hand, and at last stared up at Martha. Her face looked blank and naked without her spectacles; it was utterly colorless.

"Are you sure that's the man?"

"Yes."

"He's dead," Dilly said.

"Yes. Can you walk?"

Dilly gave a long, shuddering sigh. Then she hoisted herself up weakly, like an old woman. Clinging to Martha, tottering on her high heels, she went beside Martha, along the gravelled path which clattered under Dilly's stumbling feet, up across the lawn and the porch, toward the lights of the house. As the two women came into the living-room, Jim Stenson, seated by the fire, smoking, gave them a startled look and sprang up. "Dilly! What's wrong?"

MARTHA told them, "There's a dead man. In the lake. There beside the path," and went on past Ellen, who screamed and then put her hands over her mouth, into the little telephone room. She heard Jim and Ellen's voices questioning Dilly excitedly. The operater said, "Yes, Mrs. Bascom?"

"I want the sheriff, please."

"The — why, of course. I'll ring right away."

Jim Stenson shouted loudly, "I'll go right down and see—" His heavy footsteps pounded out of the living-room; the French window slammed.

The operator said, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Bascom. I tried his house. It's Sunday night, you know. Mrs. Bascom, is there trouble? What can I do?"

"The police! The police and the sheriff. Ask them to come here."

"Yes, yes, I will. I'll get somebody out there right away."

"Thank you—" She put down the telephone. Lem, now. What would she say to him? Only the blunt truth: I killed a man.

She tried to remember where he was to be at that time, that day, and couldn't. She couldn't remember anything but a rat-faced little man falling beneath her car, moving now, lifelessly, at the very edge of the lake.

Everything now was different. There was now only one course to take.

She had made the mistake Lem had told her she couldn't make and there was no possible way to right it.

She forced herself to go out through the living-room, where Ellen cried shrilly, "Martha, who is he? How did you happen to find him?"

Martha was halfway up the stairs when Ellen's questions really came to her realisation, and she didn't reply.

The slip of paper with Lem's full itinerary, all typed out for her, was in her handbag. She dialled zero again.

The operator's voice answered promptly, "I got hold of the sheriff, Mrs. Bascom. He's on his way now."

"Thank you. I want to put in a long-distance call." She heard her own voice steady and clear, giving the name of the hotel, the city, saying it was a person-to-person call.

Sooner than she expected, the operator's voice came back on. "They say at the hotel that he's gone to the studio, Mrs. Bascom. There's a radio programme. Shall I try to reach him there?"

Martha debated for only a second. Even an emergency telephone call couldn't reach him if he were actually on the air at that moment. And if he were not, there would be people all around him. "No. But will you keep on trying the hotel. I mean after the broadcast."

"I'll keep trying till I get him."

"Thank you." Martha hung up and said again to the

To page 62

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

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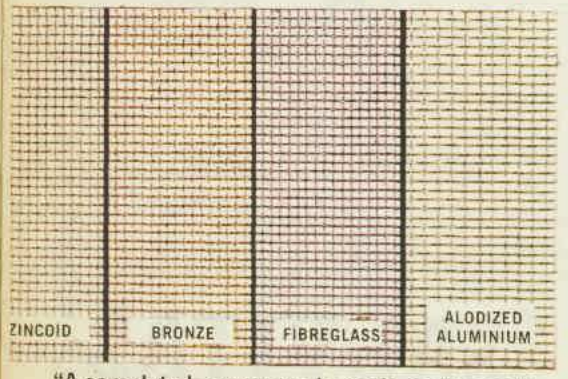

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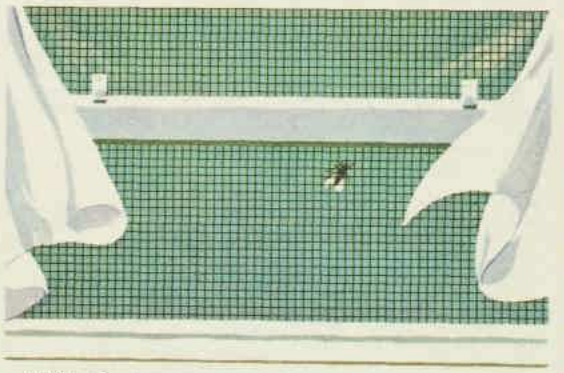

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

ARCHITECT—DIRECTED

Home Plans Service

SKETCH shows extended roof giving protection from the sun.

● This week our home plan, No. 512, features a two-bedroomed home with possible sleeping accommodation for four people. The house has been designed with an open fireplace, but other forms of heating could be used.

THIS week's plan is a two-bedroomed house with the second bedroom large enough for two beds.

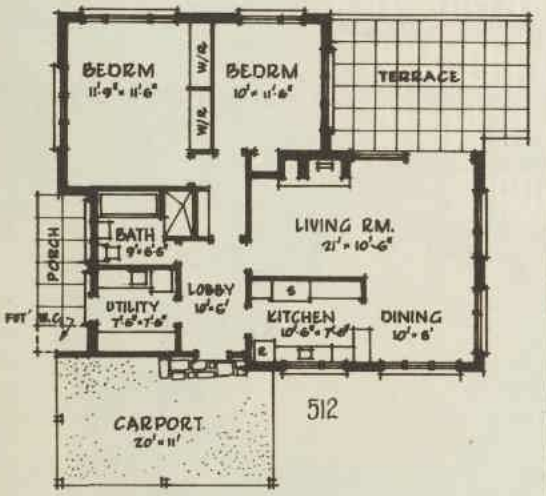
Each bedroom has fitted cupboards and wide spacious windows to give maximum light and air.

The separate entrance lobby to the house is entered from the carport. This not only protects the entrance door but also gives convenient all-weather access from the car to the house.

The living- and dining-rooms are combined on the open-plan design, and, with full-length glass doors leading to the terrace, there is a feeling of added spaciousness given to this whole area.

In this design an open fireplace is shown in the living-room, but other forms of heating could be used. For example, an oil heater located in the living-room against the kitchen wall could have its flue concealed on the kitchen side.

The kitchen is conveniently situated near the living-dining area with doors to the dining-room and lobby.



PLAN shows layout of two-bedroomed house.

The plan shows an outside porch off the utility-room which is roofed, and an outside toilet could be located as shown provisionally.

The bathroom is fitted with bath, shower, and toilet.

The roof of the house is also carried about 6ft. over the living-room terrace, thus providing protection for deck furniture, and relief from summer sunshine or showers.

Area in brick veneer (excluding terrace and carport) is 10.25 squares and in timber 9.4 squares.

Our Home Plans Service

HUNDREDS of home plans are available to readers at our architect-directed Home Planning Centres. All these plans can be modified to suit individual needs. Our centres in Victoria, Tasmania, Queensland, and South Australia are recognised by the Royal Australian Institute of Architects.

- Full plans and specifications from £10/10/-.
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FOR YOUR FAMILY'S HEALTH SAKE
WIPE IT WITH
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This type of block sponge, with its large holes, allows grease, grime and particles of fat to collect. This could harbour harmful bacteria — a constant health hazard. **(The smooth, long-lasting texture of Wettex prevents this — remember genuine Wettex is guaranteed.)**

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WS6A

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, identifies some interesting antiques owned by readers.

● *Victorian jug*

Two vases I have are marked, "Beech and Hancock, Swan Bank, Tunstall." Could you please identify them for me? — Mrs. S. E. Aston, Cheltenham, Vic.

These jugs (one of which is shown above) are typical examples of Victorian pottery. They were made by Beech and Hancock about 1875.

● *Plate and vase*

Could you please tell me about my Coalport plate and Rosenthal vase? The plate is simply marked Coalport and a date which I believe is A.D. 1750. There is also the number 5 half-way down one side. — Mrs. Elizabeth Irvine, Tomingley, N.S.W.

The Rosenthal vase (above) is comparatively modern. It is a fine quality example with a rich glaze. The Coalport plate (also shown above) was made between 1875 and 1881. This was the period when the mark was "Coalport A.D. 1750." Between 1881 and 1891 the same mark was used with the addition of a crown. After 1891 the word "England" was added.

Could you please tell me something about a very old dish I have? It is in the shape of a broccoli leaf, is a dark green color with a high glaze, and is stamped "Majolica Sarreguemines." — Mrs. E. Maitni, Suva, Fiji.

Your dish was made in France at the Sarreguemines Faience pottery, about 1860. A pottery business was established at Sarreguemines, Moselle, about 1770. During the 1850s and 1860s, the works were under the control of Utzchneider and Company. Your fine glazed dish was made by this firm.

I would appreciate any information you could give me about my copper coal scuttle. The centre piece dividing the two lids has a brass piping. — Miss M. Suffren, Nambour, Qld.

The attractive Victorian copper coal scuttle (right) is English. It was made between 1880 and 1890. The mark which it bears (illustrated in your sketch) indicates that the design was registered at the Patent Office in London. This was to prevent design piracy. The design of the scuttle was registered on September 23, 1880.

● *Copper coal scuttle*

OUR TRANSFER

SELECTION of sixteen novelty designs are from Embroidery Transfer No. 207. Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 1/6 or two for 2/9, plus 5d. postage.

a friend in deeds . . .

The sort of friend it's good for a family to have. And it's a handsome friend, too, this Westinghouse Wringer-Washer. From the moment it gets into your laundry, you'll love its consistent work-horse readiness: its way of working steadily right through the heaviest wash . . . **whenever** you want. For hours on end if necessary. Or for ten minutes looking after your dainties.

All this with simple, single-lever control. What's more, this Westinghouse Wringer-Washer gives you an adjustable wringer! Fast-action pump and big tub, too! Model 653 even has the luxury of a timer . . . for **automatic** control of heating and washing time. And, remember, your Westinghouse retailer's trade-in offer makes Westinghouse easy to own. Superb after-sales service, too (though you'll probably never need it).

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Illustrated, Westinghouse Wringer-Washer Model 653.

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WIN £1,000 CASH!

YOU COULD WIN THE
£1,000 XMAS TREE
FROM NEW **KOTEX***

have a carefree Christmas with £1,000 to spend

IT'S EASY! Below are three scrambled sentences. When the words are correctly arranged, they describe some reasons why New Kotex Napkins keep you comfortably safe. Find your clues at the right, rearrange the order of the words in the three sentences — and write them correctly in the spaces provided. Then write 25 words about the things which make Christmas enjoyable for you, in the space below. Mail your entry to: *Carefree Christmas Contest, Box 220, P.O., Crows Nest, N.S.W.*

CLUES: "New Kotex has a polythene accident barrier to stop moisture coming through. It's right at the base of your napkin, protects you when you're sitting, standing — moving. Special layers of cellucotton mean New Kotex has twice the absorbency, too. And you'll see New Kotex has a soft, strong cover. So you're comfortably safe in a way never possible before"

A barrier Kotex new accident has polythene.....

Twice the has Kotex new absorbency.....

Soft a cover Kotex new has strong.....

Complete the 25-word statement "To me, a carefree Christmas means.....

.....

....."

NAME:..... ADDRESS: (PRINT CLEARLY) .....

..... STATE:.....

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

1. There is no limit to the number of entries which can be sent, but each entry must be in a separate envelope and must be accompanied by the word 'Kotex' from the bottom of a Kotex pack (not required from residents of any State where their enclosure would contravene State law).
2. Entries must include the full name and address of the entrant.
3. Contest closes on December 7th. All entries must be postmarked not later than this date.
4. Chance plays no part in determining the winner and each entry will be compared and examined on its merits by a qualified panel of judges.
To qualify, entries must include the three scrambled sentences in their correct form. From the entries which qualify, the winner will be determined on the basis of originality, aptness and neatness in completing the 25-word statement.
5. All entries received become the property of Kimberly-Clark and none will be returned.
6. Winners will be notified by mail at the conclusion of the contest and a complete list of winners will be available on request.
7. Employees of Kimberly-Clark, their advertising agents and relatives of each are ineligible to enter.
8. Judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.

KK881

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Continued from page 57

RUN SCARED

vacant room, "Thank you—" not realising that she had hung up.

She hoped Lem would call before the sheriff arrived. She went into the bathroom and put cold water on her face and then scrubbed her hands as if she had touched the man down there in the lake.

She went downstairs. Dilly was sitting like a lump of waxy dough; somehow she had clutched her spectacles all through their wobbly journey up from the summer-house. Ellen ran to meet Martha; her red fluff of hair stood out like a cat's. "Martha, I can't get a word out of Dilly! Who is the man? Are you sure he's dead? Did you get the sheriff?"

"He's on his way. And the police."

Jim came plunging into the room again. His face was ashy. "Ellen! I didn't shoot him! I tell you I shot into the air!"

Ellen's face suddenly drained itself of color, too. "Jim! Is it the man, the window-peeper—?"

"I tell you I shot into the air. I couldn't have killed him!"

"Oh, . . ." Ellen thrust her hands wildly through her short red hair.

JIM brushed both hands across his eyes, stared blankly around the room, and then went heavily to the table. He poured himself a drink with shaking hands. "It's the same man. Dead all right. But I didn't even aim at him!"

Martha had to relieve Jim's anguish; she had to take the white terrible look from Ellen's pretty face. She had to say he wasn't shot, she had run over him; and she must wait a little because Lem had to know what she had done first.

But Dilly, aroused, put on her spectacles crookedly. "Was he shot, Jim?"

Something in her voice touched sharp attentiveness in Martha. Yet surely Dilly would give up all hopes of concealment now.

"I didn't touch him." Jim shuddered. "Besides, it's against the law. Couldn't move him or touch him. But —" He looked helplessly at Ellen. "Ellen, I couldn't have shot him. Yet—yet maybe I did. It was dusk. That gun of mine pulls a little to the left. Maybe I allowed too much for the pull, just out of habit. Maybe I aimed too low—"

"If you thought you shot in the air, then you did. You're a good shot," Ellen said swiftly.

Dilly said, "If you did shoot him—by accident, Jim, by accident—you had a right to. A window-peeper— Isn't that your land, down there where we found him?"

"My—" Jim stared at her and wiped his mouth with his hand. "You mean that strip going down to the lake? Yes, that's my land. I have riparian rights."

"Isn't there an old road through it?"

"Why, sure. I always meant to have it cleared out and build a cabin or something right at the edge of the lake." Jim was still ashy and shocked but also a little puzzled. "Why?"

Ellen gave Dilly a queer, hard look. "Dilly means just that, Jim. He's been found on your land."

"Ellen!" Dilly straightened her spectacles. "I didn't mean anything that would seem to implicate Jim. I was—" She took a breath and said flatly, "I was thinking of Lem."

"Lem," Jim said. "Oh—"

"Lem," Ellen said. She looked blank for a second; then she flashed, "It doesn't matter where the man was found. Jim didn't kill him."

"Wait a minute, Ellen," Jim said. "Dilly's right. The Bascom place—Lem—right now. One day to go till election. No, Dilly's right. We've got to keep Lem's name out of it if we can. No telling what they'll say—newspapers and all that. It's my land all right. I'll tell the sheriff. I'd better call him—"

"Martha called him," Dilly said. "He's on his way now."

Something about her was now more natural. Martha thought, but remotely, as if she were an observer, Dilly's back in the saddle again.

Ellen lighted a cigarette and thrust it so hard into her long holder that it broke; she flipped it into an ashtray and lit another. Jim poured himself another drink. Dilly said in a quiet, musing voice, "He could have just stumbled into the lake and drowned, Jim. If by any chance you shot him fatally he couldn't have got that far through the woods. Why, he couldn't have done that even if—well, even if—say a car had hit him and injured him so much that he died from it. He couldn't have gone ten feet with a mortal injury of any kind."

Oh, yes, Dilly was back in the saddle again.

Again Martha felt as if she had to take that look of horror from Jim's face, that white trouble from Ellen's. But their anxiety wouldn't last long; it was bad, but it wouldn't last long. If only Lem would call before the sheriff came!

Jim had thought over Dilly's adroit suggestion, a negative suggestion, designed to suggest only that the dead man could not have wandered

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Mrs. H. WIFE

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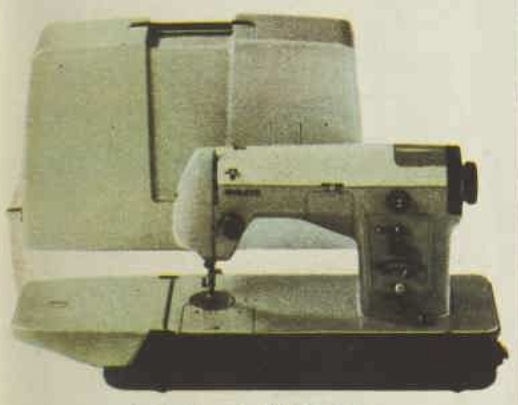
your new Borletti has:

automatic buttonholer
blind hemming
automatic needle threader
embroideries
thread cutter
overlocking
any speed

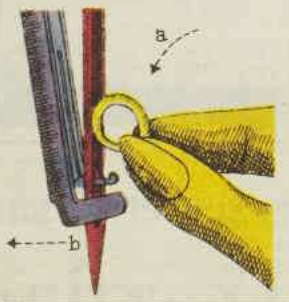


89 gns

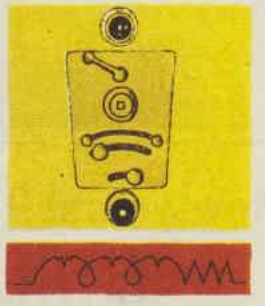
109 gns

Registered Case Design Australia 48274. United Kingdom 914633

You choose the model you want to try: The light, Continentally designed portable. Or the 'carry-away, sew-away, hide-away' model that switches from a fully portable carry case to a fully automatic sewing machine.
And then, in seconds, to a thoughtfully designed occasional table.
You realise that whichever model you choose you will never have to bend and strain when you move your Borletti to a sunnier room. Or hide it away somewhere. But enough said. Now you want to start sewing. You try the lamp, right there over the needle where your eyes do all their work.

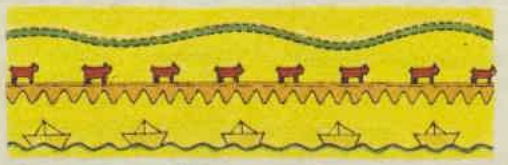


You start to thread the needle. You have always hated doing this, but no more. Not with Borletti.
We have an automatic needle threader that really works.
In fact after you've used it a few times you'll find that you can thread the needle with your eyes closed.



So now you have to decide which stitch you want to sew. And just by a simple flick of a lever on clearly marked, easily grouped controls you can go from the straight stitch to embroidery, or to zig zag. You can regulate the length of stitch.
Decide on forward or reverse and choose whatever speed you want from very slow to really fast and a thousand speeds in between.

And your Borletti can never go out of date because it works to a simple system that means every new stitch we develop is immediately available for your machine. So there is never a limit to the number of stitches you can sew.



For example: no other machine in the world can sew all these baby embroideries.
Only your Borletti.
Fine you say; but what about all the things you have to sew most times: like button holes.

All you have to do is turn the top knob to 4 clearly marked positions and sew normally.
That's honestly all there is to it. A complete button hole takes less than a minute. And your Borletti sews on buttons too; in seconds.
But right about now you notice that you've never seen or heard a sewing machine run as smoothly as your Borletti; you think it might be delicate.

But it isn't, it's as tough as nails. You can turn all the knobs at once; on & off, off & on, right & left, left & right; even while your Borletti is going, and you won't hurt a thing.
When you've compared all the machines on the market, and we hope you do, you will know that no other machine in Australia offers you so many easy-sewing features.
And your Borletti costs you little more, often less, than old-fashioned heavyweight machines that have hardly changed this century.

And whenever your Borletti needs servicing, which isn't very often, you have no worries. Our service is available all over Australia as it is in 75 other countries throughout the world. But in fact, you should never have any major expense with your Borletti because we have given it an international 25-year guarantee against any fault in manufacture. (Plus free service on everything for a year.)

You have the two fully automatic Borlettis, illustrated, to choose from at 89 and 109 gns.
Also two other Borlettis without the buttonholer or fancy stitches at 69 and 89 gns.
Stores, including those listed below, are now offering big trade-ins, low deposits and terms of shillings a week. So come see Borletti in the flesh and choose yours, soon.

Borletti

PUNTI PERFETTI

Demonstrated at and available from—SYDNEY: David Jones' • Eric Anderson • Farmer's • Grace Bros. • Horderns' • Waltons. **NEWCASTLE:** Churchill's • Thorpe. **MELBOURNE:** Myer (Melbourne) Ltd. • Waltons Stores • Westward Specialities. **BRISBANE:** Brisbane Sewing Machine Company • New Era Sewing Centre Stores • Ray Nelms, Maryborough • Nuss & Sons Pty. Ltd., Toowoomba • J.A. Furnshers, Sherwood • Redcliffe Sewing Centre, Redcliffe • Caboolture Sewing Centre, Caboolture. **ADELAIDE:** Myer Emporium (S.A.) Ltd. • David Jones' • John Martin & Co. Limited • G. Bailetti & Son • Hubbards Ltd. **PERTH:** Boans Ltd. • David Jones Ltd. • Foy and Gibson Ltd. • Ron F. Shaw Pty. Ltd. • Thomsons Pty. Ltd. • Vox Adeon Stores. **For service and spare parts 'phone State Distributors—VICTORIA:** E. W. Cornelius Pty. Ltd., 69-6044. **QUEENSLAND:** Walters Import, 2-5355. **SOUTH AUSTRALIA:** Newton McLaren Ltd., 51-0111. **WESTERN AUSTRALIA:** J. H. Wilberforce & Co., 71-6011. **NEW SOUTH WALES:** Sole Australian Agents—H. J. Lees & Co. Pty. Ltd. Sales: 36-4512, Service: 43-6108.

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Triumph
INTERNATIONAL

First in Australia with complete shape co-ordination!

Now yours! The glamorous secret of shape perfection!

taillana co-ordinates

Triumph International now reveal to Australian women the Continent's tightly kept secret of shape perfection . . . lovely, luxurious Taillana co-ordinates!

Question:
Why is it that Taillana co-ordinates are the key to this secret of shape perfection?

Answer:
Simple, feminine logic. If you take a bra with a shape that's new, less-rounded, distinctly pert, completely positive in its approach to shaping a woman, add a slip to repeat this shape exactly . . . and as Triumph do, make sure that bra and slip straps are a perfect position match . . . then pop into a smooth-seamed girdle that fits without a crease under the tailored lines of your slip, you must achieve the rare under-fashion harmony of Taillana co-ordinates.

Question:
What else makes Taillana co-ordinates so special?

Answer:
All the individual garment features . . . for example, opaque lining of all lace bras and slips, detachable, soft-cotton crotch in all panty girdles, plus exclusive Lycra elastic that 'starts' white and stays whiter.

Question:
Does 'Luxury' mean expensive?

Answer:
No, not in the least! Short cotton bra, Taillana SC 39/6, slip Taillana SP 59/11, and girdle Taillana G 69/6! . . . this is the average price of the full Triumph Taillana range . . . stretch bras,—shoulder-tip bras and slips, bras and slips with fashion-low back and front lines, half-slip, plus matching gussie, girdles and corsolette . . . all for you now at leading fashion foundation stores and salons in sets or separates.

Triumph
INTERNATIONAL

Footnote on Triumph International . . . a Continent-based company, for 75 years beloved of the women in over 80 countries as the manufacturer of finest foundations, lingerie and swimwear, now proudly presented to you by the House of Jenyns

taillana co-ordinates Creations from the House of Jenyns

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far from the road where Martha had struck him with the car, but, of course, Jim didn't as yet know that. Dilly was clever.

Jim shook his head. "If he was by any chance hit by a car that hard, I mean so it killed him, he couldn't have got that far. Not likely. But if I shot him, yes. You never know about a gunshot."

"You know you didn't shoot him," Ellen said again, stubbornly.

"I knew until I saw the little weasel just now. But now I'm not so sure— Here's the sheriff." Jim put down his glass and lunged heavily across the room. As he opened the door, car lights swept across the porch. The sound of a racing engine thudded all over the room. Jim turned back. "You women stay here. I'll take the sheriff down there."

He closed the door. After a pause the car started up again and passed the house, on around the driveway.

"They're going through the woods. The old road there," Ellen said.

Martha sat down. She knew that Dilly was watching her.

"I'll see the sheriff," Dilly said. "You needn't see him at all, Martha."

Martha looked up. "I'll see him."

"What's the rest of the message?"

Ellen didn't even know that she and Dilly were fighting a battle. Ellen said, "I tell you Jim is too good a shot to make a mistake. He couldn't have killed that man."

Dilly said, "We aren't even sure that he was shot."

"You were quick to remind us that he was found just where he was found. That strip of land and riparian rights do belong to Jim. Everybody knows that—"

"Jim said himself that he wanted to keep Lem's name out of it," Dilly said.

"Jim, of course! He'd do more than that for Lem. Besides," Ellen said bleakly, "it's the truth. But that doesn't mean that Jim shot him."

"I think," Dilly said after a pause, "I think we're getting ahead of ourselves. For all we know the man had some sort of seizure, was drunk perhaps, simply stumbled into the lake and drowned. We're jumping at conclusions."

Ellen dropped her cigarette and didn't know it; she went right on putting her holder to her lips, pacing up and down. Martha smelled burning wool, rose, found the glowing end of the cigarette, and scrubbed it out with her slipper.

The telephone didn't ring. It still hadn't rung when the men came, their footsteps heavy on the porch, talking in low voices.

There were only the sheriff and Jim. Jim ushered

Continued from page 62

RUN SCARED

in the sheriff, a big, red-faced, and friendly looking man probably in his late fifties; he was extremely neat in his dark Sunday suit. Jim introduced him to Martha and the sheriff said he was glad to know her but sorry she had had such a shock. "Now if I may use the telephone?' '

"It's in there—I'll show you—" Jim led the way.

Ellen couldn't wait; she ran to Jim and caught his elbow. "Jim, was he shot?"

Jim gave her a blank, pale look and nodded. "Shot. In the back. Sheriff and I pulled him out and turned him over—"

ALL three of them were crowding at the door of the telephone room.

Shot? Martha felt as if a heavy wave had caught and flung her, dizzy and struggling, upon a rocky shore. Dilly surged out of the tumult, padding swiftly across to her. "Be quiet," she whispered.

"They said he was shot! I killed him—"

"I tell you be quiet. Let things work themselves out."

Something obscure, yet something that seemed important, too, was tugging at Martha's memory; she couldn't pull it out and examine it and she knew vaguely that Dilly took her silence for obedience and padded softly back to a chair again.

The sheriff's voice was booming at the telephone. "—take that old road that runs to the lake just past the Bascom place. No, nobody I know—See if you can find the doc to do an autopsy. I don't care if it is Sunday night, he's the coroner — Right."

He and Ellen and Jim straggled back into the room. The sheriff wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. "Bad thing. Jim, I don't think you shot him."

Jim sat down, his shoulders stooped, his hands hanging miserably between his knees. "Could have, Sheriff. It was dark, everything in a hurry. I meant to fire in the air."

"It's a good distance between your fence and the back door. Take that hangdog look off your face, at least till we find out for sure what did hit him."

Martha said in a harsh, queer voice, "Were there any other injuries, Sheriff? Besides the shot?"

Dilly instantly said, oh so mildly, "We thought he might have had some sort of seizure, just stumbled into the lake or something."

The sheriff replied to Dilly. "It was dark down there. I had only my flashlight. I wouldn't be able to tell about that. Thinking of some kind of accident?"

Dilly shook her head. "I don't know."

"You look bad, Mrs. Downes," the sheriff said. "You're worrying about Lem, aren't you? Well, I guess you're worrying about Lem, too, Mrs. Bascom." He turned kindly to Martha. "Thinking about newspapers and such, I expect. But don't worry. Jim says he never saw this fellow until he saw him peeking in the window. I sure never saw him before. He's not from these parts. I'd know. Nasty character, I'd say. Likely the police already want him. If you'd told me about that window-peeping, Jim, I'd have had him in the jug that night."

"Not if my shot hit him and he just went down there and died," Jim said miserably.

"You'd never have thought to search the lake."

Again there was a dim stirring in Martha's memory as if something important demanded to be heard. A more urgent question drove it away.

Should she tell the sheriff the whole story now or wait for Lem's telephone call? Instinct said, tell it now, and instinct also said, tell Lem first. The gunshot itself was confusing, like fog masking a strange road.

The sheriff settled it. "I'll be back just to take your statements, Mrs. Downes. And yours, Mrs. Bascom. Now Jim, you go on home —"

Martha said quickly, "Sheriff, if anything happens or — anything — will you be at home so we can reach you?"

Dilly's head moved just a little so Martha caught the flash of her spectacles.

The sheriff took Martha's inquiry at face value. "I'm going now to meet the boys down at the lake. But sure, you can reach me at the police station or at home later. Don't you two women get scared. Whoever shot that guy is not likely to come around again. Still, if you're kind of upset and nervous I'll ask for a couple of State police to stay here all night. How about that?"

"Oh, no," Dilly said, "thank you—"

Martha said, "Thank you —"

"Well, now, be sure to phone to me, just any time." The sheriff went out the french window.

"He's right," Ellen said. "You didn't kill him, Jim. Now come on home—"

"If I didn't kill him," Jim said, still with that blank, stunned look, "then who did?"

There was a sudden, odd moment of silence. It was so still that Jim's question seemed to hover in the air, repeating itself. Who did kill him?

Ellen caught her breath and broke the silence. "Somebody else who caught him peeping through a window. Now come home — please come, Jim—"

Jim shambled like a guilty schoolboy to the door. Ellen's red hair still stuck out aggressively; she tucked her hand into Jim's arm and said as they left, "Now take it easy, old boy."

The door had barely closed when Dilly began it. "You see? You had nothing to do with it. Either Jim shot him by accident, not intending to—or he was peering in somebody else's window and he took a shot at him. He was wounded; he was drunk; he stumbled down somehow to the lake and you had nothing at all to do with it — I've misjudged you, Martha."

To page 67

Hair beauty consultant writes

Sun + Surf =
DRY, BRITTLE HAIR!

Most of us use a skin food to fight summer dryness, but what about *hair?*

To wash sand out is not nearly enough! Your hair needs the rich, revitalising goodness of 'KIRONE-R'*.

Developed by L'Oreal of Paris, 'KIRONE-R' nourishes the hair, giving new shining health and beauty!

Just shampoo, rinse and apply 'KIRONE-R' before setting. It's not an expensive luxury!

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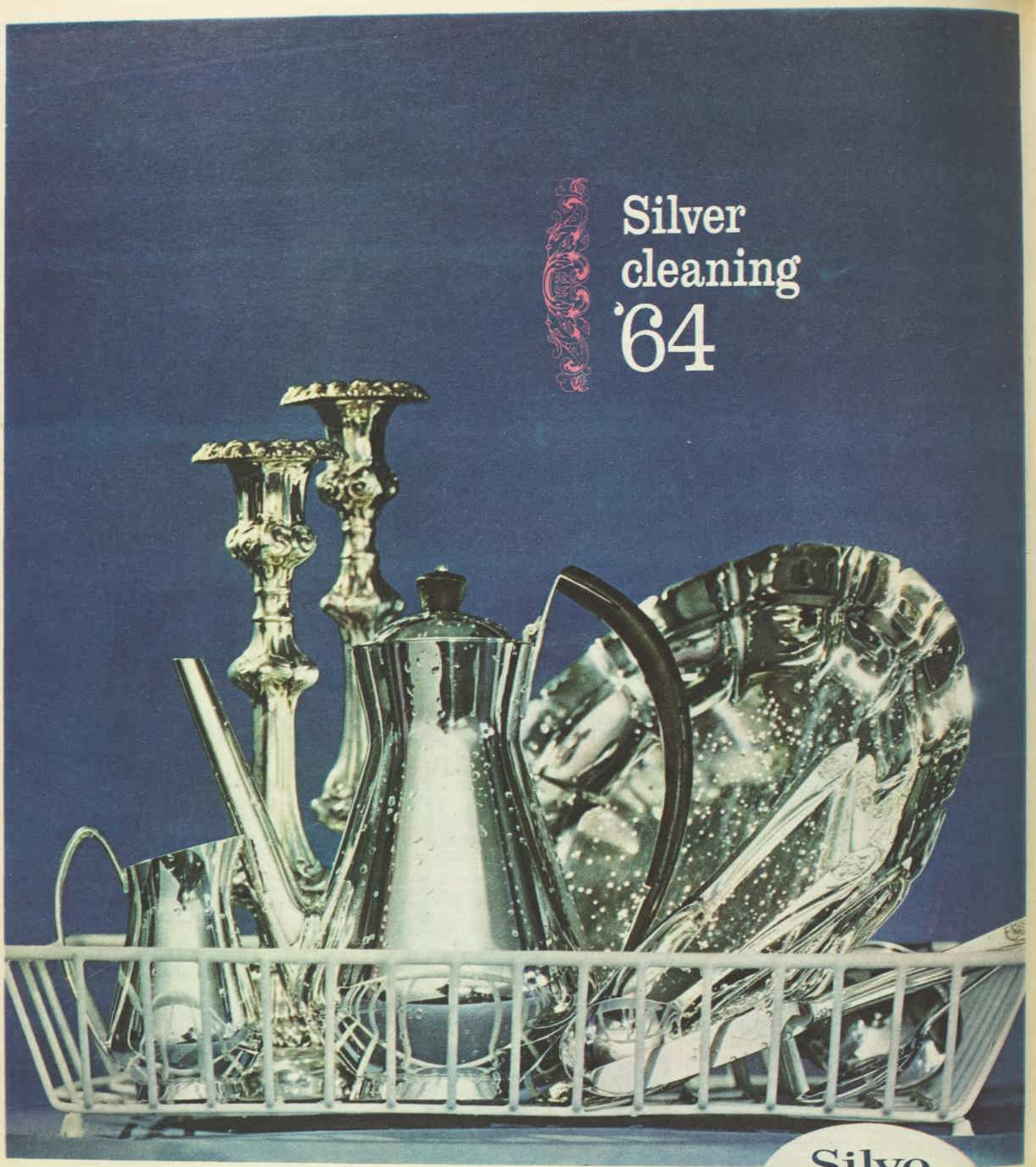
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Continued from page 65

That pierced Martha's distracted listening for the telephone. "You what?"

"I'm a pretty good judge of character as a rule. Old Zeke always said so. He relied on me in some ways. Oh, he taught me everything I know of politics, but he said, too, that I had a natural flair. Half of politics, he said, is the problem of inducing people to want to do what you want them to do—"

"You did that all right," Martha said as flatly as Dilly. "But no—wait. I shouldn't have said that. I can't blame you. I made up my own mind."

"That's what I mean," Dilly said disconcertingly. "When I met you I thought—well, naturally, I thought she's got a pretty face, she's got beauty really, youth, sparkle, Lem is obviously head over heels in love with her and Lem is tough. I mean his mind is tough, hard. He wouldn't have fallen in love with just anybody. But still I thought that's about all she's got."

"Thank you," Martha said dryly.

DILLY had the grace to look a little embarrassed. "No, please understand me. I only mean that — you seemed so young and so — so — oh, polite. Agreeable. What I'm trying to say is that I thought anybody you liked could influence you. Don't think I'm disparaging you."

"You mean you expected me to be a pushover." It must soon be time for the radio programme to end and for Lem to get her message.

Dilly shoved her spectacles up. "Yes, I did, in a way. But now you see, you've shown your own strength of character. I was very proud of you when you didn't just break down like a schoolgirl and have hysterics all over the place—"

"And tell the sheriff exactly what happened?"

"Of course, that's what I mean. You put Lem first."

The telephone rang.

Dilly started to her feet. Martha said, "Stay there, Dilly. It's Lem."

"Lem!" Dilly jumped up and Martha said, "I called him," and whirled around.

She was nearer the telephone room than Dilly, but she barely made it to the door ahead of Dilly.

"No — " Dilly cried. Martha took up the telephone.

It was Lem. "Martha, the girl said you wanted to talk to me right away. What's wrong?"

Dilly's hand came out to reach for the receiver and Martha shoved her away. "Lem, is anyone with you?"

"Yes, sure, the room's full—but tell me. What's the matter?"

Martha thought hard. "Lem, can you come here tonight? Right away?"

"I'll be there as soon as we can make it. But what is it, Martha?"

"I would rather tell you when you get here—"

"For heaven's sake, I can't drive fifty-odd miles wondering what's wrong. You sound scared. Have you had an accident?"

"No, no. That is, I'm all right." Half the truth was better than none of it. Fifty odd miles of anxiety! "Lem, a man has been found in the lake near the house. He was—killed."

"Who?"

"I don't know—that is—the sheriff has been here. The police are here now."

RUN SCARED

Dilly tried to wrest the telephone from her and Martha held on to it. "Don't drive too fast. I'm all right—but Lem, please come."

"Let me talk to the sheriff."

"He is not here now. I mean, they are all down at the lake."

"I'll start right away." She heard him shout over his shoulder. "Archie, get a car. We're going to Bascom Bay—" His voice came back directly to her. "Take it easy, Mrs. Schultz," he said and hung up.

Mrs. Schultz.

How would she tell him?

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

186

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RUN SCARED

Dilly had walked back to stand before the fire.

She said, "Well, you've done it. Or you're going to as soon as he gets here. Once Lem knows, he will have the whole thing out in the open. I thought you loved him."

"I do love him."

"So much that you'll sacrifice him, and for what? Nothing. That's not love. You'll sacrifice yourself, too. Even you should realise that a man's love can change, just like that, in a moment. He will never trust you again. Knowing Lem I would say that that means he will never love you again. That's what you propose to do to yourself and to Lem."

Dilly could tell the truth mildly, conceding her opponent's strength, but at the same time bringing up her big guns to fight it. She could also tell the truth as sharply as the slice of a knife.

Martha looked at her watch and started for the kitchen.

"Where are you going?" Dilly demanded.

"They'll be hungry. I'm going to fix supper."

She had reached the wide archway into the dining-room when Dilly said huskily, in almost an anguish of pleading, "Martha, I beg you—"

Martha turned back, surprised. Dilly looked, why, she looked heartbroken, tragic! She looked like a wounded tabby cat begging for help.

"Why—why, Dilly!"

"It's only one more day," Dilly said, still husky, still heartbroken, still pleading.

Perhaps, without recognising it, a certain question had stirred a little, during the past weeks, in Martha's awareness. Certainly it sprang now into full being as if it were no new thing.

"Does it mean so much to you?" Martha said slowly.

"One more day. Just till election—"

"Dilly, why do you so much want Lem to be elected?"

"Because — because — he's the right man."

"There's something else. You wouldn't work so hard, you wouldn't care so much unless—" Martha took a quick breath and said steadily, "Are you in love with Lem?"

But Dilly stared at her as if thunderstruck. Then she laughed shortly. "You really are a little fool! Good heavens, no! What ever put that in your head?"

"You did," Martha said truthfully.

"I told you, no. There's nothing at all between us. Never was. There's nothing romantic about anybody you've been brought up with. I'm not in the slightest, faintest little — oh, for heaven's sake, Martha! Just believe me. I am not in love with Lem and never was. Lem is not in love with me and never was."

"You only think of Lem."

"I want him to be elected."

"Why?"

"I've told you. He's the man for the job. He'll go far—if you'll rise above that silly, selfish little conscience of yours and keep your mouth shut. Martha, you can't possibly be jealous of me. There's nothing to be jealous about."

"I wasn't jealous about Lem," Martha said slowly. "But—yes, I've been jealous of you because you know so much that I don't know. I thought that Lem ought to have a wife like you. But I knew that Lem loved me just the same."

"Isn't that the important thing to you? Don't—I beg you, Martha, don't throw Lem's love away."

Martha couldn't entirely believe that Dilly had put her heart into Lem's career as wholly as she had done unless she had first given her heart to Lem. Yet in another way she did believe her. Dilly might not be in love with Lem. But the truth was she shared Lem's life in a way in which Martha couldn't share it. Yes, she was envious of Dilly for that reason—and ashamed.

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have asked you that," she said, and quickly went on to the kitchen. Dilly didn't follow her.

Martha turned on lights, and the big, comfortable old kitchen came into life. She went automatically through the motions. Stinky wreathed around her legs, his great striped tail waving. She looked at her watch and compared it with the kitchen clock a dozen times. She hoped that Lem would not drive too fast.

SHE wished that Archie would not come with him, but it seemed likely that he would; in another way she preferred it, for Lem, alone, might drive too fast that murky, still half-wet night, with all the Sunday traffic.

After a time Dilly came out, her high heels clicking sharply along the floor. "They've taken the dead man away. I saw the car lights."

She sat down in a straight kitchen chair at the table and leaned her head in her hands. Martha called on her own reserves against argument, but there was no need, for Dilly just sat there, a flabby, silent, and somehow hopeless little figure.

The coffee bubbled and sent out a homely fragrance which seemed remarkable, out of kilter with a world where nightmares came true.

At last Dilly mumbled something about the news, pulled herself up gracelessly, like an old woman, and teetered out of the kitchen in her tight shoes.

Martha sat down as Dilly had done, and leaned her head in her hands. From the living-room came muffled voices from the television or a radio. The only sound in the kitchen was the remorseless tick, tick of the clock, bringing Lem nearer with every tick.

Once she actually thought how much easier it would be if she yielded to Dilly and did not tell Lem, did not tell anybody that she had run over the dead man. If injuries showed up in the autopsy the police were likely to link them with the gunshot. They were not at all likely, ever, to question Martha about anything.

It would be easier, if it came to that, simply to take her coat and walk out of the house and never come back! Anything would be easier than what she had to do.

It seemed preposterous now that slowly, little by little, all the time thinking of herself as being sensible and even courageous, she could have deliberately, of her own volition, snarled herself in what was nothing else but a criminal offence.

Face the consequences, she thought; but it was Lem who had to face consequences.

The time dragged, yet they arrived sooner than she expected. She heard Lem's car roaring up the driveway. She heard it stop with a slam of brakes. She heard the door open. She heard Lem's voice and Dilly's and Archie's, high-pitched and questioning, and she waited.

She knew it for cowardice and she still waited. Finally in sheer shame she forced her muscles to obey her; she rose, she forced herself to walk to the door of the

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RUN SCARED

living-room. They were all talking at once.

"—I thought something had happened!" That was Archie in shrill relief.

"—and Jim thinks it was his shot that killed him. But that's all there is to it." That was Dilly, calm and quiet. "Of course, Martha was upset."

"Where's Martha?" Lem asked.

"Here I am." Lem whirled around and came toward her, his face eager, but, like Archie's, relieved.

"Don't look like that, Mrs. Schultz. It was a shock, but—"

"No, wait, Lem." She looked at Dilly. "You're playing the hand out to the last card, aren't you, Dilly?"

Dilly didn't even blink. "I just told Lem the facts—"

"But not all the facts," Martha said. Dilly flung out a protesting hand; her small face was tragic and pleading again.

Martha ignored it. She looked straight into Lem's surprised dark eyes. "Thursday night, driving here, a man came out in the road. I ran over him. I may have killed him. I didn't report it to the police."

She saw Lem's face change: she heard Archie give a startled kind of yelp.

THEN Lem caught her arm hard. "What are you talking about?"

"Wait," Dilly cried. "Wait I'll tell him—"

"I'll tell him," Martha said. She held the back of a chair near her. She told him.

Dilly kept interrupting. "I stopped her. I gave her sleeping pills—"

"You what?" Lem's eyes were blazing from his white face.

"In her drink. She tried to drive to the Stensons' to telephone. Our phone wasn't connected. She slept till the next afternoon. By that time I had investigated. There was no report of anyone injured, any car accident—"

"You might have killed her!"

"I didn't," Dilly said and took off one slipper.

Archie groaned and collapsed like a pink balloon on the sofa.

Lem rubbed his forehead. "I can't get it straight. Now then, Martha—you had stopped at the Stensons'—then you came on here—the man you found this afternoon fell in front of the car—"

"I knew I had run over him. I felt two bumps. I stopped the car and went back—" Martha told it all again.

Dilly talked, too, at the same time. "Drunk. A window-peeper. Publicity, just at this time. I told Martha it wasn't fair to you to report it. It was all my doing—"

Martha heard that and interrupted herself. "I decided not to report it and not to tell you, Lem."

Lem brushed his hand across his eyes in a bewildered way. "You can't mean that all this happened Thursday night!"

"Yes."

"Thursday — Friday — Saturday — today. You had all this time—"

Archie moaned. "A hit-and-run driver. The newspapers! The day before election."

"The point is he was shot," Dilly said. "Why does it have to reach the newspapers at all?"

Lem shook his head as if he wished they'd be quiet. His eyes were blazing, yet queerly steely, too. He said to Martha, "And you didn't tell the sheriff about this tonight?"

"No, I wanted to tell you first."

She had never seen Lem angry; she did then. It was a cold anger; it seemed worse, because he was aware of it; he obviously tried to control himself. He started to speak, checked himself, turned and walked across the room. They all heard him at the telephone.

Dilly said to Martha, "I hope you're satisfied."

Archie, terrified, whispered to Dilly, "Can't you stop him?"

"Try it yourself," Dilly said.

Archie shrank back.

Lem was talking to the sheriff. "It's Lem Bascom. I'm at home. Can you come out here?" It didn't sound like Lem, not that hard, icily controlled voice.

Archie huddled back into the sofa, eyeing Lem in a frightened way as Lem came back. Lem said, "Martha, I want to talk to you alone. Will you come with me?" He was coldly, terribly courteous.

He led the way toward the library at the end of the long room. Martha followed him, hearing her own footsteps in the dead silence of the room.

The library was cold and dark. Lem closed the door and turned on a lamp at the long magazine table.

"I can't understand it."

Lem went to the cold and empty fireplace and stood before it.

"I was here Saturday night. Why didn't you tell me then?"

"I had decided not to tell you."

"Why? I wouldn't have beaten you!"

"Because — it was so near election. I couldn't do that to you."

He stared at her as if he'd never really seen her before. "But you're my wife!"

"Yes!" His own anger was rousing anger in her; she couldn't stop it. "That's why I didn't tell you."

"Are you trying to say that you thought it your duty to shield me?"

"Yes! Yes, I thought that. Besides, by Saturday night I knew he was alive. Oh," she cried, "that's what I couldn't remember! That's what the sheriff and Jim didn't know!"

She had known there was something important, and that was it. The dead man couldn't have died on Thursday night because he had telephoned to her Friday night and Saturday night.

Lem said. "What?"

"I knew he was alive! He phoned

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"She's out spurring our nation's economy."

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RUN SCARED

me! He said he had a raincoat with tyre marks. That was Friday night. He phoned again on Saturday night and said the same thing."

"Who phoned you?"

"That man. The man I ran over! So I knew he was alive."

"Tell me exactly, slowly, what you're talking about."

She hugged her arms around her and was no warmer. She marshalled herself and events and time and told him everything there was to tell about the two telephone calls. "Archie heard the second one."

"Archie?" Lem sprang across the room, jerked open the door, and called, "Archie! What's this about a phone call Saturday night?"

Archie came running. "Boss, I heard it! A man said he had a raincoat with tyre marks. Then when I said something he hung up. I asked Martha about it, but she didn't tell me what had happened. So I figured it was some crackpot. I didn't think it was important. I didn't take it seriously. I wish I had." Archie sounded as if he were about to cry. "But Martha didn't tell me a thing about the car accident. Not a thing—"

"You didn't tell me about that phone call, either." Lem slammed the door so hard it seemed to Martha the solid old room shook. He came back.

He went to the fireplace; he said in a deliberately quiet and reasonable voice, "Did you tell Dilly about the phone calls?"

"Yes."

"So she didn't tell me, either." He burst out again, thumping one hand hard on the mantel. "Car accident! Extortion! Blackmail! Heaven knows what else!" He tried to calm himself. He went to a chair, sat down, and looked at Martha. "All right, all right. Now then—try to tell me the whole thing, everything all over again. Don't leave out anything this time."

She couldn't justly blame him for his anger; at the same time anger welled up in her own heart. "It wasn't easy! I did what I thought was best for you. For the election. It wasn't easy!"

"Tell me the whole story again. Everything—as clearly as you can."

One helpful thing about anger is that it gives a false strength. Martha went through the entire story again, every detail she could remember, almost objectively, her voice as cold and steady as Lem's. "And that's all," she said at last. "Except that you can't blame Dilly. It was my own decision."

He waited a moment. He drew a packet of cigarettes from his pocket and then sat there, turning it over and over in his hands. "And when did you make this—decision?"

There was a cutting edge to his question.

Anger flamed over her. "Actually when I heard your speech Friday afternoon. If you want to know why, it's because it was a great speech. I knew then—at least—" Suddenly anger left her. She said miserably, "I knew you were—you might be a great man. I can't stand in your way. I thought I did what was best."

He might not have heard her. He turned and twisted the packet of cigarettes in his hand, his dark head bent. Finally he said, "Weren't you scared when he phoned you?"

"Yes. That is, for a little while. But then I was glad."

His head jerked up at that. "Glad!"

"Because it proved I hadn't killed him."

He stared at her again for a moment, yet it was as if he didn't see her. He rose, he went back to the fireplace and stood with his back to her, thinking.

The cold in the room was creeping back, as her hot anger deserted her. She said at last, "I was wrong. But I thought I was right at the time. I knew that if I told you anything about it you'd say that the accident must be reported. Then the newspapers—"

"You knew that and still you didn't tell me." He turned to look at her directly. "Martha, it was not your decision to make."

So Dilly was right, Martha thought; She had lost Lem. She looked down at the rug. It was thin and worn; one corner was frayed as if long ago a puppy had worried it with his teeth. She turned it over with the toe of her slipper, looked at it, turned it back, and smoothed it down as carefully as if it mattered.

Yet she had to defend herself.

"You're not being fair to me, Lem."

There was another silence. She believed that he was thinking so deeply that he hadn't heard her. But he had heard her, for he said, "You knew you were breaking the law."

"Yes. Yes — I knew it. What is the penalty for hit-and-run driving?"

Something went over Lem's face as if she had struck him. "The—" He cleared his throat. "There's a gaol sentence or fine or both. Depending on the circumstances."

She stood, because she had to assert whatever strength she had left in her. "I don't need to say that I intend to pay whatever penalty it is. I'm only sorry that it involves you, too. Now, before election."

Archie opened the door. "Lem," he cried, "Dilly's told me that Martha had a martini at the Stensons'! They'll say drunken driving. Lem, if you tell the sheriff about this and the newspapers get it, you're finished. Think of what the Huxton crowd will do with this! Drunken driving. Hit-and-run driving. Boss, if you won't think of yourself, think of Martha."

There was another heavy silence. Then Lem slowly said, "I'm thinking of Martha."

"Are you going to send your own wife to gaol?" Archie said.

Dilly came thumping in in her stockinged feet behind Archie. She pushed him aside. "And think of all the people who have faith in you, Lem."

"I trusted you, Dilly," Lem said.

Dilly didn't flinch; she went on as if he hadn't spoken. "I did what was right. So did Martha. What's a drunken little window-peeper to — to you, Lem? The election? All the people who have backed you, who believe in you—"

Archie cried, "Why, Lem — there's even the Presidency! You might have made it. Everybody says it's on the cards. You can't throw that away—"

"I trusted you, too, Archie," Lem said.

And he trusted me more than anybody, Martha thought. Yet she had been so sure.

In the silence all of them heard the sound of an approaching car. Dilly said, "It's the sheriff! Lem, I've earned a hearing. I've earned some consideration, I beg of you—"

"I want to talk to Martha," Lem said.

Archie pleaded. "Lem, I'll tell the sheriff to leave. I'll get rid of him somehow—"

"Get out, Archie—"

"I'll open the door for the sheriff," Dilly said matter-of-factly and disappeared.

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Archie gave one last imploring look at Lem. "It'll finish you — everything — not a hope —"

"If you had brought Martha up here to the lake as I told you to, this wouldn't have happened," Lem said, white with anger again, lashing out at Archie.

"But I had to go to see Carrway. Dilly told me he was wavering. I had to see him —"

"He wasn't wavering. You told me he was right. You didn't even tell me that you were not going to drive Martha here. You didn't tell me about the phone call you heard. You — oh, get out!"

Archie scuttled away.

"You shouldn't talk to Archie like that," Martha said stiffly. "He did his best."

"All of you did your best." He might as well have said, "All of you did your worst."

A SWIFT anger flamed over Martha again. "All right. Let me tell you something! I was at fault. I can't change things now. But, remember, all I've heard since I married you has been politics. Do this, do that. Smile, put your head up when you're being photographed. Don't talk to reporters unless somebody is with you — to guide you. Oh, none of you said I needed guiding, but you all meant that. The committees, the party leaders! Think of the voters! Election Day — don't think of anything but that.

"Lem may be governor. Lem — just maybe — might be President, someday. Remember, everything you do, everything you say will be picked up, talked about, printed about. That's all I've heard! I know I'm young. I know I've had no experience in this life of yours. I don't have to be told that —"

"You said you wanted help. You listened to Dilly. You listened to Ma. I told you not to —"

"But you said they knew! You said Dilly and your mother — oh, it was my decision. But how could I make any other when for all these weeks it's been, Martha, be careful. Martha, don't talk. Martha, don't breathe, don't — don't — don't —"

"I didn't know that you felt like this!"

"So I tried to help. I thought I was helping. You said you trusted Dilly and you trusted Archie, and you blamed both of them. I'm the one to blame. You trusted me.

Continued from page 70

RUN SCARED

Well, never trust me again. You'll not trust me anyway, so let me be the first to say it —"

"Stop screaming," Lem said, his lips white.

"I'll scream if I want to —"

He came to her and grasped her shoulders so hard that his hands dug into her flesh. "You've said enough. You married me. There's no way out of it —"

"Oh, yes! There'll be a way out of it. The way you want. Marry somebody like Dilly —"

"You're talking like a child. Now, listen —"

"You're hurting me."

"Oh, I'm sorry." He dropped his hands from her shoulders. "Martha, I know it's been hell for you. I do understand that you thought you were right. I suppose it's a woman's view, but —"

"It was a mistake. A terrible mistake. I know that!"

"But even after this phone call came you didn't tell me! How could you have expected to deal with a blackmailer?"

"I was going to find a way," she said stubbornly.

He stared at her. Finally he shook his head. "I can't make you understand. We're not talking the same language. The point now is that to report this—now—it's like throwing you to the wolves."

"It's throwing you to the wolves, too."

He turned away from her. He went back to the mantel and looked up again at the portrait above it. She could hear voices in the living-room and she wondered briefly what Archie and Dilly were telling the sheriff.

Lem said over his shoulder, "I suppose no actual harm would be done if we do as Dilly and Archie want us to do. Just keep our mouths shut. I can tell the sheriff that I only wanted to hear everything he knows about this dead man."

"You would despise me—" But he already despised her. She said, "You would despise yourself."

She turned toward the door; he heard her and said sharply, "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to get it all over with."

"Wait—" Lem was still looking up at the portrait, and she followed his gaze. It was not a portrait of his father; the style of clothing was that of a hundred years ago; but there was a kind of family resemblance between Lem and the face in the portrait, something about the direct eyes and firm jaw line. Lem said almost in a musing way, "That's my great-grandfather. He was in government. He was offered a post in Lincoln's cabinet. He knew war was coming. He refused the cabinet post and went into the army. He was killed at Chancellorsville."

"And I've killed all your chances in government—"

"That's not what I meant."

He turned and came toward her.

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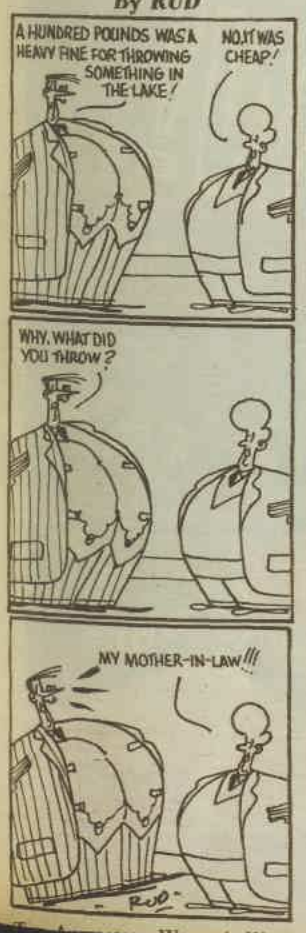
IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



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Betty Sydney

Fresh Flavour

TOPPING WHIP

just add milk ... whips like magic!

NEW!

New creamy topping for fruit and desserts — delicious in cakes, sponges and cream puffs.

It's the finishing touch that means so much. New Betty Sydney Topping Whip makes the smoothest, creamiest topping imaginable. Keep a packet handy . . . always fresh . . . economical, too!

Betty Sydney *When it comes from the pack with the Red Spoon – it's best!*

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SERVED IN SLICES

SLICES at back are Chester Cakes, Apricot Ginger Bars, Lemon and Passionfruit Slices. In front, Apricot Slices, Peanut Slices, Fruit Shortcake, Coconut Slices.

● Slices can be made of a cake or a biscuit mixture or can be layers of each. They can have a wide variety of toppings and of fillings either simple or more elaborate —but all are delicious.

SLICES are easily made and are enjoyed by everyone. Most of the recipes in this cookery feature need no further attention once the slices are cut and removed from the tin, because they bake complete with base and topping.

FRUIT SHORTCAKES

Biscuit: Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 2oz. self-raising flour, 6oz. plain flour, pinch salt, 1 egg-yolk, milk to mix.

Topping: Two cups stale cake-crumbs, 2 tablespoons sweet sherry (or orange juice), 2oz. butter or substitute, 2oz. brown sugar, 1 egg, raspberry jam, ½ cup each chopped raisins, sultanas, and currants, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1-3rd cup coconut, lemon icing, walnuts.

Beat butter with sugar until light and fluffy, add egg-yolk. Work in sifted flours and salt, mix to a firm dough; add a little milk if necessary. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly. Roll out thinly and line greased oblong tin.

Place cake-crumbs in basin, sprinkle with sherry. Cream butter with sugar, add egg, beat well. Fold in cake-crumbs, fruits, spice, and coconut. Spread jam over biscuit base, then top with cake-crumb mixture. Bake in moderate oven about 40 minutes. Cool, top with icing, sprinkle with walnuts.

COCONUT SLICES

Six ounces biscuit or shortcrust pastry, jam, 2 egg-whites, 1 cup sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla or grenadine essence, 3 cups coconut.

Press pastry into base of lamington-tin (7in. x 11in.), prick lightly, and cover with a layer of jam. Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add sugar, beating constantly. Fold in vanilla and coconut. Spread over jam layer evenly. Bake in moderate oven about 25 minutes; reduce heat if coconut gets too brown. Allow to cool slightly, then cut into squares.

CHESTER CAKES

Two ounces butter or substitute, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 6oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, milk.

Filling: Two ounces sugar, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 egg, ¼ cup milk, 2 cups fruitcake crumbs, pink icing.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg and vanilla, beat well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients, add milk to mix. Spread evenly over base and halfway up sides of greased 7in. shallow tin. Bake in moderate oven 10 minutes until partly cooked; cool slightly. Spread filling over, return to oven, cook further 15 to 20 minutes until pastry is quite crisp round edges. Ice with pink icing, cut into squares or bars.

Filling: Place sugar, butter, and cocoa into top half of double boiler. Stir over boiling water until cocoa is well mixed in. Blend cornflour with milk, add beaten egg and cake-crumbs. Stir into cocoa mixture, cook further 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. Cool slightly before using.

PEANUT SLICES

Six ounces biscuit pastry, 2 eggs (separated), ¾ cup sugar, 1oz. melted butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon jam (plum or a berry jam is best), 1 cup coconut, ½lb. raw peanuts, 1 cup corn cereal flakes.

Roll or press pastry out thinly, cover base of lightly greased lamington-tin (7in. x 11in.); chill while preparing filling. Beat egg-yolks well, add sugar, melted butter, and jam, beat few minutes. Mix in coconut and peanuts. Beat egg-whites until stiff, fold into mixture with the corn cereal flakes. Spread over top of pastry, bake in moderate oven about 45 to 50 minutes. Allow to cool slightly, then cut into slices.

LEMON AND PASSIONFRUIT SLICES

Ten ounces shortcrust or biscuit pastry, 2½ cups water, 1½ cups sugar, grated rind 2 lemons, 6 tablespoons cornflour, extra ½ cup water, 2 eggs (well beaten), 2oz. butter or substitute, juice of 2 lemons, pulp of 4 passionfruit.

Divide pastry, approximately 2-3rds and 1-3rd. Roll out larger portion, line lamington-tin (7in. x 11in.). Top with filling (see below), cover with remaining pastry which has been rolled out thinly. Bake in moderate oven about 25 to 30 minutes or until cooked and golden. Allow to cool, chill; cut into slices.

Filling: Place water, sugar, and lemon rind in saucepan, bring to boil. Blend cornflour with extra water, stir into lemon mixture. Cook over low heat until mixture boils and thickens, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, add beaten eggs, butter, lemon juice, and passionfruit pulp. Return to heat, simmer further 2 minutes. Cool before using.

Continued on page 75

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

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Let's get together with Marville & Mother's Choice to get the Christmas baking done now

Only four weeks to go time to make your

Marville St. Nicholas Shortcake

a colourful treat for the young at heart

The Ingredients

Shortcake:— 6 oz. Marville Margarine, 4 oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 12 oz. Mother's Choice S.R. Flour, ½ cup milk.

The Method

Cream Marville and sugar, add eggs, beat well. Add flour and milk alternately, blend to shortcake consistency, adding a little extra milk if necessary. Line sides and bottom of a greased 8" ring tin with shortcake mixture. Spread base with ½ filling, cover with ½ of the remaining shortcake mixture, spreading evenly. Repeat procedure using second portions. Glaze top with milk. Bake in mod. oven approx. 45 mins. Cool. When cold spread 1" wide circle white icing on top of cake. Decorate with glacé cherries, jellette slices, and nuts. Do not cut for at least twelve hours.

Filling Ingredients:— 3 oz. Marville Margarine, 3 tbsp. brown sugar, grated rind 1 orange, 1 tbsp. orange juice or Sherry, ½ cup chopped glacé fruit, red and green cherries, ginger, pineapple, etc., 2 tbsp. chopped walnuts.

Filling Method:— Cream Marville and brown sugar, mix in orange rind. Gradually add orange juice or Sherry. Fold in fruit and walnuts.

The Secret

Marville — the margarine specially blended for cooking. It creams so easily. Gives wonderful taste and texture.

Mother's Choice — the flour that needs no sifting.

MM482

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SERVED IN SLICES

. . . continued

CONTINENTAL CHEESE SLICES have rich lemon and vanilla flavored creams sandwiched between layers of flaky pastry and are topped with coffee icing.

PASTRIES FOR SLICES

Shortcrust or biscuit pastries make easily prepared bases for slices. Recipes below make 6oz. biscuit pastry or 10oz. shortcrust pastry. (Measurement of pastry is gauged by the amount of flour it contains.)

Biscuit Pastry: Four ounces plain flour, 1oz. self-raising flour, 1oz. cornflour or custard powder, 1 tablespoon sugar, 3oz. butter or substitute, little milk or water to mix.

Sift plain flour, cornflour, self-raising flour, and sugar into basin, rub in butter or substitute until mixture resembles fine crumbs. Mix to firm dough with little cold milk or water. Knead lightly together, wrap in piece of greaseproof paper. Chill at least ½ hour before using.

Shortcrust Pastry: Five ounces self-raising flour, 5oz. plain flour, pinch salt, 5oz. butter or substitute, squeeze lemon juice, about 5 tablespoons water.

Sift flours and salt into basin, rub in butter or substitute, mix to firm dough with lemon juice and water. Knead well, roll out to required size and shape.

BRANDY CURRANT SLICES

Filling: One and a half ounces butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, ½ teaspoon ground cinnamon, pinch mace, grated rind 1 lemon, 2oz. brown sugar, 8oz. currants, 2 or 3 dessertspoons brandy.

Pastry: Twelve ounces plain flour, pinch salt, 3oz. butter or substitute, 3oz. lard, about 3 tablespoons cold water to mix, 1oz. sugar, little egg-white or water for glazing, extra sugar.

Filling: Melt butter in saucepan, add all remaining ingredients and stir until sugar melts. Allow to cool while making pastry.

Pastry: Sift flour, salt, and sugar into bowl, rub in fats lightly. Mix to firm dough with cold water. Divide into 2 sections. Roll out 1 section, fit into base of shallow lamington-tin (7in. x 11in.). Cover with cooled filling. Roll out remaining pastry thinly, place on top. Brush with egg-white or water, sprinkle with sugar. Bake in moderate oven about 35 to 40 minutes. Cool slightly, then cut into slices for serving.

These slices can be served warm as a dessert with whipped cream or ice-cream; or allow to cool and serve as biscuit slices.

ORANGE SLICES

Eight ounces plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 4oz. softened butter or substitute, 1 egg, 2oz. sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Sift flour and baking-powder into basin. Add butter, egg, sugar, vanilla to flour all at once; mix ingredients well to form pliable dough. Cut dough in half. Roll out 1 half, cover base of greased lamington-tin.

Filling: Four ounces almond meal, 5oz. sugar, 4 tablespoons orange juice (or ½ orange and ½ lemon), few drops almond essence, grated rind of 1 orange, orange-flavored icing.

Mix almond meal, sugar, orange juice, and almond essence to soft paste; add grated rind of orange. Spread orange-almond mixture on top of pastry base. Roll out remainder of pastry and cover filling. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. While still warm, ice with orange-flavored icing. Allow to cool in tin, cut into slices.

COCONUT-TOPPED FINGERS

Four ounces biscuit pastry, lemon butter, 1 egg, 4oz. castor sugar, 2oz. butter or substitute (softened), 4oz. desiccated coconut, 3 tablespoons cream or evaporated milk, icing sugar.

Roll out pastry to ¼in. thickness, press into lamington-tin (7in. x 11in.). Prick lightly, spread with lemon butter. Beat egg until light, beat in sugar and butter. Stir in coconut and cream or evaporated milk. Spread over top of lemon butter. Bake in moderate oven about 30 minutes. Cover with piece of paper if coconut begins to brown too quickly. When cold, dust with sifted icing sugar or cover with chocolate glace icing. Cut into finger-lengths to serve.

HONEY SPICE BARS

Four ounces butter, 3oz. sugar, 3oz. plain flour, 3oz. self-raising flour, 1oz. cornflour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, pinch salt, 4oz. cream cheese, 3oz. honey, 2 eggs, extra 2 tablespoons sugar mixed with 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Melt butter and sugar over heat, being careful not to brown. Pour into basin, sift in flours, cornflour, cinnamon, and salt. Cream honey and cheese together, add beaten eggs; fold into flour mixture. Spread into greased lamington-tin, sprinkle top with sugar and cinnamon. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. When cool, cut into fingers or squares.

APRICOT MARSHMALLOW FINGERS

Base: Two ounces self-raising flour, 1oz. rice flour, 1oz. cornflour, 2oz. butter, 1oz. castor sugar, 1 egg-yolk.

Filling: Half pound dried apricots, 1½ cups water, ¼ cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon arrowroot.

Marshmallow Meringue Topping: Four ounces marshmallows, 2 dessertspoons milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 egg-whites, salt, ¼ cup sugar.

Base: Sift flours into basin, rub in butter, add sugar. Mix to fairly dry dough with beaten egg (add few drops of milk if egg is small). Roll out, line base of greased lamington-tin. Bake in hot oven until golden brown.

Filling: Soak apricots in water a few hours or overnight. Add sugar, cook until tender. Blend arrowroot with little of the juice, mix with apricots. Bring to boil again and cook, stirring, about 3 minutes. Spread on pastry.

Topping: Combine marshmallows and milk, heat gently, blending together until marshmallows are about half original size. Remove from heat, add vanilla, continue blending mixture until smooth, light, and fluffy. Beat egg-whites and salt until stiff. Gradually add sugar, beating continually. Fold in slightly warm marshmallow mixture. Pile on top of apricot mixture, brown under grill. Chill, cut into fingers.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in our recipes.

LEMON COCONUT FINGERS

Half cup butter or substitute, 1½ cups brown sugar, 1½ cups plain flour, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup shredded coconut, ¾ cup finely chopped blanched almonds.

Cream butter or substitute with ½ cup brown sugar until light and fluffy. Add 1 cup sifted flour, mix well. Press evenly into greased shallow tin, about 9in. square; bake in moderate oven about 10 minutes. Meanwhile, beat eggs with vanilla and remaining brown sugar until frothy. Sift ½ cup flour, baking-powder, and salt, fold into egg mixture. Add coconut and almonds. Mix well, spread evenly over mixture in tin. Bake in moderate oven further 20 minutes. Cool in tin.

Frosting: Two cups sifted icing sugar, ¼ cup cream, grated rind 1 lemon, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, chopped almonds.

Mix together sifted icing sugar and cream, add lemon rind and juice. Heat, stir over just simmering water until smooth and shiny. Cool slightly, pour over biscuit. Sprinkle with chopped almonds; when cold, cut into fingers.

ORANGE NUT SQUARES

Three ounces butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon peanut butter, ½ cup castor sugar, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons orange marmalade, 2 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon grated nutmeg, ½ cup milk.

Cream together butter, peanut butter, and sugar. Add eggs one at a time, beat after each addition; stir in marmalade. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk, mix to smooth batter. Fill into well-greased and floured lamington-tin (7in. x 11in.). Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes. When cold, ice with nutty orange frosting (see below), decorate with candied orange peel. Cut into squares to serve.

Nutty Orange Frosting: One tablespoon peanut butter, 8oz. sifted icing sugar, 4 tablespoons orange juice, 1 tablespoon chopped candied peel.

Cream peanut butter until very soft. Gradually work in icing sugar and strained orange juice to make spreading consistency. Spread on top of cake, smooth top with knife dipped in hot water; sprinkle with peel. Cut into squares to serve.

CONTINENTAL CHEESE SLICES

THESE Continental Cheese Slices are rich, so serve in small portions.

One pound butter or substitute, 4 tablespoons boiling water, 3 cups castor sugar, 2 teaspoons gelatine, extra 6 tablespoons boiling water, ¾lb. cream cheese, 2 tablespoons lemon butter, few drops yellow coloring, vanilla, 1lb. puff or flaky pastry.

Roll pastry out to about ⅛in. thickness, cut into 2 even 11in. squares. Place on oven-slides, prick generously, bake in hot oven until pale golden; cool.

Filling: Cut butter into small pieces, place in large mixing-bowl with sugar and the 4 tablespoons boiling water. Beat until light and starting to cream. Dissolve gelatine in remaining boiling water, gradually add to the creamed mixture. Continue beating, after all liquid has been added, until sugar is dissolved. (If mixture softens too quickly while beating, chill for a time in refrigerator.) Sieve cream cheese. Divide cream mixture in two; to first ½ fold in the lemon butter and ½ the cream cheese; to second ½ fold in remaining cream cheese and vanilla. Add few drops of yellow coloring to lemon mixture if desired.

Spread lemon filling evenly over 1 sheet of pastry, smoothing out with spatula to make even; top with vanilla filling, smoothing as before. Place second pastry sheet on top, press lightly to secure to filling. Pour coffee icing (see below) evenly over top. Refrigerate until firm, cut into squares with sharp knife.

Coffee Icing: Two cups icing sugar, 1 teaspoon instant coffee, ½oz. butter, milk or water to mix.

Sift icing sugar and coffee into heat-proof basin; add butter and enough milk or water to make thick paste consistency. Place basin over saucepan of hot water, cook, stirring, 3 to 4 minutes.

HONEY TOFFEE SQUARES

Four ounces butter or substitute, 8oz. sugar, 3 eggs, 8oz. plain flour, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ½ cup milk.

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs one at a time, beat thoroughly. Sift together the flour, cream of tartar, and soda, fold into mixture alternately with milk. Fill into greased lamington-tin, bake in moderate oven about 25 to 35 minutes. Cool slightly, spread topping over; return to oven to brown lightly; cut into squares.

Topping: Three oz. sugar, 3oz. butter, 4oz. coconut, 4oz. honey, 2 tablespoons hot water.

Boil sugar, butter, honey, and water until slightly colored. Then add coconut.

Continued on page 77

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Sail through Summer with a new

Kelvinator

Summertime is always Kelvinator time.

But *this* summer that's truer than ever. Kelvinator are celebrating 50 years as leaders in design and engineering. And we're doing it by offering exciting 2-door models that are *years ahead in refrigeration*.

Just look at the one below!

Better still, look *into* them at your Kelvinator retailer. He's celebrating this 50th Anniversary by giving you a trade-in that tops 'em all!

Come on! Sail through Summer with Kelvinator.

Kelvinator 2-door Foodarama with exclusive 'NO FROST' system

At the top a big separate deep freeze that safely stores up to 98 lbs. of frozen foods for months at a time. And, for the first time in Australia, it has exclusive 'NO FROST' system. A special fan — that only Kelvinator has — circulates air so frost can't form. There's never any frost on walls, shelves — even on frozen food packages! *It's the fan that makes the difference.* Look for it in the deep freeze compartment!

Below, there's a big, family-size refrigerator that's frost-free, too. Packed with features that make life easier. Little wonder this Kelvinator 2-door Foodarama is called "fabulous". It opens a whole new world of luxurious living. And, its 2 separate doors give faster freezing, better refrigeration. (Look smart, too!).

Choose from 3 spectacular models — Model 694 (illustrated above) 14 cu. ft. — **315 gns.** Model 693 14 cu. ft. similar in all respects, but with Cyclic Fully Automatic Defrost — **299 gns.** Model 493 — 12 cu. ft. Cyclic Auto. Defrost — **269 gns.** Other models from only 129 guineas. *(All prices quoted slightly higher in some areas.)*

CHOOSE **Kelvinator** HOME APPLIANCES FOR BETTER LIVING

REFRIGERATORS • FREEZERS • WASHERS • AIR CONDITIONING

Kelvinator 50th Anniversary

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Jellied salad for summer meals

● A Tasmanian reader this week has been awarded the £5 prize for a recipe for a refreshing jellied veal salad ring.

THE prizewinning recipe, which would be ideal as a main dish on a hot day, is served with cucumber sauce.

JELLIED VEAL SALAD WITH CUCUMBER SAUCE

Three knuckles of veal, 1 bayleaf, 3 peppercorns, 2 tablespoons white vinegar, 2 teaspoons salt, warm water, 6 olives (chopped), 2 stalks celery (chopped), 2 hard-boiled eggs (chopped), 1 cup cooked peas, 3 tablespoons gelatine, 1-3rd cup cold water, extra salt, pepper.

Cover knuckles with warm water, add peppercorns, bayleaf, vinegar, and salt, simmer covered until meat is tender. Strain stock (it should amount to about 1 quart). Dice meat, add olives, celery, eggs, and peas, add to stock. Soften gelatine in cold water, mix into hot stock mixture, stir until dissolved. Season to taste with salt and pepper; allow to cool, but not thicken. Fill into well-oiled ring-mould or basin, chill until firm. Unmould, serve on large platter with the following sauce:

Cucumber Sauce: Half cup mayonnaise, ½ cup top milk or evaporated milk, 1 tablespoon tarragon vinegar, 1 cup grated cucumber, salt, pepper.

Blend mayonnaise with milk, add vinegar, cucumber, and seasoning. Mix well, chill until required.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. W. J. Milne, Pedder Street, Campbell Town, Tas.

JELLIED VEAL SALAD. See recipe at left.

SERVED IN SLICES

. . . concluded

APRICOT GINGER BARS

Three ounces dried apricots, boiling water, 6oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon ground cinnamon, 4oz. butter or substitute, 6oz. sugar, 2oz. chopped preserved ginger, 2oz. chopped walnuts, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, lemon-flavored icing, extra chopped ginger if desired.

Soak apricots in boiling water about ½ hour until softened; drain and chop. Sift flour, salt, and cinnamon into bowl. Rub in butter or substitute, add sugar, chopped apricots, ginger, and nuts. Beat egg, mix with milk. Make well in centre of dry ingredients and add liquids; mix well. Spread in greased lamington-tin (7in. x 11in.). Bake in moderate oven about 30 minutes. When cool, spread with lemon icing and sprinkle over chopped ginger.

DATE AND NUT BARS

Three-quarters cup plain flour, ½ teaspoon baking-powder, pinch salt, 1 cup firmly packed brown sugar, 2 well-beaten eggs, 2oz. butter or substitute (melted), 1 cup chopped nuts (walnuts, almonds, peanuts, etc.), 1 cup chopped dates, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Sift flour with baking-powder and salt into mixing bowl; add brown sugar, mix well. Add eggs and butter or substitute, mix thoroughly. Stir in nuts, dates, and vanilla. Spread into well-greased lamington-tin, bake in moderate oven abut 25 to 30 minutes. While warm, cut into bars. Sift over a little icing sugar before serving.

APRICOT SLICES

Pastry: Eight ounces plain flour, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1½oz. sugar, 1 egg, 3 tablespoons milk, egg glazing.

Filling: Four ounces dried apricots, water, little sugar to sweeten, 10oz. cream cheese, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon milk, finely grated rind 1 lemon.

Pastry: Sift flour, rub in butter, add sugar. Add milk and lightly beaten egg, mix lightly. Turn on to floured board and knead gently, chill 30 minutes. Divide in 2 portions (approximately 2-3rds and 1-3rd). Roll out larger portion and fit into lamington-tin (7in. x 11in.), bringing pastry up a little at sides. Bake in moderate oven 10 minutes, remove from oven and cool.

Filling: Soak apricots in little hot water about ½ hour, then simmer gently until tender, adding little sugar to sweeten toward end of cooking time. Allow to cool, strain off excess water. Spread over pastry base.

Press cream cheese through fine sieve. Cream butter and sugar, beat in egg-yolks; add the cream cheese, milk, and lemon rind. Beat egg-whites until stiff, then fold into cheese mixture. Spread on apricot mixture. Roll out remaining pastry, cut into ½in. strips. Place them lattice-fashion on top of filling. Glaze pastry with little beaten egg-yolk, bake in moderate oven further 25 to 30 minutes. Cool, cut into squares to serve.

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HOUSEHOLD HINTS

● Each of these handy home hints wins £1/1/- prize for a reader.

Cucumber peel for garnish

DO not discard the peel when preparing cucumbers. Cut it into strips, wrap in waxed paper or aluminium foil then store in freezing compartment of refrigerator. The peel is ready instantly to garnish drinks, etc., has a lovely frosty effect, and will keep a long time. Slices of lemon and orange can also be treated in this way. — Mrs. M. M. Guild, 1058 Plenty Rd., Bundoora, Vic.

IF you buy the week's meat in one visit to the butcher, take several plastic bags with you and ask the butcher to put each cut into a separate bag before wrapping it all. This saves time when you get home. All you have to do is put the bags into the freezer. — Mrs. H. V. Dupen, 12 Culgoa Ave., Eastwood, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Try adding a little household detergent to warm water when cleaning very dirty windows. Give a final polish with a pad of old nylon stockings. There will be no smears or fluff and the windows will gleam.—Mrs. I. Morton, 28 Railway Pde., Holbrook, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

When cutting material for curtains, use a sheet of newspaper as a guide. One side of the paper placed along the side of the material ensures a right angle and a straight line for cutting across the material.—Mrs. R. Kearle, 6 Pritchard St., Swan Hill, Vic.

To keep spring onions (shallots) a week or more: Cut off the tops and stand them in a glass with a little water just to cover the roots. Change the water every few days. — Mrs. Alma Gingler, 107 Broadhurst Ave., Reservoir, Vic.

★ ★ ★

To clean upholstery on chairs, to freshen carpets and wool rugs and remove dirt marks from them, sprinkle lightly with dry bicarbonate of soda. Leave two or three hours then vacuum — clean thoroughly. — Mrs. I. A. Dare, 54 Briar Rd., Felixstowe, S.A.

Old mosquito nets, well washed, make springy fillings for pillows and cushions.—Susan J. Wells, Knuckey's Lagoon, P.O. Bax Berrimah, Darwin, N.T.

★ ★ ★

Prevent protective netting from blowing off baby's cot by putting screws with eyes into the legs and pulling netting through the eyes. This will hold it in place. — W. Johns, 16 Stanley St., Ulverstone, Tas.

★ ★ ★

A slight nick on cut glass can be buffed away gently with fine sandpaper.—Mrs. A. Frost, 1 Bertram St., Bundaberg, Qld.

★ ★ ★

To hasten the bleaching of unbleached sheets, soak them overnight in cold water with ½ cup of vinegar added. Wash once to remove vinegar, then again, and you will find all dressing has been removed and the sheets are soft. — Mrs. L. Le Grew, 10 Bedford Court, East Ringwood, Vic.

★ ★ ★

Save scratched hands while pruning roses or other thorny bushes by placing half a hollow rubber ball over the shears to form a hand guard. Use a ball large enough to cover the hand. — Mrs. J. Wade, "Cliftonwood," Yass, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Top a jam tart with equal quantities of coconut and crushed breakfast cereal. It makes a crunchy top when baked. — Mrs. M. E. Harman, 304 Wilson St., Broken Hill South, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Take a baby's car seat when visiting, etc. Baby can sit in it at meal-times. It makes an excellent makeshift high chair when hung on the back of an ordinary chair. — Mrs. N. Sinclair, 121 Third Ave., Royston Park, S.A.

★ ★ ★

A quick, easy, and economical baked dinner: Mix together 1 large chopped onion, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs, and 2lb. sausage meat. Form mixture into 1 or 2 rolls, then roll well in breadcrumbs. Bake in medium oven approximately 1 hour. It makes a very tasty meal, and any left over is good for school lunches. — Mrs. Nancy Bock, 23 Tudor St., Belmore, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Make a handy herb garden: Place an old ladder on the ground next to the back door and fill the spaces between the rungs with soil. Plant sage, parsley, mint, thyme, etc.—Mrs. J. Seymour, c/o 245 Wellington Rd., Kangaroo Point, Brisbane.

★ ★ ★

Add half a packet of raspberry or strawberry jelly crystals to a dish of stewed rhubarb, sprinkle with coconut and serve with custard or whipped cream, and you will have a delicious sweet that costs little. — Mrs. H. Rayson, R.M.B. 61, Donnelly Mail, Manjimup, W.A.

★ ★ ★

Sprinkle a little talcum powder in your sewing-pin container. It will absorb moisture and help to keep the pins rustless. — Elizabeth Martin, 5 Dangar St., Lindfield, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Place a colander over the pan when you fry meat. It protects your stove from grease splashes, and the holes allow steam to escape. — Mrs. Robert Weston, 17 Buckingham St., St. John's Wood, Brisbane.

★ ★ ★

Before stuffing a pillow or cushion with feathers, sponge the inside of the pillow ticking with stiff starch, then let dry. It will be a protection and prevent the feathers working their way through. — Mrs. W. Hohn, "Alfalfa," Leyburn, Qld.

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model illustrated 501, 64/6

it's a wonderful summer in Polaroid sunglasses

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lazy days
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glaze or squint,
because you wear
Polaroid sunglasses
that blend with your new
season styles

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DECORATED CAKES

● Your Christmas cake probably is already baked, so now is the time to start decorating it — well ahead of the Christmas rush. We've featured three beautiful and different designs from which you can choose.

FLORAL CHRISTMAS CAKE, decorated by Miss S. Watt, of Marrickville, N.S.W., with a simple but beautiful posy of wildflowers and garden flowers.

● *Directions for icing and decorating these cakes begin overleaf.*

NEW YEAR CAKE, decorated by Miss D. Murdoch, of Oakey, Qld., is topped with balloons and New Year novelties and has a design of "lace" in icing.

CHRISTMAS HAT CAKE, decorated by Mrs. R. Chard, of Killara, N.S.W., is novel, gay, and colorful. The design is easy and suitable for a beginner.

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LOW-CALORIE RECIPE

PEAS are among the vegetables which most dieters avoid — but here's a recipe which combines them with low-calorie bean sprouts to make a truly Oriental vegetable dish. It's nice to serve with a grill.

PEAS ORIENTALE

Ten ounces frozen or fresh peas (cooked in ½ cup water), 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon flour, salt, pepper, pinch nutmeg, 1 3oz. can bamboo shoots (drained).

Melt butter in saucepan, stir in flour, salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Drain cooking water from peas, measure and add enough water to make 2-3rds cup of liquid. Stir this into flour mixture and cook over moderate heat, stirring, until sauce boils and thickens. Add peas and bamboo shoots, reheat gently. Serve immediately.

Serves 4; calories per serving, 58.

DECORATED CAKES . . . continued

NOVEL HAT CAKE

A NOVEL, colorful, and easy-to-do design by Mrs. R. Chard, of Killara, N.S.W.

Cover round 8in. rich fruit cake with almond paste and white plastic fondant. Cover 14in. round board with fondant. If possible have one slat on base of board higher than the other, to give hat a tilt to back.

Place covered cake on board slightly off centre toward back. Pipe shell edge round hat brim edge to conceal board edge.

Pipe small holly on waxed paper; when dry color with bright green and scarlet. Assemble round brim.

Tie band of bright red satin 1in. ribbon round cake, finishing with bow and long trailing ends.

The lettering "Noel, Noel" was done in Old English style printing copied from Christmas card. First outline with No. 00 writing tube, then fill in with zig-zag. Paint gold when dry.

Complete trimming with holly and Christmas decorations.

ALMOND PASTE

One and a half pounds pure icing sugar, 6oz. almond meal, 3 egg-yolks, 3 tablespoons sherry, squeeze lemon or orange juice, almond essence.

Sift icing sugar into bowl, add almond meal, mix well. Combine liquids, beat well with rotary beater, add to dry ingredients; mix well, knead. Store in airtight container until required.

PLASTIC ICING

Two pounds pure icing sugar, 4oz. glucose, ½oz. gelatine, ¾oz. glycerine, 2oz. water, flavoring.

Sift icing sugar into bowl. Combine water and gelatine in saucepan, stir constantly over gentle heat until gelatine has dissolved. Remove from heat; add glucose and glycerine, stir well. Let mixture cool few minutes, then add to icing sugar; knead well. Place on board lightly sprinkled with cornflour, knead well again, add flavoring.

ROYAL ICING

Six to 8oz. pure icing sugar, 1 egg-white, 3 drops acetic acid or lemon juice.

Put egg-white into basin, break up a little with clean wooden spoon. Gradually add sifted icing sugar, stir until mixture is thick and will draw up to firm peak. Add acid, stir well.

FLORAL CAKE FOR CHRISTMAS

THIS cake, with its charming flower decoration and unusual Christmas tree border, was decorated by Miss S. Watt, of Marrickville, N.S.W.

Cover 9in. cake with layer of marzipan, then super cream plastic fondant. Build out scallops round base with No. 0 tube and pipe extension work with No. 00 tube. (These are fine writing tubes.)

Using No. 00 tube, pipe Christmas trees in lacework in triangular shape on greaseproof paper. When dry, remove from paper, join to extension work with royal icing.

Pipe overall pattern in snowflake design with No. 00 tube.

Trace greeting words from Christmas card on to greaseproof paper, then outline with sharp pencil on back of paper; gently rub the right side on to fondant with the finger to leave outline; pipe over this with No. 00 tube, then tint gold.

MOULDED FLOWERS

Red Roses: Mould small pieces of fondant into petal shapes of varying sizes with thumb and forefinger. Wrap these petals round a bud-shaped or cylinder-shaped column and attach with a little water until desired size of flower is obtained. Allow to dry, then paint red.

Christmas Bells: Mould a pear-shaped piece of white fondant over knitting needle and hollow out centre. Pinch edge into scallops and attach wire to base. Paint yellow, then blend in orange coloring, leaving scallops yellow round edge. Dry, attach stamens with royal icing.

Hyacinths: From small straight strip of blue fondant cut one edge into five sections. Wrap round knitting needle, join and fold petals back. Flatten and pinch each petal to a point with fingers. Mark each petal with back of small knife. Remove from needle, shape base, and insert wire, removing surplus fondant.

Holly: Roll fondant or flatten with hand. Cut out holly leaf shapes, mark down centre with small knife. Dry, paint with food coloring.

MARZIPAN

Four egg-yolks, 4 tablespoons sherry, 2 teaspoons glycerine, ¼lb. marzipan meal, approximately 1¼lb. icing sugar.

Sift almost all icing sugar into bowl, stir in marzipan meal. Make well in centre, add beaten egg-yolks, sherry, and glycerine; mix well. Turn out on board, knead well.

SUPER CREAM PLASTIC FONDANT

Two ounces liquid glucose, ¼lb. sugar, 2½oz. water, ½oz. glycerine, ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar, ½oz. gela-

Continued opposite

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NEW YEAR CAKE

A BEAUTIFULLY decorated cake for New Year celebrations, decorated by Miss D. Murdoch, of Oakey, Qld.

Stand 8in.-square fruit cake on 12in. board. Cover cake and board completely with lemon-colored fondant. Allow to dry completely before decorating.

The floral spray consists of pale pink moulded roses, mauve and blue hyacinths, lily of the valley, and forget-me-nots arranged with loops of fine pink ribbon and colored leaves and stalks. Mould these flowers in usual way.

Mould balloons from small pieces of colored fondant and attach to graduated lengths of pink ribbon; "float up" from centre of spray.

In opposite corner arrange small mask, cap, streamers, and whistle, moulded from fondant and painted bright colors with diluted food coloring when dry.

Decorate sides of cake with narrow ribbon, brought to a V at one side and tied in a bow, and piped lace pieces which have been piped on to wax paper, allowed to dry, then removed with tip of knife and secured to cake with royal icing.

Fill area between ribbon, lacework, and board with small dots piped with royal icing. Pipe the word "Greeting" across balloons and paint gold when dry.

Do all piped work with No. 00 writing tube.

Pipe large shell edge round base of cake; round edge of board attach 1in. golden lace paper.

FONDANT

Two pounds pure icing sugar, 4oz. glucose, 2 egg-whites, flavoring, coloring.

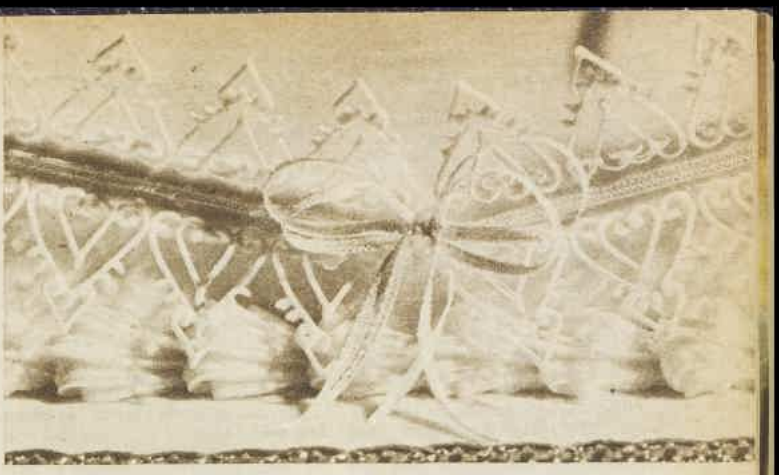
Sift icing sugar into basin. Make well in centre, add egg-whites and glucose. Beat, drawing icing sugar into centre from sides until mixture is stiff paste. Dust board with icing sugar, turn mixture on to it, and knead until mixture is fine and smooth. Add flavoring and coloring.

Note: This fondent can be used for moulding as well as for covering cake.

ROYAL ICING

One egg-white, approximately 8oz. sifted pure icing sugar, few drops acetic acid, coloring.

Beat egg-white lightly, work in icing sugar, about 1 tablespoon at a time, beating well until mixture is of consistency desired. Add coloring and acid, beat well again.



CLOSE-UP of decoration round base of New Year Cake.

LACEWORK

ANY pretty design of lace can be copied. Put a sheet of waxed paper over lace and pipe royal icing to follow the outline.

Lace designs can also be piped freehand and this can give a smoother, more even effect.

Lace designs in piping need not be geometrically exact; the work will be attractive if the sections are reasonably even and the work is finely executed.

It is easier to pipe lace designs upside down; start by piping the base line, then adding loops and dots.

Pipe required number of designs on to waxed paper, set aside to dry. Pipe extra pieces, because lacework is very delicate and there may be some breakages.

When dry, remove each piece from waxed paper by carefully bending paper from behind and placing fingernail under dry icing, or lift with tip of knife.

Attach lace to cake by a line or dots of royal icing.

FLORAL CAKE
Continued

tine, 2½oz. water (extra), 2oz. solid white shortening, 2 to 2½lb. pure icing sugar (sifted), flavoring.

Stir glucose, sugar, water, glycerine, cream of tartar over heat until sugar and glucose are dissolved. Bring to boil, cook until mixture forms soft ball when a little is dropped into cold water or registers 240 degrees F. on sugar thermometer. Dissolve gelatine in extra water, add to glucose mixture. Add chopped white shortening. Allow to cool, gradually beat in 1½lb. pure icing sugar. Put into plastic bag, leave at least 24 hours or until required. Before using knead in remaining icing sugar, coloring, and flavoring.

MODELLING FONDANT

Three-quarters ounce gelatine, 6oz. water, ½oz. glucose, 3lb. pure icing sugar.

Add gelatine to water, dissolve over gentle heat. Add glucose and cool, but do not allow to become cold. Add approximately 1½ to 2lb. sifted icing sugar a little at a time. Put in plastic bag, leave several hours before using. Knead in remaining icing sugar until of desired consistency.

ROYAL ICING

Two egg-whites, approximately 1lb. pure icing sugar, few drops acetic acid.

Beat whites lightly, gradually add icing sugar, beating until of desired consistency. Add few drops acetic acid; color as desired.

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"But — Martha, I'm not sure I can bear putting you through all this."

"Are you coming with me?" Without waiting for his answer, if he intended to answer, she opened the door and walked into the living-room.

She knew that Lem followed her. Dilly and Archie turned alert, watchful faces to meet her. The sheriff rose; he looked nervous and embarrassed. Martha knew that they had all heard her voice, raised and screaming like a fishwife; she didn't care. She was touched with the utter recklessness of a gambler who has lost everything so there is nothing else to lose.

Dilly, though, fought to the last word. "We told the sheriff that Lem wants to know whatever there is to know about the man we found —" she began.

Continued from page 71

RUN SCARED

Martha said to the sheriff. "No, Lem called you because I have something to tell you. I may have killed that man myself."

"Mrs. Bascom!"

"I ran over him with my car."

"Lem!" The sheriff turned to Lem. "What does she mean?"

"She'll tell you exactly what happened," Lem said, and came to stand beside Martha.

Dilly gave an odd, strangled sound. Archie jumped up, went to the table, and Martha could hear the clatter of ice in a glass.

Martha told the sheriff as she had told Lem.

Again Dilly interrupted. "I knew he wasn't hurt. I wouldn't let Martha report it to you"

"But — how — You know the law —" The sheriff was red and stammering.

"I gave her sleeping pills." Dilly said flatly. "Then the next morning I inquired. There was no record, no news of any accident at all. I persuaded her to keep quiet about it."

"Why?" The sheriff seemed to emerge from deep and confusing waters. "Why? The law —"

"The election," Dilly said.

"Oh. Yes — the election. But there's the law —"

Lem said, "Tell him about the telephone calls, Martha."

"What's that? Whose telephone calls?" the sheriff demanded.

Martha told him. "Twice — all he said was that he had a raincoat with tyre marks on it."

"You mean—why, but then—why, then you didn't kill him! Besides, Lem, he was shot. A slug in the back."

"What about the autopsy?" Lem asked.

"Autopsy—yes, yes." The sheriff got out his handkerchief and mopped his forehead. "Yes, well, the doc's out of town for the weekend. He'll be back tomorrow. He'll do the autopsy then."

"If there are injuries from a car, they'll show up in an autopsy."

"Yes—oh, yes. And that man was shot. All the same—Lem, it's a hit-and-run driving all the same."

Archie cried. "But that little light car of Martha's couldn't have killed him. Couldn't have killed a—a caterpillar unless he was hell-bent on self-destruction. It's not—not manslaughter—"

Manslaughter, Martha thought. It was a strange word, one that belonged in headlines. One that couldn't have anything to do with her, and did have.

"Well, well—excusable homicide, maybe. If he just fell in front of the car—"

"He was drunk," Dilly said. "Martha smelled it. Drunk and a window-peeper—"

Lem cut in. "He didn't mention money when he phoned. He only said he had a raincoat with tyre marks. But he—"

"Oh, sure," the sheriff said. "Extortion of some kind. Money—something—"

"Something," Lem said shortly.

The sheriff stopped mopping his face and gave Lem a sharp look. "Do you mean — some political enemy—a frame—no, that couldn't be. Jim shot at him. Accident. Nobody could have planned that."

Archie squealed. "A frame! To discredit you, Lem. Right on the eve of election. That could be! That could be—Huxton—" He was pink with excitement.

LEM said sharply. "John Huxton is a fighter, but an honest one. Forget that, Archie, I mean it. Obviously this man wanted something. Obviously he was working on Martha, trying to scare her, so when he came up with whatever it was he wanted she'd be ready to give it to him. But—"

"Money's the likeliest reason," the sheriff said, but dubiously. "When was it he phoned, Mrs. Bascom?"

"First on Friday night. Next on Saturday night."

He shook his head, frowning. "I'd have sworn he'd been in the lake for longer than that. Still, I didn't question it. Just assumed he'd died Thursday night. Jim took a shot at him Thursday night. But you can't tell so easily—this kind of weather. Changeable. The lake does queer things. Anyway—" The sheriff seemed to brighten a little. "Anyway, if he was alive Saturday night, then you didn't kill him, Mrs. Bascom."

"Of course she didn't kill him," Dilly said.

"And if he was alive on Saturday, that clears Jim Stenson. I knew Jim couldn't have shot him!" The sheriff sighed, sank down into a chair, looking big and uncomfortable in his dark Sunday suit, and said thoughtfully exactly what Dilly had said and what Lem had said, "Weren't you scared when he telephoned to you, Mrs. Bascom?"

"At first. Then I was only glad that he was alive."

The sheriff was shrewder than he looked. "You mean you hadn't been, up to then, altogether sure that you hadn't hurt him."

"I believed that I hadn't hurt him. I was sure of it, but — no, I wasn't altogether sure. Until he phoned."

"And he didn't say a word about money — no threat — nothing—"

"He said only what I told you. Just that he had a raincoat—"

"That's what he said," Archie burst in. "I heard him Saturday night. I took down the phone and he began to talk right away. Then I said something, who is this, something like that, and he hung up. I suppose he'd expected Martha to answer. When he heard my voice—"

"And he didn't mention money?"

"Not a threat of any kind. Except — well, of course, the raincoat and the tyre marks — that's a threat—"

"Oh, yes," the sheriff said. "Yes. A threat—" He frowned at his well-polished oxfords.

"Sheriff, do you know anything about him?" Lem asked. "Any identification—"

"Not a thing. New clothes — just clothes, things anybody can buy at any department store or men's store. No laundry marks — even his shirt was new. No letters. No social-security card. No driver's licence. A few small bills in his wallet—that was new, too. Shoes were new. Cheap — all his clothes — but new. We took his fingerprints."

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RUN SCARED

"Fingerprints," Archie said. "Is that all?"

The sheriff gave Archie a chilly glance. "My guess is that his fingerprints are on record, all right. Window-peeper — drunk — getting himself shot. Probably the police want him somewhere. It'll not be too hard to find out who he was."

Archie swallowed his drink in a gulp. "Lem, I believe that was a frame. Somebody knew Martha was driving up here —"

"Who?" Lem said shortly.

"Oh, anybody. Fellows around the garage, around the hotel where you spoke the night before — anybody could have known it. He was a seedy little guy, on the make for money, obviously. Decided to scare the daylights out of Martha, pretended to be hurt by her car. He wasn't hurt — that's sure, because he knew the car, must have known the licence number, phoned to scare her. Sure it was a frame."

The sheriff tugged at his upper lip. "I don't know. Oh, he could have found out that Mrs. Bascom was coming here that day. Could have taken the chance of staging an accident. But remember, Jim Stenson took a shot at him — he couldn't have staged that —"

"But you said yourself Jim's shot was an accident."

"In a way, yes. I don't know how long he could have lasted with a slug in him. It looks like he'd have had to go to some doctor, get some care. He hadn't. And — looks to me like that shot killed him — so if he was alive Saturday night — looks like somebody else shot him. I'd better tell Jim — relieve his mind."

Lem said in almost an absent way, "The autopsy."

THE sheriff stared at him, turned a darker red, and hit his own jaw with his fist. "By golly! I'm muddled, Lem. All this! Getting to be an old man, that's what. Sure, the autopsy. Ought to come pretty close to fixing the time of his death. Yes. Can't do anything till we know that."

The sheriff heaved himself out of the chair. "Looks as if I've got my work cut out for me, Lem. Better get busy —"

"But whatever happened, Martha didn't kill him," Archie cried. "That's sure. If we can keep this out of the papers — just for another day, Sheriff — only one more day."

The sheriff shot him a cold look. "You ought to have told Lem about this phone call! You should have known —"

"Listen, Sheriff. It's one more day to election. Do you think I wanted anything at all splashed over the front pages? Look here, you're a friend of Lem's —"

"Shut up, Archie," Lem said. "Sheriff, I take it that the dead man wasn't wearing a raincoat."

"Rain — why, no. By golly, Lem, he wasn't. H'mm. Now that's a point —"

"Maybe," Lem said.

"Lem," the sheriff said, "I'm sorry about this. It's hit-and-run driving — technical charge. What I meant is, if the autopsy shows no car injuries then — then it won't be manslaughter. Of course if there are injuries — but it's up to the doc to say what really killed him. And when."

He put his broad hand on Lem's shoulder. "I'm not going to arrest your wife now. And you understand, Lem, if the doc says he was killed by the gunshot and there are no indications of a fatal car injury, there'll be no charge of manslaughter or even what the penal code calls excusable homicide. If she'd only reported it—"

"She did what she thought was best," Lem said shortly.

"Yes. Yes. I guess so." The sheriff looked disapprovingly at Dilly. "You oughtn't to have advised her like that, Mrs. Downes. Giving her sleeping pills — that's a criminal offence, if you come right down to it. You're an accessory — well, that is in a way. Fact is, I've got nothing to go on."

He said to Martha, "Had you ever seen this man anywhere before?"

"No."

"When you got out of the car and went back to him, you said you thought he was dead. I take it he didn't move or speak or anything."

"Nothing."

"Well — I'll let you know soon as I know anything. It's a bad business, though, Lem. Day before election, too. I knew your father. Know your mother. She'll take this hard —well, well, I'm sorry."

Lem went with him to the door and outside, closing the door after them.

Archie said, "Dilly, can't you do something? You know the sheriff! You know the whole town—"

"He's honest," Dilly said. Her flat voice carried complete conviction.

"Well, what about the doctor? He's the coroner, isn't he? He must know Lem and the whole family. Can't you get around him?"

"No." Dilly slid her feet into her shoes and tiptoed across the room to the door.

"But don't you realise that if they do this autopsy in the morning, and the afternoon newspapers — what are you doing?"

Dilly was hunched over, close to the door. "Trying to hear what Lem's talking to the sheriff about. Do be quiet—"

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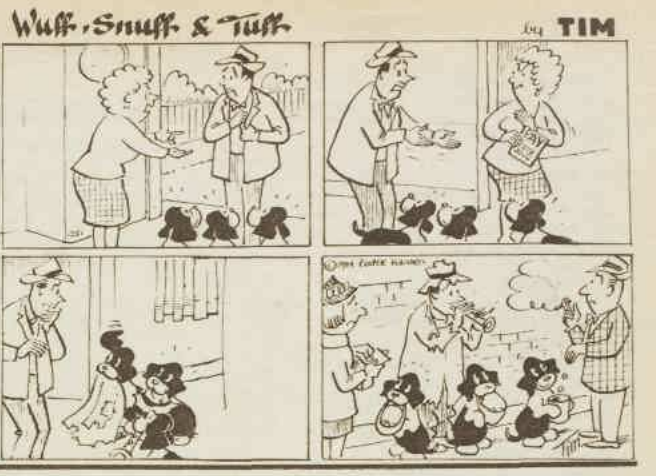

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RUN SCARED

Archie's eyes gleamed. He trotted over to join her and she said, "Sh—sh—"

Neither of them could have heard anything, however, for Lem opened the door so suddenly that both Dilly and Archie jerked back.

"If I had wanted you to hear I'd have left the door open," he said. "Archie, get your coat. Dilly, phone the governor, tell him we're on our way to see him. Ask him to get Newton and Hanes to meet us there —"

Archie cried, "The governor! The chairman! The campaign manager! What are you going to do?"

Lem gathered up his own coat from a chair. He looked at Martha: then he came to her. "I've got to go now. Try not to worry. The sheriff will make it all as easy for you as he can." He hesitated: then he kissed her.

It was like a formal gesture, designed for Dilly's and Archie's eyes.

Both Dilly and Archie started to question him and at a look from Lem stopped. Before Martha realised it they had both gone. She heard Lem's car start up outside. Gradually the sound diminished.

Dilly waited, listening, her face a blank. Finally she looked at Martha. "Well, you've done it. I warned you. Now you know what it is to lose the man you love."

If the way is now clear for Dilly, Martha thought, if she's even a little in love with Lem, she'll be a much better wife to him than I have been.

Dilly rubbed her spectacles on her sleeve, went into the telephone room, and dialled long distance.

She called the governor, who from Dilly's end of the conversation seemed sleepy and puzzled. She called the State party chairman, who obviously asked questions, and Dilly merely said in her mild little voice that Lem wanted to see him. Phil Newton, too, seemed to ask sharp questions; Dilly was a little more communicative with him. "Whatever it is, I hope you talk some sense into Lem."

She came back, said that they hadn't had any supper and they'd better eat, and went to the kitchen. Presently she returned with some thick, higgledy-piggledy sandwiches. She put one down on a plate beside Martha. "Drinks?"

Martha shook her head. Dilly poured herself a drink and sat, munching her way through a sandwich.

Dilly said, "Why did you let Lem go?"

"How could I have stopped him?"

"You're a woman. You shouldn't have to be told that. You just stood there like a stick. You didn't make the slightest move toward him. Why didn't you hang on to him? Why didn't you — oh, do something? Cry — put your arms around him — anything, but keep him here? A quarrel is like concrete. Let it set and it lasts forever."

Martha rose and adjusted the fire-screen. "I'm going to bed. Will you see to the lights?" No, she thought, Dilly was not in love with Lem, but there was, perhaps, an even stronger bond between them of shared interest and shared, even if now diverged, intelligence.

Dilly mumbled something through her sandwich and Martha went up the stairs.

Now — now — as soon as she got into Lem's room and shut the door so Dilly couldn't hear her — now she'd cry her heart out.

She reached Lem's room; she shut the door. Flinging herself despairingly down on the bed, she discovered after a while that there are things that are too bad to cry about.

She rose at last, undressed, went through all the motions of brushing her teeth, opening the windows, and turning down the bed. She crawled back into it and still couldn't cry.

Martha wished that the sustaining power of anger would return; she felt now only a sense of shame, failure, and utter desolation. She had screamed at Lem; she had reproached him for chores which in fact she had happily and eagerly undertaken, and such small chores —smile when your picture is being taken, try to remember names, be careful when you talk to reporters. So little to expect of a wife. She had meant to be a good wife, a help; she had meant to earn and deserve Lem's confidence.

A SPARK of indignation wavered in her consciousness, and she tried to fan it into a blaze of anger again. She had been influenced by everyone about her. She had been influenced by Dilly — who had played on Martha's desire to help Lem as adroitly as only Dilly, a skilled and apt politician, could do. She had been influenced by a hundred small things — even the newspaper reporter who had said casually that the election was in the bag unless some weird thing happened.

But the flame of anger wouldn't come; even the spark died away. "It was not your decision to make," Lem had said.

She stared at the pale rectangle of light that marked the window above the lake and tried to see into the future and couldn't. Lem would try to be reasonable; he would expect her to be reasonable. He would say, "Let's give this some time; let's try to find a way." He would accord her every deference, every gesture, every protection within his power.

Hang on to him, Dilly had said. She couldn't do that.

She didn't want to go over and over again the ugly scene with Lem in the library and she did, every word, every look. Surely there should be some place where she — and Lem — both took the wrong turning, some place where some word, some gesture should have led them away from so bitter a difference. If there had been such a point where some path might have led back to love and understanding, she couldn't find it.

She didn't know that she had drifted into an exhausted, uneasy sleep until the telephone on the bedside table rang sharply.

She jerked upward; she groped in the dark for it and knew it was Lem. Hope leaped up. It must be Lem and he would call her Mrs. Schultz and tell her he loved her, whatever she did he loved her. She got the receiver to her ear and cried, "Yes — yes — Lem —"

It wasn't Lem. A voice she remembered too well said distinctly, "I still have the raincoat. It's time we had a little talk."

"No —" The breath went out of her; she gasped, "No — no —" again.

It was a long time before she realised that the dial tone had come on.

But he couldn't talk! He couldn't threaten her with a raincoat. He was dead — in the lake — his ratty face half covered with leaves. No, they had taken him away — but he was dead.

Only then she thought, she knew, it was another man.

It had always been some other man.

To be continued

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its packed and noisy tramcars, the sound of engines and voices, and the tall buildings with great windows and striped awnings above the pavement shops.

David wanted to stop and see everything, but it was late and the yellow street lamps were already gleaming. They rolled on through the wide streets and out down the long line of trees and white houses of St. Kilda Road.

"Not far to go," shouted Aunt Jane above the wind and roar, but David was not tired at all, as the rows of tall trees turned gold in the setting sun, then back to a strange green as the lights came on. Looking back, he saw the black silhouettes of city buildings lined by electric light and the squat shapes of trams filled with tall, elegant people.

Then they swept on to the coast road and David could at last see the sea, just as he had pictured it, dark and heaving, touched lightly with a thousand movements as the sun slid irregularly out of sight.

The guesthouse was dark, smelling of carpets and salt, brass and dinner. When the roar of the motor left his ears, David could hear the slow roll and hiss of the sea. The trees outside their rooms tossed in a chilly, salty wind.

"Did you see?" asked David. "The man with the motor-car? He had dinner at the table on the other side of the room. Do you think he is staying here, too?"

"No," said Aunt Jane. "No, I didn't see him . . ."

The morning wind outside the window blew in the warmth of the sun and the crisp air. For a moment David missed the familiar sweetness of the eucalyptus, but then the sudden pull and rush of a wave breaking roused his awareness of the beach and he rushed to the window to pull aside curtains sharp with salt.

FROM THE BIBLE

● ***"Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God."***

—I John 3:1.

In a moment Aunt Jane came in, already fully dressed, her hair drawn tightly back from her face, making her eyes even larger. She was holding a wide straw hat piled with flowers.

"Come along, David," she said. "Time for breakfast now." They went down the dark, polished stairs to the smell of toast and eggs.

As soon as the breakfast was over they rose and walked down to the sea. The beach was already mushroomed with umbrellas, and on the promenade the fashionable ladies walked with young men in striped blazers who swung canes; and the older ladies, circular in furs, hung with crepe flowers, paraded small snapping dogs (quite unlike the panting blue cattle-dogs of home).

And, best of all, out to sea David could see the thin, lazily dipping funnels of a steamboat bringing pictures from his books into unimaginably beautiful reality. He ran, swooping, along the promenade past the marching poodles and looked back to see Aunt Jane waving and laughing, her head tilted, her teeth white as the foam. He almost collided with the young man.

"Careful there, David," he said as he sidestepped.

The young man was very tall and wore a boater with a striped ribbon and a white jacket.

"How did you know my name, sir?" asked David with admirable presence of mind.

"Oh, I heard your mother call you David in the teashop," said the tall young man. "My name is William Everton Blainey. How do you do?" He bent comically from the waist.

Continued from page 31

AUNT JANE

"That's not my mother, it's my Aunt Jane," explained David, "and my name is David Nimmo. I really should go back now."

"Well, I'll walk back with you," said the young man, and they strolled slowly along the promenade to Aunt Jane.

She looked rather surprised as they came up, and David noticed the same flush tinging her cheeks.

"Please accept my apologies for intruding," said the tall young man, "but David nearly ran me down, and I thought I should return him to you. My name is Bill Blainey."

"Thank you so much, Mr. Blainey," said Aunt Jane evenly. "Come along, David, after lunch we shall bathe."

The young man smiled and sauntered off down to the beach. David caught Aunt Jane looking absently after him.

"A swim," she repeated; "a swim after lunch."

That evening Mr. Blainey appeared suddenly at the dinner table. "Please excuse me once more," he said, "but do you mind if I join you? I know absolutely not a soul here, and it can be very boring if you know no one. I'm sure you find it so."

Aunt Jane laughed. "I'm certain you have no trouble in finding acquaintances, Mr. Everton, isn't it? But do join us. David, would you introduce us formally?"

"Mr. William Everton Blainey, Aunt Jane Barton." They all laughed.

"I must admit," said Aunt Jane, "I know not a soul here, either, but David is very good company."

"I'm sure he is," said Mr. Blainey. "He nearly bowled me over the first time he bumped into me." And they all laughed again.

That night they went to the pier to hear the band. Everybody was laughing and talking at the top of their voices, and nobody seemed to mind at all when a red-faced young man singing at the end of the pier swayed and suddenly fell with a loud splash into the shallow water to emerge a few minutes later dripping and laughing in the arms of another equally soaked young man.

Aunt Jane and Mr. Blainey thought this very funny, and indeed to David it seemed that he had never seen so many people so happy before.

At the end of the pier the band blared and strummed, the blasts of sound almost drowned by the noise of the crowds. David noticed that the trumpet player, a huge fat man sweating in his gold-and-blue uniform, was drinking something from a bottle and shouting to the crowd between refrains.

David's head swam with the noise, but Aunt Jane and Mr. Blainey, arm-in-arm and talking at the top of their voices, hardly seemed to notice. He turned away for a minute and caught sight of a small crowd of men in vivid cravats and with great silver watch-chains shouting and urging on a young couple struggling with each other under the pier lights.

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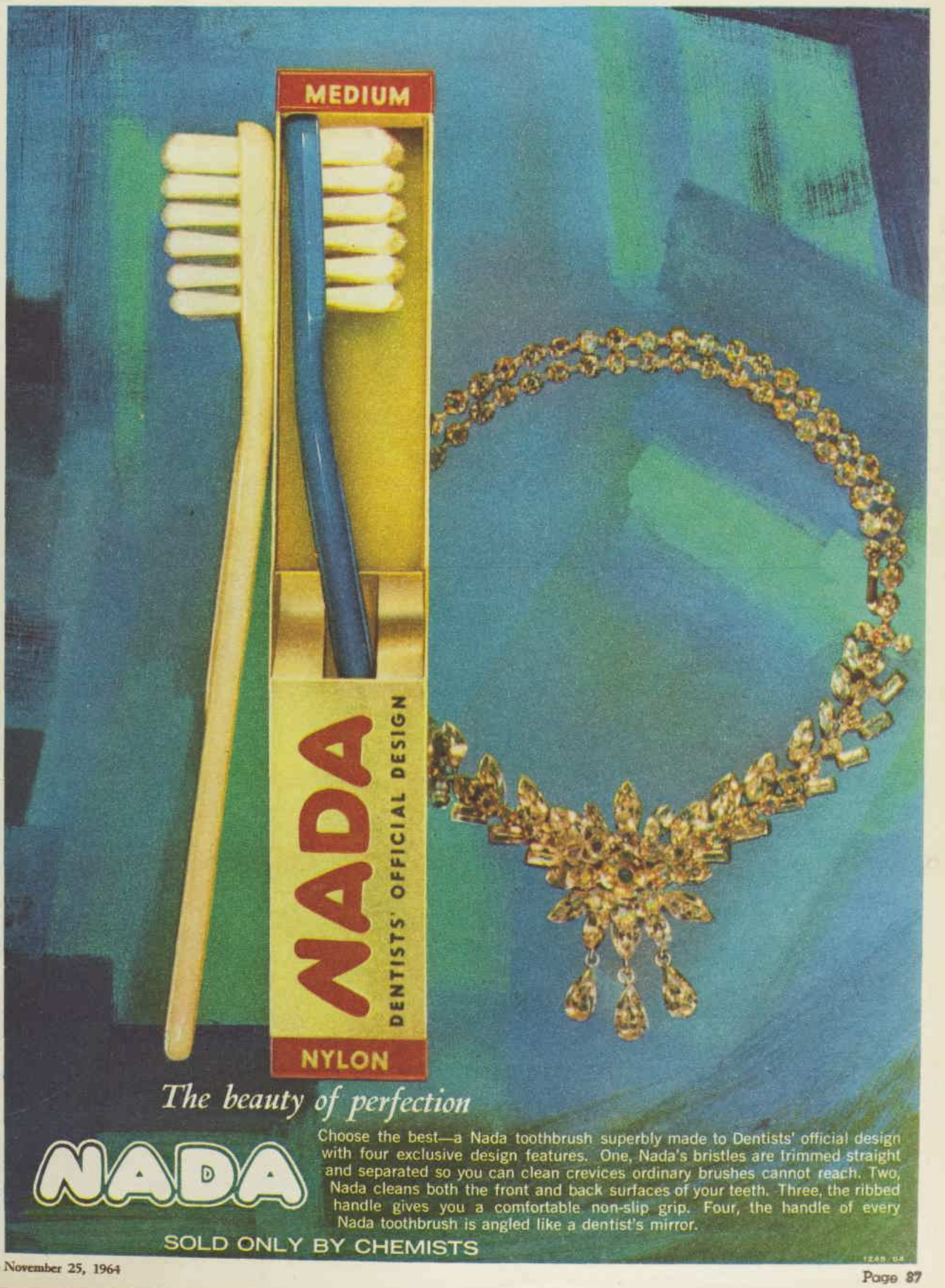

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AUNT JANE

The girl, half-laughing, half-crying, was fighting the man, who, with his arms tight about her, was trying to kiss her. His face looked oddly yellow and twisted in the artificial light, and David suddenly felt quite frightened; he did not understand why.

He turned quickly back as a roar went up from the men, and he ran to Aunt Jane, who was talking earnestly to Mr. Blainey.

"What's the matter, David, dear?" she said. "Oh heavens, I am selfish, come on, Bill, we'll take him back at once." Mr. Blainey sighed, but winked at David as they began to hurry back to the guest-house, jostled by the crowds, deafened by the noise.

The next day they went out on the pleasure steamer, and it was the happiest day of David's life. The sea was calm and infinitely blue, and the soft thud of the engines seemed part of the slow, tired swell of the water.

Aunt Jane and Mr. Blainey were talking and laughing together all the time, so David could examine the boat from stem to stern. He watched the boiling rush behind, the parted spray at the bows, the sea gliding past as he hung over the railings, and the immensity of his happiness appalled him.

He stared with awe at the splendid captain, who winked back at him from the wheel through his stern black whiskers. And when he looked back he could see the rows of houses, the beach huts, and the umbrellas, and away to his right over the lifeboats he could see the long green arc of the bay and the dark cluster of Melbourne, with its steeples, office buildings, and at the edge of the city the dizzy chimneys drifting smoke.

Once, with a swoop of whistling and a dash of steam, the pilot boat heeled past, heading out to the enormity of sea beyond.

That night David slept dreamlessly, his imagination exhausted. He was wakened by laughter next door and presently Aunt Jane and Mr. Blainey came to fetch him to breakfast. Aunt Jane was even more glowing than David had seen her before, her skin had a soft, transparent look, and she held to Mr. Blainey's arm very tightly.

They laughed a lot during breakfast even at the things David meant for jokes. It was all very satisfactory.

It was then that the very odd thing happened. The waiter came over to the table and whispered to Mr. Blainey, who, smiling, rose and turned to Aunt Jane.

"Excuse me for a moment, Jane. It appears that someone wants to see me; I shan't be a moment."

The waiter pointed, and David could see a short man with a bowler hat standing by the potted fern at the door. He was staring hard at Mr. Blainey, who smilingly rose and went over to him. They talked for a moment, then Mr. Blainey turned and took a long look at Aunt Jane.

His face had gone completely white and misshapen like that of the man on the pier, and once again David felt frightened without knowing why.

Mr. Blainey opened his mouth as if to speak, then, with an odd gesture he turned and left the dining-room, with the short man trotting beside him holding his arm. Aunt Jane half rose from her seat, but said nothing for a moment. Then she sat down.

"David, drink your milk," she said. She and Mr. Blainey had talked so much that she had barely touched her breakfast. Now she just stared at her plate. The sea sounded very loud and swift outside.

"Let's go for a bathe early today," begged David.

MR. BLAINEY did not reappear all that morning, and Aunt Jane was very quiet and refused to swim. When they came in for lunch, one of the promenade ladies, her dog puffing at her feet, was talking loudly at the next table.

"Just imagine," she shouted to the room. "Three thousand pounds he got away with. But they never get away with it for long. Him living like a lord in this guest-house, and his poor wife left alone, a good thing they caught up with him."

Then her dog started barking and a waiter approached, but Aunt Jane had got up at once, the red flush on her cheeks, and quickly left the room. David continued eating his salad. Outside the dining-room he could hear, in a sudden silence, his aunt's voice, low and questioning.

He decided to ask her if he could have some more ice-cream and salad, but as he came out into the hall he saw her talking to the manager, and the sudden lack of expression on her face made him stop. Abruptly she turned and half ran out the door, and David, for some indefinable reason, decided not to follow her. She did not come back all that afternoon.

At about three o'clock the wind blew a soft spray of rain across the roof. In the guesthouse the waiter moved around lighting the yellow lamps, and the manager organised games for the children in the dance-room.

At five o'clock a middle-aged man with a sad, kindly face came in and spoke quickly to the manager. David saw them turn and look at him, and although the strange man's face was kind, he felt again that odd, frightened uncertainty.

The next day in the middle of the morning his mother and father came to take him home, and he could see that his mother had been crying. Father held her in his arms all the way home, and no one spoke, so that although David had so much to tell, especially about the steamboat ride, he decided to wait until they got home.

"Oh why, why?" cried his mother when they got home. "Why?"

But David's father did not seem to know. Nor would they tell David where Aunt Jane had gone.

And indeed the pier had begun to fall into the sea and the guest-house was turned into a hospital before he returned to that beach. Then the reason for the shouts and bustle on the beach that forgotten afternoon became clear. But however hard he tried he could remember nothing of his long dead aunt but the quick movement of her hands and the strange swell of her skin next to the lace.

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ONE DAY IT'S DIFFERENT

"Now look, lady," the cab driver said. "Don't faint." And he was already hammering on the door of Photo Wallace, that den of chemical stench that occupied the ground floor, and a voice inside said to come-on-in-the-door-was-open, but the cab driver kept pounding on the door until Photo Wallace himself appeared, large and unhappy, and after that things were somewhat confused in Bess' mind.

Photo Wallace carried her all by himself because the stairs were narrow and the cab driver had a weak back — he said. Photo Wallace was sweating by the time he negotiated the final turn of the stairs, manoeuvring Bess' stiff leg over bannister and past wall corners the way the furniture movers had manoeuvred the sofa that opened out into a bed.

What Photo Wallace had to say beneath his breath was probably best unheard, but once his words were audible and almost angry. "Am I hurting you?"

Bess shook her head hard in protest and defiance. She thought what an unholy mess she had made of things by a moment's carelessness — she, Bess Lindsay, of all people —

"Key," Photo Wallace said.

It was the cab driver carrying the crutches (like the piano mover who carried the stool) who found it in Bess' purse and got the door opened, and they all three burst through together in a kind of Marx-Brothers-diving-into-a-closet routine. Then something banged her leg and that was the last that Bess remembered with any clarity at all . . .

She was in her large chair and her leg was propped up on another stool and the cab driver was gone and Photo Wallace was still there and the sofa-that-turned-into-a-bed was already opened (how in the world had Photo Wallace discovered the trick to that?) and he was saying, "Where do you keep the bedding?" And when the bed was made up with large-handed savagery, "What do you wear when you're in it?"

"Honestly," Bess said with determined calm, "I can manage nicely now, thank you very much."

"Suit yourself."

Some of the efficiency and the I'll-be-beholden-to-nobody attitude returned. "Did you pay the cab driver?"

He was looking at her then, studying her. He nodded. "One dollar. For the rest there is no charge." Bess reached for her purse and the repayment transaction was completed in silence.

Bess said again, "Thank you very much."

"Not at all." He was at the door. Still he hesitated. His eyes were on the cast. "You'd better call a woman friend to give you a hand."

"Thank you." It was dismissal. Photo Wallace — Bess supposed he had a first name, but she had no idea what it was — went back down the two flights of stairs to his den of chemical stench. End of incident.

She called Mark. Mark listened and then said, "Oh, no." His voice was amused. "Two weeks skiing and then you come home and fall down some stairs."

Bess guessed it was pretty funny at that, although until this moment she had missed the hilarity of it. She felt better. "Come around after work," she said, "and I'll give you a drink, and then you can go out and make eyes at some other female." Joke.

Mark said he would be happy to; that he would not for the world pass up the opportunity of seeing Busy Bess Lindsay immobilised.

Bess said, "What did you call me?" But the phone was dead, and she hung up slowly, frowning a little until it occurred to her to wonder what had happened to her sense of humor that she should find a quip like that unfunny. Strange. It was almost as if she had broken something besides her leg.

There was no use remaining cooped up in the black wool dress she had put on for work, so she got herself out of the large chair and balanced precariously on one foot, and then the fun began.

Whoever invented back zippers, she decided, had a hatred of the human race, because they were never the easiest things in the world to manage, and now, on one foot, the problem approached impossibility.

The required contortions tended to upset balance, and although she did not fall, it was a close thing once or twice, particularly during those moments of hauling the black dress off over her head — a kind of comic strip-tease, she supposed, that would probably lay them in the aisles in one of the more sophisticated nightclubs. Very funny. And call a woman friend, indeed. What for? To laugh?

But she managed at last, and for good measure got rid of everything else besides the dress, because things like bra and pantie girdle might cause trouble if more than her leg began to stiffen from that tumble down the stairs. Very foresighted, Elizabeth.

And then, modestly clad in the cast, she slipped on another frock, loose and easy. One thing was, it zipped up the back, too. And halfway up, the zipper derailed, or whatever zippers did, and refused to go either up or down, and she fought the thing until she was tired and then gave it up and sat down in the large chair again.

There were those distant pink toes to stare at. And her legs ached, but not too much. And the cast still felt clammy-cold. She decided that she was something of a spectacle, and who could blame anyone for being amused? If there had been anyone there to see, that was. Busy Bess, indeed.

After a time she had another bout with the stuck zipper, but the zipper remained where it was. What was it W. C. Fields was supposed to have said? "If at first you don't succeed — give up; stop making a fool of yourself."

It was a relief when the messenger arrived with an envelope of finished typing that required copy-reading. But she finished the work in less than an hour, called Nellie to have it picked up, and had to listen to a chorus of "oh-dears."

"We'll manage somehow," Bess said, and found it difficult to keep an edge out of her voice. That ache in her leg was no worse, but it was a little wearisome by now, so she took a couple of aspirins and tussled with the zipper for a while and wished that five o'clock would hurry up, because what she needed was companionship. Mark-type companionship, to be precise, to take her mind off this ridiculous — well — immobility.

Along in mid-afternoon she had a visitor — one of those silly city pigeons who landed on her window-sill and puffed himself out and strutted up and down until Bess waved her arm and he flew away. By four-thirty Bess wished he were back again, strut and all. Anything. Anything at all.

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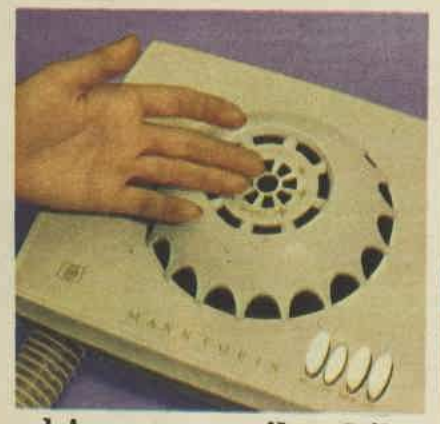

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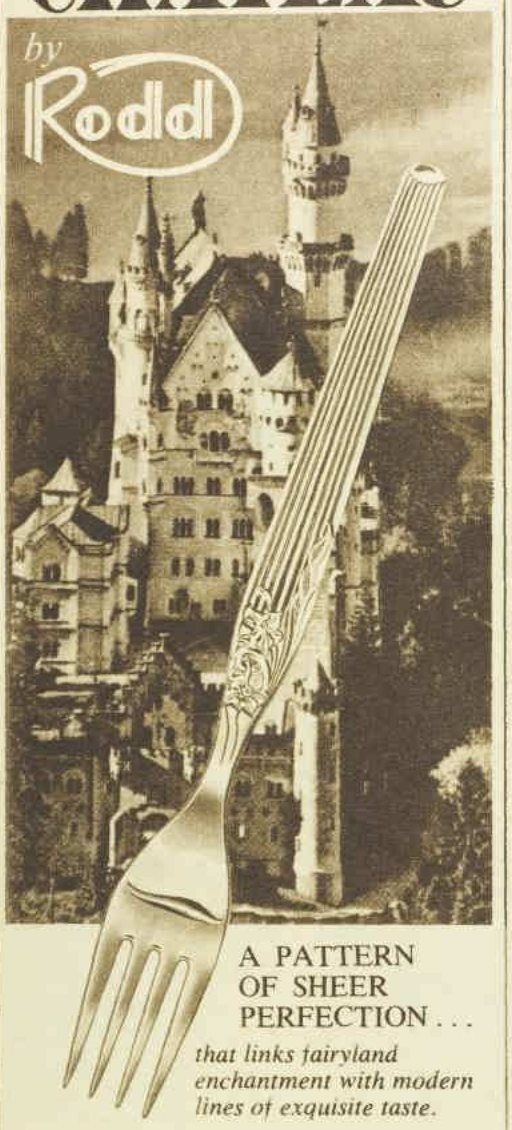

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ONE DAY IT'S DIFFERENT

Continued from page 89

And then at last it was after five and there were footsteps, and she called "come in" almost before the knock sounded. It was not Mark; it was Photo Wallace, wearing a scowl and bearing a large florist's box tied with ribbon. "There seems to be an idea floating around," Photo Wallace said, "that I'm the janitor. These arrived for you." He laid the box on her lap.

There was a card. It said, "I hope these are appropriate? I'll have to take a rain-check on that drink. Love and kisses. Mark." The flowers were calla lilies, large, white, and solemn. Joke.

Photo Wallace said, expressionless, "Do you have a vase?" And he took quite a time in the kitchen, which was just as well, because, looking at the note, Bess was not sure whether she wanted to swear or weep, or maybe both. Picture Bess Lindsay in tears. This was the low point. So far.

Photo Wallace set the vase on a table. Bess said, "Thank you. They look—" She stopped. She took a deep breath. "They need organ music, don't they?" Simple truth.

He stood there, large and motionless, looking at her. "Anything you need?"

There was always pride to fall back on. "Not a thing, thank you."

He seemed to hesitate, standing there still, and then he nodded, and the door closed. Bess heard his large footsteps going back down the stairs, and it was a few minutes before she remembered that stuck zipper which Photo Wallace could have undone but, by then, of course, it was too late. And so she sat.

She heard the footsteps on the stairs again. They're going up to the next floor, she told herself; they're not anybody for me—meaning, of course, Mark. But when the knock came on her door she said calmly enough, "Come in." And she was already beginning, almost triumphantly, "The raincheck so soon—?" There she stopped.

It was not Mark. It was Photo Wallace again. He was scowling. "Did you have any lunch? And what are you figuring to do for dinner?"

"You don't have to worry about me," Bess said. "But, thank you, anyway."

"One visitor." He said it in slow accusation. "The messenger."

Bess shook her head. "Two visitors. The second was a pigeon. I drove him away." And then, "Now you know." She was not even sure herself what she meant.

Photo Wallace said, still scowling, "Do you like lamb chops?"

"I told you, you don't have to worry—"

"Somebody does."

She studied him carefully. "Tell me why."

He said slowly, "It took humanity a long time to climb up out of the ooze. This was one of the things we learned. Sometimes we remember it."

He marched out without closing the door. Bess heard him clumping down the stairs again — he goes up and down like a yo-yo, she thought. Then she stared at her bare toes and tried to think of some quip she might have made about that climbing-up-out-of-the-ooze bit. Funny, she couldn't think of one.

He had a large brown paper bag when he returned. A leather case dangled from his other hand. He put the case in her lap. "Binoculars," he said, and started for the kitchen.

His head appeared. "A drink before dinner?" He had a change of pace, too; it was a trifle unnerving.

He sat on the end of the sofa-bed, his own drink in one large hand. He glanced at the calla lilies. Bess felt impelled to say, "They're a joke."

He nodded, solemn as an owl. "I gathered that."

"And you don't approve of jokes?"

"Some jokes."

Bess said slowly, "You're being a nice, sweet guy, and I—" She was silent.

"You're not used to accepting help," he said, "from anybody. Tell me why."

She made no answer; it was as if he had expected none. He stood up. "Time to turn the chops," he said, and disappeared into the kitchen.

Dinner was good, but filled with silences. And afterward the man cleared the things away and washed up. Then he stood in the middle of the floor and regarded her thoughtfully. "Does it hurt?" he said.

Obviously it would hurt, Bess thought; any fool should understand that a broken leg would not be exactly pleasant. But she said, "I have some aspirin, thank you. And thank you again for the dinner." And if he asks if there is anything else he can do, she thought, I think that I'll—

He did not. He said only, "Good night," and started for the door.

It was Bess who stopped him. "I have two questions." Her voice was normal, brisk, and businesslike. "The first is, do you have a name other than Photo?"

"Samuel." He said it gravely. "Sam." He paused. "Second question?"

"Do you feel that you've done your good deed—?" She stopped there and sat staring at those distant toes. After a pause she looked up. "I'm sorry. I am grateful. In my own shrewish way—"

"Good night." He said it gently. "My number's in the phone book." He had the door open before she remembered.

"Wait!" she said. "Sam! Please!" And when he stood waiting, Bess wondered just how she was going to go about explaining what she had in mind, after practically

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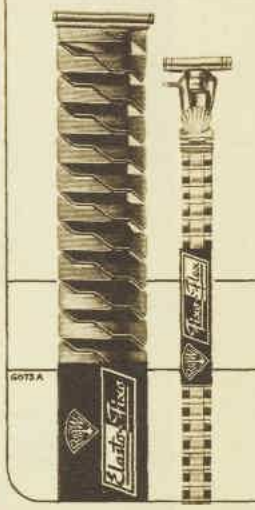

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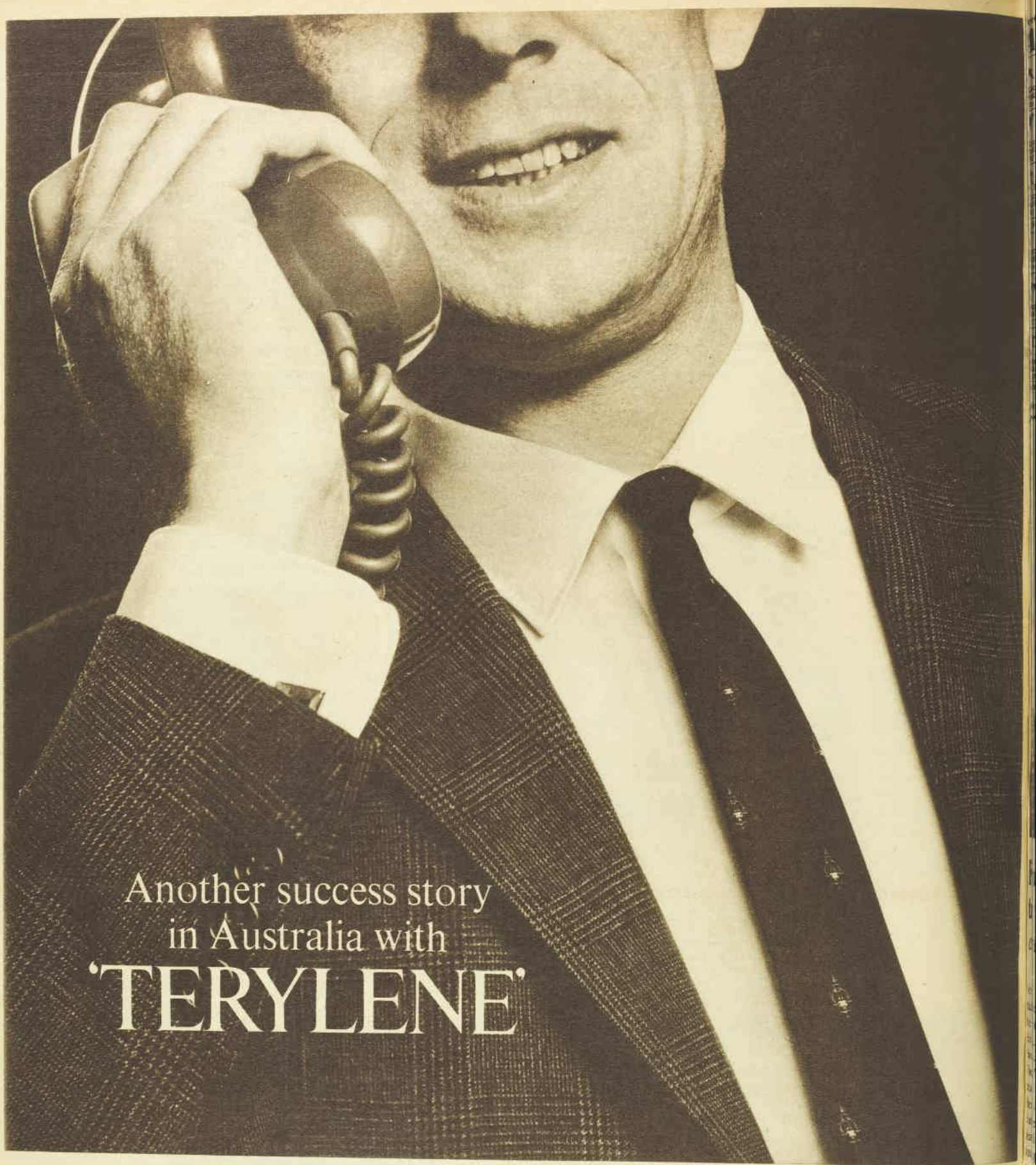

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AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Nov. 18

ARIES
MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, grey, brown. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

★ Regard the 18th and 19th as upsetting, when you could get edgy and go off the deep end. 20th-21st as definitely adverse, but the 23rd-25th as favorable for lasting romance.

TAURUS
APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, red, gold. Lucky days, Fri., Sunday.

★ Conditions are grinery, upsetting, and delaying until 23rd. Some pet hope could get a setback, there could be brolls with friends. The 23rd-25th compensates with lucky influences.

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Thursday, Sat.

★ Overstrung nerves could lead to trouble with the marriage tie. The 20th-22nd is depressing and delaying. Start no new thing. But the 23rd-25th is good, and helps to repair damage done.

CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, rose, lilac. Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

★ End of the week favors married folk more than the unwed, but the period from 18th-22nd is unfavorable to all. Hasty thinking, over-caution, and queer mental muddle foster mishaps.

LEO
JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, green, tan. Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.

★ The stars play with romantic ties, and many Leos may be faced with a sudden parting. However, the zodiac gets a guilty conscience 23rd-24th and makes up with a strong, steadying ray.

VIRGO
AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, gold, jade. Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

★ Keep up that cool appraisal, because you could experience a lot of upset and delay that will demand calm analysis, especially if married. Things improve 23rd with much calmer conditions.

LIBRA
SEPT 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, turq., red. Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.

★ After your innate love of balance carries you through the hostile 18th-22nd, you have a wonderful period for romance—love that lasts, at that. The 24th is tailor-made for you.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

★ Scorpios born November 19-21 had best stick to routine and start no important project, 20th-22nd. Domestic trouble is shown at the beginning, but the week should end on a peaceful note.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23-DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, lilac, silver. Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

★ Most Sagittarians are especially pressured by adverse aspects, 18th-22nd. Stick in a fox-hole. The stars improve, and the 23rd-24th favors home, family, and the working girl.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 21-JAN 19
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, grey, mauve. Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.

★ Unfortunate influences could make you worry and you could get browned-off. Stick to your plans, but don't launch them until after 22nd. The 24th is unusually favorable for romance.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 20-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, yellow, red. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

★ Aquarians usually place high emphasis on friendship and friends. Close associates could loom large—and with unhappy consequences. However, 23rd-25th compensates a little.

PISCES
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, pink, grey. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.

★ Astrologers usually tell Pisceans to be up and doing, because a streak of diffidence holds them back. Advice is until 22nd: NOT to get up and go, but to get cracking 23rd-25th.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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ONE DAY IT'S DIFFERENT

Continued from page 90

slapping him in the face. "I—I have a problem," she said.

Silence.

You're doing fine, Bess told herself, just dandy; you're building it up into a federal case, and it's actually nothing, nothing at all. "My—zipper's stuck."

Nothing changed in his face. "Which *one*?"

"How many do you think I have?"

"I wouldn't really know, would I?"

"No," Bess said, "I suppose not." She felt off-balance; not unnerved, merely somewhat bewildered, and she had no idea why. She bent forward and pointed back down over her shoulder. "It's this one. It won't go up, and it won't go down—" That was pretty silly, wasn't it? Didn't the word stuck already cover it?

There seemed to be a great deal of him indeed, close up like this, bending down over her, giving a tentative tug, and then another, a little stronger than the first. "Well and truly stuck," he said.

AND now, so help me, Bess thought, he's quoting Hemingway; and she had an insane impulse to giggle. Instead, she said, "Maybe my arms are too short. Or maybe my back is too long—"

"No." His voice came from just behind her ear, and it occurred to her that he was probably looking at a great deal of her back, just about all of it—"The proportions are right, precisely right." Another tug that almost lifted her out of the chair. "It isn't going to go north," he said. "That's definite."

"South it is," Bess said, and this time the giggle did emerge.

"Hang on." The tug this time drove her down into the chair, and she felt the thing come unstuck all at once—and something caught her eye and she looked up, and there was Mark, standing in the doorway, with something not readily recognisable in his hand, and a smile on his face.

"Very chummy," Mark said.

Bess opened her mouth and then closed it again carefully, and in silence. Sam Wallace straightened. He looked at Mark. He looked down at Bess. He said, "Up? Or down? The zipper, I mean." There was nothing at all in his face, or in his voice.

"Up, please," Bess said.

And from the doorway Mark said, "I think under the circumstances that would be best."

The zipper came up smoothly. Bess leaned back in the chair. Sam Wallace said, "Good night," and walked to the door. To Mark he said, in that same, uninflected voice, "You've got some dirt stuck." He paused. "In your mind," he said. He was gone.

Mark came across the room. He was smiling still. "I brought you this," he said. "I couldn't resist it." And then, "Who is the solemn character? Or shouldn't I ask?"

Bess was staring at the thing he was holding out to her now, and recognizing it—one of those things kids bounced up and down on, a pogo stick. She looked up then. "Thank you," she said. "It's exactly what I've been needing."

"I thought it was," Mark said.

He couldn't stay. He had just dropped by to make delivery. "You told me," he said, "to go out and make eyes at some other female."

"And you are," Bess said. She hoped her voice sounded properly light. "Have fun." And then she was alone again. And this somehow was an even lower point than the one before. Strange.

The lights of the city were on. They winked at her, mocked her, which had never been true before. She was a self-sufficient person, and always she had enjoyed her periods of solitude. Now, somehow, it was different, and the difference was that now the solitude was enforced and it was not within her power to walk out on it—nonsense, of course; she was merely feeling sorry for herself.

And so she got up, and out of the frock (the zipper moved quite meekly this time) and into a nightgown; and she washed her face and brushed her teeth and stuck her tongue out at her reflection in the mirror, and then went to bed. She even smiled at the pogo stick just before she turned out the light. It was pretty funny, wasn't it? Well, wasn't it? It and the calla lilies, both?

The cast was still clammy and cold — and hard. No matter how she tried to arrange herself, it managed to bang against her good knee or ankle. All right, she thought, if this is as far as

To page 95

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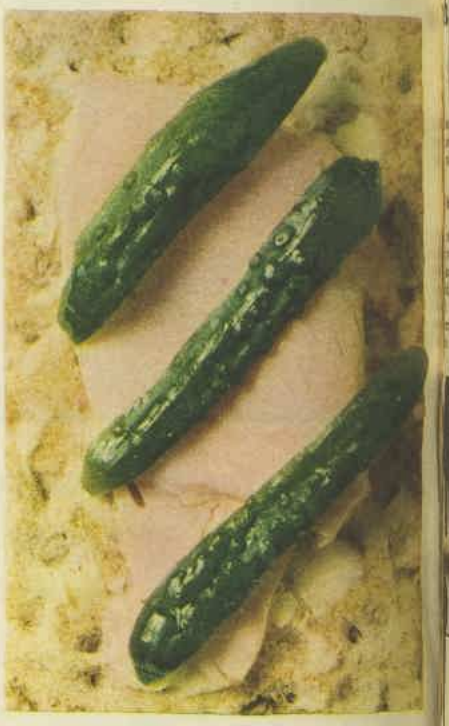

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medical science has progressed, then there is nothing to do but put up with it.

But she found herself wondering if that doctor with the hearty voice had ever had a cast on his leg, and how had he liked it? Steady, Elizabeth.

Tomorrow, she thought, something would have to be done about Nellie and Marcia What's-her-name and the work piling up. Maybe she, Bess, could have a typewriter brought up here — on the face of it, that was ridiculous. Keep the leg up, the doctor had said; and although at the time she had secretly decided that that, too, was nonsense, now, after hopping around getting herself ready for bed, she understood what he meant.

That wearisome throb — forget it, Elizabeth; think of other things. But in the end she got out of bed, turned on the light, and hopped in to have two more aspirin. And while she was up she looked at the time. She had

Continued from page 93

ONE DAY IT'S DIFFERENT

been in bed not quite thirty minutes.

Well, she wasn't sleepy yet, and what was wrong with that? So she sat down in the large chair again, leg propped up, and did her nails while she waited for the aspirin to take effect. And then she read for a while —that book she had been wanting to read; and how on earth did this book ever get on the best-seller lists? She put the book aside.

The binoculars Sam Wallace had brought were right there beside the chair. She took them out of their case and fussed with them and finally aimed them at the window—pecking, looking right into other people's lives.

There was a couple, each in his own chair, reading—why in the world didn't they speak to one another instead of just sitting, indifferent? Maybe they don't have to, Elizabeth; maybe each just knows that the other is there and so they don't have to speak. Can silence be companionable?

There was a woman, all alone, washing lingerie, her hair done up in curlers. And what was she thinking? And in what was almost the next apartment was a man also alone, drinking a can of beer as if he didn't like it, but had nothing else to do. If you were a fairy godmother, Elizabeth, you could get them together somehow. She found that she was smiling at the concept. Wouldn't it be nice? Was that nonsense, too? Making it your business to do something for someone else?

SHE lowered the binoculars at last, and then just sat looking out the window as if she had never seen the city, or many other things, before. And what was running through her mind was a kind of jumble of — how did that line go? "Of shoes — and ships — and sealing wax — of cabbages — and kings —" ?

Well, it was almost like that: it was calla lilies, and zippers, and pogo sticks, and lamb chops, somehow all related, but she was not sure exactly how. Strangely enough, she felt calmer, the pain of the throbbing diminished, and she was rather pleased with herself that she had been able to achieve this all alone.

Or, had she? Sobering thought. All by yourself, Elizabeth? When he told you that his number was in the phone book, and so all you had to do was call if things got too bad? You didn't even think of that at the time, did you? But it's been in the back of your mind all along, face it; something to lean on. You, who have never been used to accepting help from anybody. ("Tell me why.") You still think it was all by yourself? Maybe—

It was then that the phone rang. She picked it up, frowning a little, and said hello. What would it be this time, a singing telegram?

Sam Wallace's voice said. "Your light is still on. You're all right?"

No singing telegram, nothing witty or bright or gay or clever. "I'm fine now," Bess said. "Thank you." She didn't even smile; smiling was for other times.

"Well," he said. "I—" He was silent.

"You were worried," Bess said. "And thank you for that, too." Was this further knowledge that she had drawn on, further help accepted? "It—helped." Simple, incredible truth.

There was more silence. "It's late," Sam Wallace said then.

"Is it?" Bess looked at her watch. It was late, very late. "I didn't know." It was strange, sitting there, looking out of the window, thinking about a jumble of things, it could have been five minutes —or a lifetime. How are such things measured?

"Well," Sam Wallace said, "I'm glad you're all right. Good night."

"No," Bess said. "Wait. Please." She was not at all sure what was in her mind. At least four weeks in this cast the doctor had said; and she was going to have to work out many things, and she had no idea precisely how, but some things were already plain and clear and no longer incredible.

She hoped she was not taking too much for granted, but she was quite sure that she was not. She said slowly, "I like fruit juice, and toast, and coffee for breakfast." She turned her head then until she could see the calla lilies and the pogo stick, stare at them while she waited.

"Well," he said, at last, "I rather thought bacon." His voice was grave, but lighter, easier than she had heard it before. "But if you—"

"Bacon is fine," Bess said. And now at last was the time for smiling, with her lips, with her eyes, with all of her, smiling way down deep inside — still staring at the calla lilies and the pogo stick and finding them now actually amusing, not as jokes, but as pranks someone would play, rather childish pranks.

And as one grew up one put aside childish toys and pranks, was it not so? Just as one put aside that other childish illusion: that one was sufficient to oneself? No one was; here was the great truth, warmly welcome after all this time, no longer even faintly painful.

And where this all might lead, she had no idea. But neither had she fear, only anticipation, even eagerness. "Bacon will be wonderful," she said.

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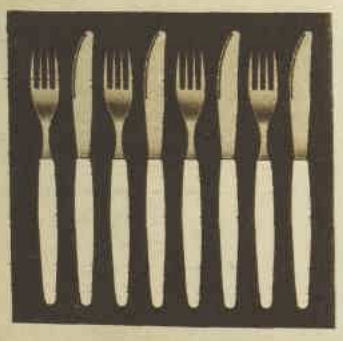

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THE BOAT THAT CHRISTINE BUILT

Teenagers' WEEKLY

JALNA skims along on Sydney Harbor with its owner-builder Christine Kinder at the tiller.

● When shy teenager Christine Kinder learned she had to wear braces on her teeth she decided that she wouldn't go out until they came off. Then she built a sailing boat to pass the time!

"IT'S a Heron — an 11ft. sailing dinghy—and Dad and I built it together," said Christine, 18, of Lugarno. "I did most of the sanding-down, chose the design, timber, and sails. And, of course, I paid for it."

The boat, named Jalna (after the Kinder's house), took six months of spare time to build and cost Chris about £120.

"A Heron costs at least £200 to buy new, and it's much more fun to know you built it yourself," she said. "Dad had never built a boat before, so it was a lot of work for both of us. But it was well worth the effort."

Chris is a trainee medical technologist at Sydney Dental Hospital and is in the third year of her six-year part-time course at Sydney Technical College.

"I always liked science at school, so I enjoy studying bacteria in our research department," she said. "The only thing I regret about working with so many dentists is that one day last January they discovered I needed braces.

"I'm not embarrassed about them any more (I've had them for about nine months now), but I had to laugh the other day when I heard that a boy I'd met had told a friend: 'That Chris could be a pretty girl if only she had false teeth—she's got so many fillings'!

"Even before I got my braces, I wasn't very interested in dating — I never seemed to find the time," Chris said. "If I'm not studying, I'm learning singing (I go two nights a week to the Sydney Conservatorium of Music) and I'd rather sail than do anything else on the weekends."

The plans for the small yacht cost Chris £4/10/- to buy from the Heron Association, which also supplied useful tips for building.

"It was just like making a dress — you cut out the pattern, but instead of stitching it together you nail and glue it," she said. "It was quite simple, but I'd advise girls to be sure of the help of their father or boyfriend before they start to build one."

There was only one disappointment for Chris when her Heron, with pale-blue hull and yellow-tipped sails, was ready to launch.

TOO CLOSE

She had hoped to coincide the launching with the time her braces came off, but it didn't work out that way.

"I *still* haven't got them off, but the dentist promises they'll be gone by Christmas," she said. "But I couldn't wait that long to sail my yacht and we broke the bottle of champagne on the hull on the big day last July."

Since then, Chris and her crew, forward-hand Leonie McLean, 18, have sailed every Sunday in an eight-mile race with Balmoral Heron Sailing Club; raced on Open Day at the Royal Sydney Yacht Club recently (winning a prize for the fastest visitors); and sailed in a regatta to mark the official opening of Lake Burley Griffin in Canberra.

And they're still laughing about the day they decided to sail close to the visiting American aircraft carrier Enterprise. There were so many other boats around, the sea was like a "washing machine" and they were bounced closer and closer to the side of the huge ship.

CHRISTINE KINDER (left) and her "crew," Leonie McLean. They sail an eight-mile race every Sunday.

"When we tried to 'go about' (turn around) I put the sail rope in my mouth as usual (one hand operates the tiller and the other the mainsheet), but it caught on my braces," Chris said. "We were sure we were going to crash into the side of Enterprise before I finally managed to free it."

"The Heron is ideal for girls — it is so light and manageable," Leonie said. "Although we race with two, it's also a great family boat and easily carries two adults and two children on cruises."

"It's so easy to sail — but the only way to learn is to come aboard," said Christine, inviting me to join Leonie and herself on a pleasure cruise on Sydney Harbor. "You'll love it — as long as you can swim, of course."

That last part worried me. Sure I could swim, but I hadn't figured on swimming that cold, windy day, specially in the harbor. Besides, I didn't have on my swimsuit, I protested.

But before I could say any more, I was bundled into a very-smart-looking buoyancy jacket, which cost Chris about £5. It was bright yellow — "So you can easily be seen by rescuers if the yacht capsizes and you go drifting off somewhere," Chris explained.

The girls added a nylon spray jacket (they also cost about £5) and told me to hop aboard as they pushed Jalna out from the beach.

Seconds later, the girls clambered into their positions —Chris as skipper at the back and Leonie as "lookout" and forward-hand up front with me.

My first job was to lower the centreboard (a retractable keel which keeps the yacht from drifting sideways) as soon as the water was deep enough, while Chris pulled the rubber blade down and Leonie checked the sails.

I was just thinking what fun it was bouncing along over the choppy sea when Chris gave the signal, "Stand by to go about," which, I soon discovered, meant we had to be ready to turn bow to the wind.

There was a frantic movement on deck. Chris pushed the tiller down and called "Lee-o" (meaning to "go about"). Leonie let fly the jib sheet and pulled at a mass of ropes, thrusting one in my hand to "pull like crazy."

There was a flurry of flapping sails, mad ducking of heads to miss the swinging sail boom, and we were "running" full-ahead again.

I liked the "hike-out" bit best. That was our signal to scramble on the side of the yacht and lean out over the water to keep the boat upright when the winds freshened.

But you had to be quick. "Hiking-out" happily on one side would often only last a minute and then the signal came to scramble across the deck to hang out the other side.

A couple of times I was too slow to miss the boom and brought home a few bumps on my head to prove it.

Despite the bumps, I had a great time, but I can't see how people say sailing is relaxing.

"Sailing probably does seem complicated at first, but after a while you never think of it—it is like riding a bike," Leonie said. "Chris and I often sing when we're racing and the time just flies.

BIG BRUISES

"A lot of girls don't like sailing because you often get big bruises on your arms and legs from scrambling about the decks," added Leonie, "but they don't worry us."

"And, of course, others are scared of a dip in the sea when the boat capsizes," Chris said. "We've been lucky. Jalna hasn't 'pickled' (capsized) yet!

"But we'll let you into a secret that we weren't game to tell you before we took you out," said Chris. "It was such a windy, choppy morning, we were sure we'd 'pickle' for the first time today." — **KERRY YATES.**

EXPLAINING the rigging of Jalna to reporter Kerry Yates are Christine Kinder (centre) and Leonie McLean (left), who sail the boat every weekend.

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Letters must be signed and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

ON CENSORSHIP OF BOOKS

● One reason adults favor censorship is because they think the banned books would affect teenagers' morals, wrote reader J. Veneziana.

SURELY there is something seriously wrong with us if we cannot read something sordid without our moral standards being lowered. Book censorship in Australia is both unfair and unjustified, and I am of the opinion that it is a sad reflection on the reading public.—*G.N., Turramurra, N.S.W.*

I FEEL that our censors look too superficially and unrealistically at sex and teenage morals. They forget that mere knowledge of sex, even from a novel, corrupts only those few who, through the very secrecy and taboo that censorship only increases, have an unbalanced, obsessed outlook.

If any books do have a bad moral effect, it is those, so easily obtainable, emphasising and condoning brutality in their "heroes." — *Peter Gordon, Artarmon, N.S.W.*

IN my opinion not many of the books censored have ever lowered the moral standards of teenagers. I think it is quite a mad idea to stop people reading books because it makes them want to read the book all the more. — *Margaret Logan, Goomeri, Qld.*

IF pornographic books were unrestricted, younger people could easily get the impression that sex is a game. Also, teenagers could believe from these books that sexual misdemeanors are quite the usual thing, and under this wrong impression could easily be led into situations that will permanently damage their lives.

I recognise the fact that some of these books have literary value, and it is a pity to sacrifice this. But then how many people would read them for their literary value, and how many for the sake of pornography? — *Marja Kastelein, Wagga Wagga, N.S.W.*

BOOKS should not be banned. I think that teenagers sensible enough to read properly will choose the right books. Anyway, most of the people I know prefer reading books on sports and hobbies. — *Raymond Hickey, Glenroy, Vic.*

Better ways to study literature

ALTHOUGH I am still at school I find that I enjoy reading the set literature or listening to light classical music at home by myself far more than I do when I have to read or listen at school. I think that modern teenagers have to study English literature in far too much detail.

This leads to boredom and a general dislike for great writers and composers and their works. This dislike is not really for the actual type of work, but boredom from having to read the same poem, novel, or play many many times.

Personally, I dislike having to read the same book more than once, but unless I do I cannot retain all the details necessary for the examination questions to come.

Often teachers dictate notes on the literature in question, and very frequently the ideas of the teachers are totally different from those of the pupils.

I think it would be a good idea if pupils could perhaps study more works in less detail. Also, they should be allowed to express their own ideas on the works.

For items such as Shakesperian plays, more actual performances could be attended. In these ways English literature could become a pleasure. — *Paula Briggs, Hobart, Tas.*

Opinions

I HOPE this will give you an idea of a surfer's opinion on certain aspects of life. Being a 16-year-old all-seasons surfboard rider, I detest:

Summertime crowds, who never look at the surf in the winter; phony surfers or surfies; short hair; old-fashioned parents; the leather boys who try to appear tough to the girls and yet play no sport; any article of black clothing; being called a surfie by ignorant elders; dufflecoats, which were in fashion two years ago and used by the winter surfers to keep warm; strong easterly winds; and pseudo-Hollywood surf movies.

Concerning girls, I dislike: too much make-up; girls who telephone unnecessarily; girls who smoke (because they look cheap); one-piece swimming suits; the idea of friendship rings; and catty and vain girls.

BUT I do like: Parties if not too planned and organised; Saturday nights; safaris; bikinis and two-pieces; girls wearing bright-colored clothing; and those tight, tight Bermuda shorts. I like girls with long hair—especially blondes; female surfboard riders who are really interested in the sport; girls who have light tans — because my own skin has been turned close to a form of brown leather from four years of all-year-round surfing; girls who go down to the beach in winter even if they don't go in, because it gets lonely for us when the surf is chopped out. — *"Fussy Surfer," Greenwich, N.S.W.*

Better citizens

A TEACHER at our school has made the statement that children who continue at school after many others have left will not necessarily be better citizens.

What do other teenagers think of this belief? I would also like to know what are other teenagers' ideas of a good citizen. — *Richard Watson, North Perth, W.A.*

Vehicle verse

THERE was I dressed in
my Sunday-best clothes,
Feeling blue from my head
to my toes.
It was going to be such
a wonderful day,
Now all my bright hopes
have vanished away.
I sit and I sigh, grief fills
my heart,
Despite how I try, the car
won't start. — *Teresa Inglis, Merino, Vic.*

Leaving school

D. L. MILLER seemed a little confused about the benefits of leaving school at 14. Most employers prefer job-seekers with a high educational standard, and, in fact, most jobs have a prerequisite of Intermediate or Leaving.

To suggest that matriculation students are unable to find jobs because of inexperience is entirely wrong. Those students have many more avenues of work opened up to them because of their education.

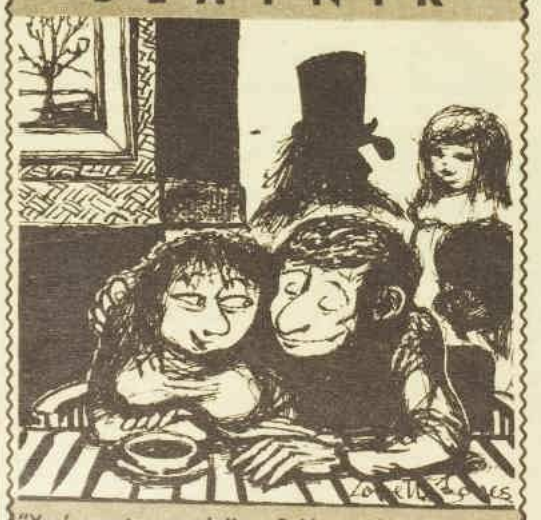
The writer also suggests that teenagers who leave school at 14 are able to lead a fuller life and are able to see as many plays as the like. But how many of them would be able to understand those plays? — *Dawn Guest, Hawthorn, Vic.*

NEXT WEEK

● "As your hand leans, so leans your heart" says well-known handwriting analyst Muriel Stafford. Next week there is a full page on the results of her analysis of The Beatles' signatures plus a color picture of each.

● You would imagine that famous singing stars could date anyone they like — but, in fact, this isn't so. Read what ten Australian stars say about "the one that got away." The color pictures of the stars are wonderful pin-ups, too.

BEATNIK



"You've got a good line, Bobby — have you ever thought of writing short stories?"

Did you win a fry pan?

Here are the winners of Sunbeam Gourmette Frypans in RICE-A-RISO's recipe competition:

Mrs. J. R. Woods, Chatswood, N.S.W.
Mrs. F. Hilder, Belmore, N.S.W.
Mrs. R. Allden, Seaforth, N.S.W.
Mrs. L. I. Phelps, Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.
Miss S. Holdaway, Double Bay, N.S.W.
Mrs. A. G. Watts, Inverell, N.S.W.
Mrs. A. Scott, Chatswood, N.S.W.
Mrs. K. Huntingdon, Dee Why, N.S.W.
Miss Cawthorne, Inverell, N.S.W.
Mrs. I. L. Murray, Croydon, N.S.W.
Mrs. June Ross, Woy Woy, N.S.W.
Mrs. J. W. Robinson, via Rochester, Vic.
Mrs. I. J. Dempsey, Pascoe Vale, Vic.
Mrs. J. I. Beck, Spotswood, Vic.
Mrs. R. Watt, Orbost, Vic.
Mrs. D. B. Shaw, Bonegilla, Vic.
Mrs. D. M. Lymons, Ballarat, Vic.
Mrs. S. B. Stibba, Wonthaggi, Vic.
Mrs. L. Green, Beaumaris, Vic.
Mrs. W. Turner, Mitcham, Vic.
Mrs. N. Falk, Mt. Waverley, Vic.
Mrs. H. McMillan, E. Geelong, Vic.
Mrs. A. Stevenson, Deer Park, Vic.
Mrs. A. Timmins, Townsville, Qld.
Mrs. B. Harvey, Clum Point, Qld.
Mrs. A. L. Parr, Coorpooroo, Qld.
Mrs. B. J. Cornell, Numinbah Valley, Qld.
Mrs. A. Clarke, Ayr, Qld.
Mrs. J. Bowater, Millaroo, N. Qld.
Mrs. A. J. I. Smith, Tranmere, S.A.
Mrs. D. I. Walter, North Glenelg, S.A.
Mrs. I. C. Thompson, Dulwich, S.A.
Mrs. Azhar Ilias Abbas, Springfield, S.A.
Mrs. C. C. Impett, Clapham, S.A.
Mrs. I. F. Jaeger, River Murray, S.A.
Mrs. L. B. Maloney, Woodville, S.A.
Mrs. B. Limous, Fremantle, W.A.
Mrs. E. McLachlan, Nollamara, W.A.
Miss Roma Barnett, Maylands, W.A.
Mrs. Lynn Stamp, North Cottesloe, W.A.
Mrs. I. Craus, Nullamara, W.A.
Miss R. Vinciullo, Tuart Hill, W.A.
Mrs. A. Burnett, Scarborough, W.A.
Mrs. B. Haywood, Goomalling, W.A.
Mrs. L. Rust, Devonport, Tas.
Mrs. E. J. Browne, Hobart, Tas.
Mrs. O. Ulbrick, Burnie, Tas.
Mrs. I. U. Selby, Storeys Creek, Tas.
Mrs. D. McLaren, Rosebery, Tas.
Mrs. A. Mackenzie, Darwin, N.T.

Winners will receive their prizes in a few days' time. Holbrooks would like to thank all those who entered and made it such an exciting competition.

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ARE YOU THE APPLE OF HIS EYE (OR DO YOU GIVE HIM THE PIP)?

● They say that it only takes one bad apple to spoil the barrel — in the same way it only takes one nasty person to spoil an outing, start a quarrel, or wither a blossoming romance. Try the quiz below to make sure you are not like that; that you are a Delicious apple and not a Crab apple.

● If he mentions another girl do you . . .

(a) Listen to what he wants to say? (b) Sulk? (c) Interrupt and talk about a boy you know?

● If you are at a party where he is enjoying himself, but you aren't, do you . . .

(a) Laugh and say you enjoyed being with him anyway? (b) Tell him how bored you are? (c) Walk out and leave him to it?

● If your boyfriend kisses you on the cheek in front of your friends do you . . .

(a) Smile and accept it gracefully? (b) Look daggers at him? (c) Make a fuss and tell him he has embarrassed you?

● If you see him having coffee with another girl do you . . .

(a) Say nothing and wait to see if he tells you? (b) Tell him you don't want to see him again when he rings to ask you out? (c) Rush into the shop and make a scene?

● If he dances with another girl at a party do you . . .

(a) Mix around yourself? (b) Sulk in a corner? (c) Ask one of the other boys to hold your hand to make your boyfriend jealous?

● If he can't afford to take you out one Saturday night do you . . . .

(a) Suggest a walk or that you watch television? (b) Complain? (c) Say that you'll go with someone else?

● If he buys you sweets you don't like at the movies do you . . .

(a) Eat one and say you'll keep the rest? (b) Suggest that he change them? (c) Throw them away?

● If he's telling a joke you've already heard do you . . .

(a) Laugh anyway? (b) Tell him it's as old as the hills? (b) Interrupt and tell the ending yourself?

● If he can't see you one weekend do you . . .

(a) Arrange to visit a girlfriend? (b) Sulk and act as if you are depressed? (c) Go out with another boy?

● If he's broke and orders an omelet in a restaurant do you . . .

(a) Order something just as inexpensive? (b) Order whatever you like, despite the price? (c) Say you wish you'd stayed home for dinner?

● If he hurries round to open the car door for you do you . . .

(a) Say thanks? (b) Jump out before he reaches it? (c) Say, "Well, aren't you the little gentleman"?

● If you arrange to pay half for tickets to an expensive movie or theatre do you give him the money . . .

(a) In the car on the way there? (b) In the middle of the movie? (c) At the ticket box to embarrass him?

● If you spot someone you know when you're with him do you . . .

(a) Wave and tell him who they were later? (b) Rush over to them, leaving him standing there? (c) Point them out and then start gossiping about them?

● If he quotes famous words of love to you in all seriousness do you . . .

(a) Accept it graciously? (b) Laugh? (c) Tell him he's mad?

● If he doesn't want to stomp at a party do you . . .

(a) Sit the dance out? (b) Call him a square? (c) Run around trying to get another boy to stomp with you?

● When he rings the doorbell to take you on a date are you . . .

(a) Ready to go after he meets your parents? (b) Still ironing your dress? (c) About to tell him you have decided not to go?

● When you go on double dates do you . . .

(a) Talk gaily with everyone? (b) Kiss and cuddle your boyfriend all night? (c) Giggle and gossip and tell secrets with the other girl?

● When he's busy and suggests he sees you only at weekends do you . . .

(a) Agree and read some good books to fill in the time? (b) Insist that he ring you every day? (c) Call it off unless he agrees to see you more often?

● If, for no special reason, your boyfriend writes you a love letter do you . . .

(a) Thank him and keep it for ever? (b) Laugh and throw it away? (c) Show all your friends?

● If you don't like the way he dresses do you . . .

(a) Comment on clothes you do like in shop windows? (b) Tell him you wish he dressed like John or Bob? (c) Ask his friends to tell him how you feel?

● If another boy rings and asks you for a date do you . . .

(a) Tell him you're going steady, then forget about it? (b) Tell your boyfriend to make him jealous? (c) Say you'll go, but you don't want your boyfriend to know about it?

HOW TO SCORE

Now count up how many (a)s, how many (b)s, and how many (c)s you have.

If you have all or most (a)s you're sure to be the Delicious apple of his eye.

You're understanding, tactful, and considerate. In fact, almost good enough to eat!

If you've scored mostly (b)s you're a bit sour, most definitely second-best. You'll need to pull your socks up.

If your score is mostly (c)s you're the bottom of the barrel. Far from being the apple of anyone's eye, you're more likely to give him the pip!

It's a long, rough swim when you lose your board

● Will you be one of the thousands of Australian teenagers enjoying surf riding this summer? Well, then, can you swim —*really* swim? For instance, can you swim several hundred yards through a rough surf? You should be able to — even champions fall off sometimes!

"SO many teenagers are buying surfboards before they are strong enough swimmers and some can hardly swim a stroke — it's frightening and unbelievable, too," said Barry Cardiff, 22, a well-known Sydney surfboard rider, who's a beach inspector at Dee Why, on Sydney's northside.

"The official surf season only opened in early October and already we've had to rescue at least a dozen riders at Dee Why, most in difficulties because they weren't competent swimmers," he said.

"Due to good fortune, there have been few fatalities among this group, but this may change in the future.

"Before teens even think of buying a board (or parents plan one as a present) they should be really confident swimmers," Barry said. "I think that means they can swim at least a quarter of a mile or eight laps of a 50-metre swimming-pool — one day they might need to do so."

If you missed out on learning to swim properly as a child, it's not too late to learn now. Most towns and suburbs have "Learn-to-swim-free" classes in the summer and it's best to inquire about them at the nearest pool.

Surfboard riding may look easy, but it's a strenuous sport and would-be-riders should make sure they're in top physical form before they attempt to join riders "out the back"—beyond the line of breakers where surfers catch the unbroken shoots.

"One weekday recently, I noticed a group of boys, around 17 and 18, unload their obviously new boards from a car and head for the surf without even stopping to have a close look at the sea, which was quite rough and treacherous," Barry said.

"As the only inspector at the beach — and the lifesavers don't patrol on weekdays—I didn't fancy a mass rescue, so I called to one of the older boys—'Are you sure you can handle yourself in this surf?'

"He just laughed and said something like: 'Don't be silly, of course I can,' and indignantly pushed his board into the surf.

"I should have known he wouldn't have admitted the truth in front of his friends, because a few minutes later, after losing his board and a frantic battle in the choppy surf, he struggled up the beach, looking very relieved to have made it.

"Girls seem to be more sensible and will admit they can't swim. I've never seen femlins (girl-riders) in surfs they can't handle — they seem to know the theory that the best surf is not quantity but quality.

"The sport takes a fair bit of skill and a lot of practice to conquer and you should know a lot about the surf.

"Surf sense is something you learn gradually and the best way is to ask the locals questions about the beach where you surf, **before** you go in the water.

"I've probably made board-riding seem like it's dangerous and treacherous—but it's not at all.

"It's a marvellous, healthy sport for young Australians and quite safe as long as the rider is honest with himself and realises his qualifications in the surf.

"Some boys might feel 'chicken' if they don't brave the big waves in front of their friends," Barry said. "But they'd look even sillier if they had to be rescued by a lifesaver."

Boards, when expertly handled, are ideal for rescue work.

"Riders carry out many rescues," Barry said. "They often double riders who have lost their boards to the beach, and they even paddle out to body surfers in distress when lifesavers or surf boats can't get to them in time.

Barry has surfed at famous spots in California, Mexico, and Hawaii, where he saw several rescues by riders at Sunset Beach, which has some of the biggest surfs in the world.

"Boys and their boards are dropped from helicopters to rescue surfers in distress in surfs too big for any boats to move out from the beach," he said.

TIPS ON SURF SAFETY

● One wise thing to remember, even if you're a good swimmer, is never to let go your board, if you can possibly hang on to it. Many new riders see a big wave coming their way and they immediately let go their boards. Then they have to swim through the surf to the beach.

● Learn to do the "Eskimo-roll." When a huge wave heads your way paddle directly into it, turning "turtle"—rolling under the board with arms and legs wrapped around it—when the wave is on top of you. Pull the nose (front) of board down toward your head and there's less tendency for it to be dragged away from you.

● Beginners should stay close to the locals, who know the surf well, its rips, tides, and currents. It's safer than surfing off somewhere on your own, and if you get into difficulties there's always someone around to help.

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A BOOK ABOUT HORSES THAT 'WROTE ITSELF'

● Two Sydney girls who co-authored the just-published teenage novel "Six Horses and a Caravan" describe the process as "sort of like reading a book, only slower."

TALKING to Julie Yaeger and Christine Stewart it's sometimes hard to be sure who said what. After four years of collaborating on the book, they have developed the habit of talking at once, which is confusing even when they are saying the same thing.

"The book wrote itself," said Julie, 17, a first-year veterinary student at Sydney University.

"It started one day in 1960, when we were coming home on the bus from school. We looked out of the back window and saw a horse caravan coming down for the Royal Easter Show," explained Christine, 19, who is in third year Arts at Sydney University.

"I said 'Oh, six horses' and Julie said 'and a caravan'," Christine added, "and then Julie said 'What a beaut title for a book!' "

Telling the story of twin sisters off for a year on the country show circuit with a six-horse team packed in a caravan was just a lark for the two keen riders.

Both Christine and Julie had been riding since they were eight. When they began the book Julie was 13 and Christine was 15.

Julie: "We lived the book. It wasn't separate from our lives."

Christine: "The girls had to be 18 so they could drive."

Julie: "They were supposed to go to Queensland, but we didn't have a map of Queensland, so they stayed in N.S.W. and Victoria."

Christine: "We started off writing in an exercise book, and used to draw cobwebs in the corners and make the blots into beetles."

Julie: "When we first started the book we laughed 75 per cent. of the time and wrote 25 per cent."

"The actual writing never took long, except when we spent six weeks writing the first paragraph and scrapped it completely," Christine commented. "It was getting the ideas, but we could do that in the shower or going off to sleep."

CHRISTINE STEWART (left) and JULIE YAEGER.

The girls tried hard for complete authenticity in their descriptions of training horses, treating their illnesses, and of life on the country show round. "The show dates are based on the R.A.S. timetable for one year, and so is the Royal programme," said Julie.

In one section of the book Jo and Di Kennedy spend two months on a property near Trangie, N.S.W., which the girls named "Warrawoona," an aboriginal word meaning "sandy plains" — found in a list of aboriginal meanings published in The Australian Women's Weekly.

The book must be one of the very few horse stories where a horse actually dies after an injury. The girls agreed that they were sick of reading false stories of miraculous recoveries, so when a mare breaks her leg she is shot.

"Not that we were callous — we howled and howled when we did kill her," said Christine.

— JUDE AINSWORTH.

Beauty in brief

BACK INTEREST

HOW do you look from the back in a strapless or a plunge swimsuit, or even your bra? Is your back smooth and firm or can you see a pouring over of flesh anywhere?

You can get rid of flabbiness in time with some muscle firming and toning. It helps here if you understand that you will be exercising the back deltoid muscle, which extends over the shoulder and down to the shoulder-blades.

All of the swimming strokes — and vigorous rowing movements as well — are good for tightening this spot.

THE PUNCH fights upper-back bulges, and also acts as a round-shoulder corrective by stretching the pectoral muscles. Stand with feet apart and bend at waist, keeping head down at waist level.

Bend elbows, make fists, and swing arms left and right very fast, as if you were really punching something. Pull each elbow up and back as far as possible. Start with 10 punches a day the first week, work up to 60 a day.

—CAROLYN EARLE.

. . . AND ONE ABOUT REBEL MICE

● Armed with an art for writing, a typewriter, and a pang of remorse at leaving her childhood years behind, Diana Bell, of Balmoral, Sydney, decided to write a children's book.

HER first story, "The Rebels of Journey's End," to be published early next year, was written when Diana was 13 years old and in her first year of high school. She is 17 now.

"I felt I was suddenly leaving my childhood without having done anything worth while," she said. "Some girls had left their names in athletics or swimming, and I wanted to do something fulfilling, too. This inspired me to write a book."

Diana is an Arts I student at Sydney University.

A friend of hers, Frank Kenyon, an author of historical novels, after reading her story suggested he send it to his publishers in London. It was accepted.

It tells the story of an attempt by Joe Fingers, a "bad" mouse, to destroy the cat world and become dictator of all animals in the neighborhood of Journey's End, his haunted headquarters.

"The story took me 10 months to write," said Diana. "I would come home from school and sit down at my typewriter all afternoon."

"The Rebels of Journey's End" will earn Diana £72 when published, and 7½% royalties for the first thousand books sold. After that she will get 10% on all books sold.

"I have another novel in mind at the moment, which I am intending to write in the Christmas holidays. Right now I am only getting ideas and noting them down to get the basis of the story," Diana said.

"It will be a teenage story based on a lot of my own experiences as a teenager. In this way, I can give reality to the plot."

—MARGARET KANDAL.

DIANA BELL

THE CLASSICS

MOZART: Orchestral works

IT is on record that Mozart disliked the flute. Nevertheless, he wrote half a dozen works using a flute as a solo instrument (most of them commissioned by a wealthy amateur Dutch flutist), among which are two very fine concertos. The second of these (in D Major) is played by Claude Monteux and the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by the soloist's father, the late Pierre Monteux, on a new Decca release.

This particular concerto, as it happens, is almost certainly an adaptation of one the composer had written previously for oboe — an indication either of pressure of time or of Mozart's lack of interest in the flute. But it is still a delightful little work, and Monteux plays it skilfully.

On the other side of the disc the two Monteuxs and the same orchestra play Bach's B Minor Suite for flute and strings and the "Dance of the Blessed Spirits" from Gluck's "Orpheus." The playing is again technically excellent, but sticklers for accurate period style in performance of older music should be warned.

On a Universal Record Club release we have lively performances of two light-hearted serenades by Mozart, both written about the same time as the flute concertos, when Mozart was in his early twenties. One is the "Posthorn" Serenade, so called because of the inclusion in one movement of that obsolete and quaint-sounding instrument, and the other is the well-known and charming little "Serenata Notturno."

These serenades were intended not for the concert hall but as incidental music to aristocratic festivities. The playing by the Chamber Orchestra of Lausanne under Victor Desarzens catches their spirit admirably.

—MARTIN LONG

SLAPPY EVER AFTER

ROUND ROBIN

● The Australian girl who is late for a date doesn't know how lucky she is.

IF it happened in Afghanistan she could be fined!

(It was probably an Afghan girl, delayed for a date, unable to pay the fine and gaoled, who wrote the old hit pop song "I'm Just a Prisoner of Love.")

I read of this and other punishments for erring girls recently.

It seems that in one tribe in Ceylon a girl who offends her boyfriend or husband has to do a spell lighting the communal cooking fires.

That way, I suppose, a girlfriend could easily become, literally, an old flame.

She could always become a torch singer, though.

A Ceylonese lass under such a sentence, in fact, often must fall out of the frying pan into the fire.

Haven't you ever seen the Ceylon cigarette commercial in which a bloke says, "I always smoke Tamils"?

Sometimes the order of the boot is on the other foot.

In some parts of Turkey a male who doesn't discipline a girlfriend who plays up is punished by elders who take away his headgear, the sign of his masculinity.

Even if she is bigger than he is, the bloke is supposed to chastise her.

Hence the old Turkish expression, "Only the brave deserve the fez"?

Apparently, in some Pacific islands a bad-tempered girl can be reported to tribal chiefs by her disgruntled beau.

They order her for a certain period to try to make everyone she meets laugh.

If she fails she is beaten with a stick.

In which case, No Laugh could be a Many-Splintered Thing!

— Robin Adair

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Folksingers can now 'eat again'

About the severest accusation you can level at a folksinger is "going commercial," and although this title has been unofficially tagged on Sydney folk duo Sean and Sonja they're not particularly worried.

IN the past few months Sean Cullip and Sonja Tallis have become well known around Sydney, where they sing regularly at leading folk centres, have appeared on national TV shows, and were the first act on stage at the Australian Folk Festival held in Sydney Town Hall recently.

Now to top it all they have been signed to a recording contract and are bringing out their first record—an album—early next year.

Not bad, considering they've been working as full-time professionals for only three months and have known each other for only 14 months.

Folk purists may sniff in their beards at all this "commercialism," but Sean and Sonja, who went through their own "starvation period," enjoy eating and buying the little necessities of life.

"You don't have to wear dirty jeans and go without shoes to be a folksinger," said Sonja. "Sean and I are young, have a normal homelife, and like to be ourselves."

Sean, who plays the guitar in their act, was training to be an advertising executive and had never thought of becoming an entertainer.

"I hadn't taken a great deal of interest in folk music," he said. "My brother was learning guitar and about six years ago I picked up his guitar and began to teach myself to play. I played for fun and never took it seriously."

When Sonja left school she joined the staff of a Sydney newspaper as a copy girl, and at night she sang with a group, The Folkway Trio.

"We just kept practising for months on end and nothing ever happened, we just didn't click," said Sonja. "So we split up and I left my job and took on casual work hoping to find another group or another person to start with again."

Sonja then mentioned to a friend that she was looking for someone who could play the guitar, and this friend introduced her to Sean.

"Sonja and I talked things over and decided to get together and see how we went. We found we both had the same ideas about music, so then we began working out arrangements and numbers and in January this year we got our first job, singing one night a week in a small folk house."

"Sean was still working, but I was living on that one night's earnings," said Sonja. "Fortunately I live at home and my mother was a great help. She presented Sean and me with our good-luck mascot — a funny old rag clown that we call 'Puck'."

Sean shares a quaint stone cottage in the heart of the city with guitarist Andy Sundstrom. The cottage was built in the 1830s and nestles among the industrial buildings on Sydney's waterfront. On a sunny afternoon the strains of a guitar can be heard as Sean or Andy practise a new number.

"We like English, Scottish, American, and Australian ballads," said Sean, "but we're trying to build up an Australian repertoire, as we hope to go overseas in a few years' time and present Australian folk music as best we can."

— DIANE ROBERTS

SEAN CULLIP and Sonja Tallis with their mascot "Puck," the rag clown.

OFF WITH THEIR HAIR!

● There was glee in the eyes of the barber, a brave smile on the face of the first victim, and sympathetic expressions from the others as the Blue Jays underwent surgery in a Brisbane barber shop recently.

THIS problem of whether to cut or not to cut is a big one facing all the young performers at present sporting the long, mod-look hairstyles, which seem to be a waning fashion.

Leader of the Blue Jays, Spider, watched the operation without concern, as he has always kept a short style, but singer Tony Worsley still hasn't taken the big step.

"I'll leave it up to my fans," he said. "If they want me to have my hair cut shorter, I will."

The Blue Jays were not influenced in their decision for shorter hair by Johnny O'Keefe's exclusionist policy, because they are already the regular band on Jimmy Hannan's "Saturday Date."

After a mere four months in the public eye, the band made their first and THE first record for the new Sunshine label, and the disc sold out within four days of its release.

They are now considered among the very top groups of instrumentalists in Australia. They travel all over eastern Australia and have played on nearly every major teenage TV show.

Tony Worsley comes from Hastings, in England, and the others are from Melbourne.

—By Mildred Eden

THE LONG AND THE SHORT of it for the Blue Jays (from left), Royce ("Baby") Nichols, Mal ("Beakie") Clark, Pay ("Screami") Eames, Paul ("Bingo") Shannon (in chair), barber Col Naylor, Tony Worsley, and Bobby ("Spider") Johnson.

Introducing our new comic strip, Ponytail . . .

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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

● *Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.*

Mother is a worry

"ALTHOUGH I love my mother dearly, she is my big problem. I am 16 and each time a boy comes to our place to see me the subject of 'going out with boys' always manages to come up, and each time it does my mother tells the boy: 'My daughter isn't interested in boys yet — she is too young.' How can I stop mum saying this without hurting her feelings? It's embarrassing, and besides none of these boys ever asks me out after hearing my mother talk. Everyone calls me the town square. How can I explain to my mother that she is spoiling life for me?"

"No Hurt," N.S.W.

Explain your feelings to your mother exactly as you have explained them in your letter.

Tell her that when boys come to your home to see you, you don't like her to say these things. I don't think she would be too hurt by this.

You could ask her permission to hold a small party, too, inviting some girls of your own age and some of these boys who have come visiting.

Perhaps when she sees you as part of a group, it might help her get used to the idea that you are growing up.

Popularity problem

"THIS must sound very conceited, but I can't stop other girls' boyfriends from falling for me. I am nearly seventeen and am the new girl in town, and it is really very embarrassing when other girls' steadies call and ask me out. I hate them for this as I detest deceit. I don't go out with these boys, but because of the situation I find I have no female friends. Should I draw my hair back into a bun and wear glasses, or simply leave town?

"Femme Fatale," Qld.

Don't dramatise the situation.

When you find uncommitted boyfriends the other boys won't be so persistent. Once the girls see that you are not trying to take their boyfriends, I think they will be far more friendly toward you.

Bad reputation sticks

"I AM a 22-year-old girl with a terrible problem. When I was 19 I was mixed up with the wrong crowd of motor-bike riders. During the past twelve months I have seen that these people were the wrong kind for me, but nobody will forget my association with them. Although I did nothing wrong, I found that I have a bad reputation — and I can't get rid of it. I have joined a youth club and even changed my job, but everybody still remembers me as part of the crowd I used to go with. How can I make them see that I am not wild any more?"

"Forgive and Forget," N.S.W.

You would be surprised what people DO forgive and forget — but it takes time.

If you keep out of your old circle of friends, I am sure that in another twelve months everybody will have forgotten that you were once associated with this motor-bike crowd.

In the meantime, just carry on as you are with your new job and club friends — and be patient.

Should he drink?

"I AM a 17-year-old schoolboy and I play senior-grade football in my district. My team members are all much older than myself and have all left school and can do as they please. As the football season has now finished there are quite a few dinners, balls, etc., to wind up. At these functions beer is served, and as I am not accustomed to it, I am puzzled as to what to do. I feel I am expected to go to these functions, and would like to, but how can I cope with the drinking situation?"

"Alcoholics Anonymous," S.A.

I'm sure beer is not the only drink served at these functions. Not all sportsmen are drinkers, you know, and lots of them prefer soft drink for health reasons.

The more sensible of your team-mates will apreciate your situation.

Just ask quietly for ginger ale.

The main thing is neither to make a fuss nor to feel you have to drink to "keep up."

Engagement query

"MY boyfriend and I have been going steady for a long time now and intend getting engaged in the very near future. I am sure both his and my parents will be agreeable to this, but some of our friends say that it is correct for the boy to ask permission of the girl's father first, while others say it is just an old-fashioned custom that has died out. Who is right?"

"Wondering," Tas.

Asking a girl's father for permission to marry his daughter is a custom which has died out to a large extent, but it is still a courteous, nice way of starting the engagement formalities rolling.

I think most fathers would feel flattered at being asked.

Special treat — but so simple!

MAKE MARDI GRAS ICE CREAM WITH SUNSHINE FULL CREAM POWDERED MILK

rich with Sunshine's full-cream goodness

The talent for making perfect ice cream comes with the Sunshine Dry-Mix method. You can always count on the smoothest texture and the creamiest taste! You need: 4 ozs. mixed fruit, 2 tbsp. rum (or hot water and rum essence) 1 tsp. gelatine, ½ cup cold water, ½ cup hot water, 2 ozs. sugar, 3 ozs. (9 tbsp.) of Sunshine Full Cream Powdered Milk, 4 ozs. Nestlé's Reduced Cream, 1 tsp. lemon juice, 1½ ozs. chopped walnuts. First, soak mixed fruit overnight in rum. Turn refrigerator to max. Soak gelatine in cold water then dissolve it in hot water. Whisk in sugar and Sunshine Full Cream Powdered Milk with Nestlé's Reduced Cream and lemon juice. Beat well until frothy, then freeze. Tastes and looks special, but it's so simple to make, thanks to the Sunshine Dry-Mix short cut. Remove, and beat at high speed until doubled in quantity. Fold in fruit and walnuts, freeze quickly. Ice Cream supreme . . . with Sunshine's full-cream goodness. When frozen again, turn refrigerator to normal.

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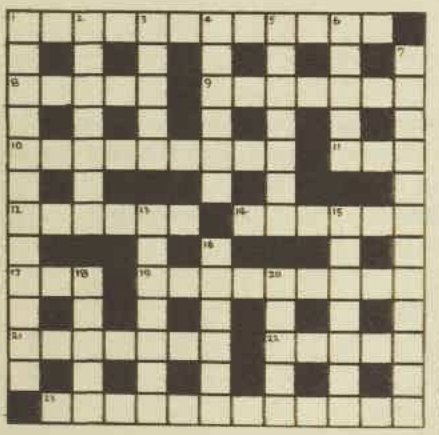
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE receives a medal for having saved Earth from the runaway asteroid — and his strange helper, Qork, goes home. Now the magician begins a tour, and another strange adventure is in store for him. NOW READ ON.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Nero's cousins are skilled in judging the fine arts (12).
8. Brume producing dark brown pigment (5).
9. Same rue to determine the extent (7).
10. This makes a man far-seeing (9).
11. Cuts a poplar to produce vital juice of plants (3).
12. Withstand a sister (6).
14. At sea it's at the rear (6).
17. Long white vestment worn by priests (3).
19. Consequences at the farm? (9).
21. The pochard (3-4).
22. Descendant (5).
23. Handy clues for getting a criminal (6-6).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Revokes against a human being having a penny and a shilling (12).
2. Nel's bib (anagr., 7).
3. Monsters (5).
4. Emblem of my lobs (6).
5. Makes a mistake with the troubled sea inside when producing rubbers (7).
6. Disorderly retreats of defeated armies (5).
7. These may belong to a good waiter (7, 5).
13. Looking fixedly with wide open eyes (7).
15. Neat oil (anagr., 7).
16. Henry VII was one (1, 5).
18. No bid is made for this Sydney seaside suburb (5).
20. The upright portion of a step is inside (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

Butterick PATTERNS

CHRISTMAS GIFTS TO MAKE

2749. — Useful cobbler apron with patch pockets, and gingham check, cross-stitched half apron. One size only. Price 4/6 includes postage.

2655.—Bubble rompers and smock with purchased applique. Toddlers' sizes ½ to 3 (19, 20, 21, 22in. chest). Price 5/- includes postage.

3157.—Pretty nightdress, easy to make, with draw-string neckline. Sizes small (31-32in. bust), medium (34-36in. bust), large (38-40in. bust). Price 5/- includes postage.

2931.—Teen doll's shift dress. Pattern also includes wardrobe of frocks. Length of doll 12in., breast 5⅜in. Price 5/- includes postage.

3088.—Lovely teen doll bride's dress and veil. Pattern also includes floor-length or street-length shift, overblouse, and long pants. Length of doll 11½in., breast 5⅜in. Price 5/- includes postage.

2892.—Teen doll's wrap-around skirt, blouse, and head scarf. Pattern also includes tent shift, robe, straight skirt, jacket, and floor-length gown. Length of doll 11⅜in., breast 5⅜in. Price 5/- includes postage.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES.

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-039, Ellerslie, S.E.4.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME	DESIGN	SIZE
ADDRESS		

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Meet an explosive new line in gifts for men. 12 Gauge. The smooth, swift shape of a shotgun cartridge — charged with the cool and clean power a man likes, in After Shave, Pre-Shave, Talc, or Shave Cream. And the aroma? — crisply subtle . . . very masculine. So take aim this Christmas with a 12 Gauge Gift for any man — any man of calibre, that is.

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